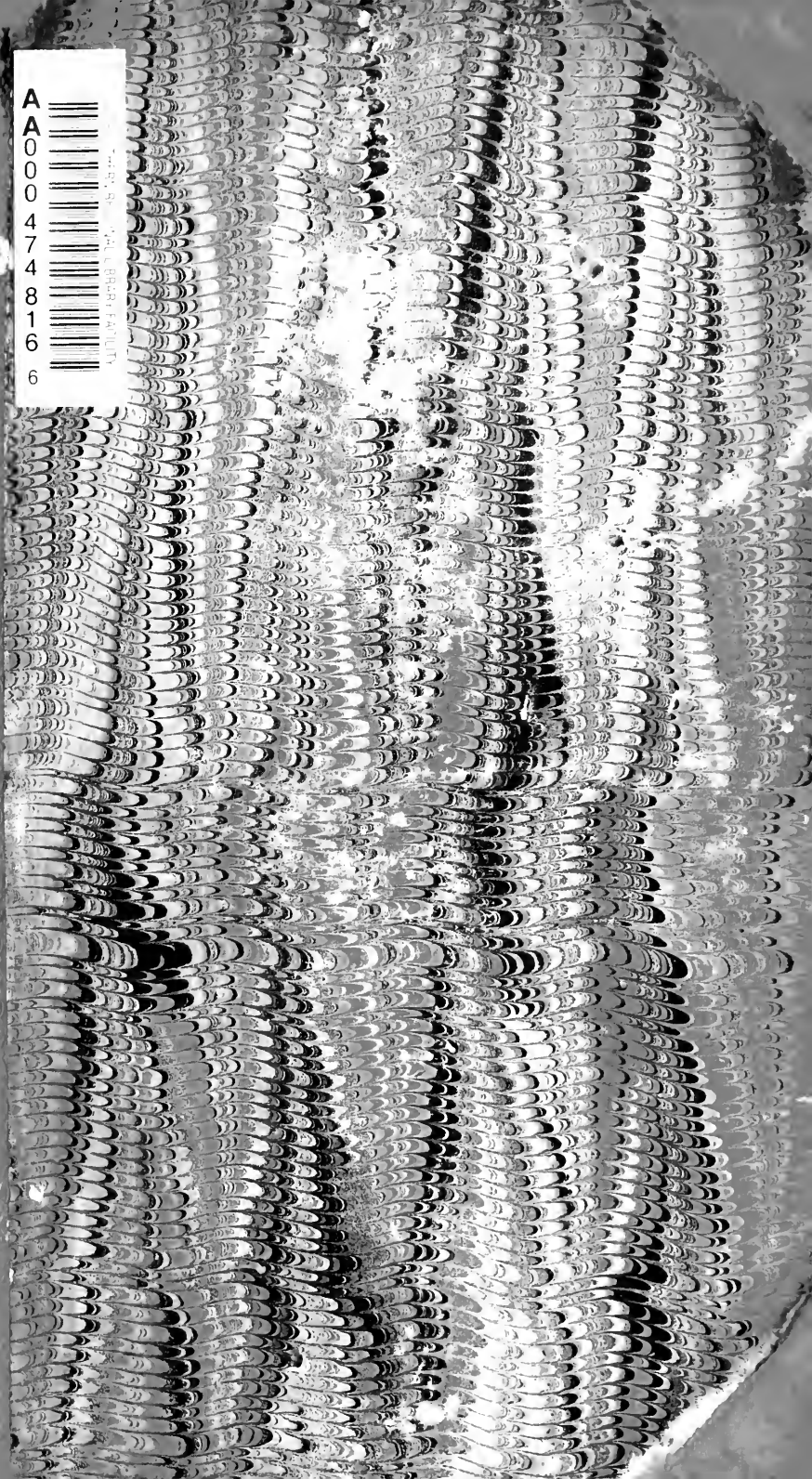


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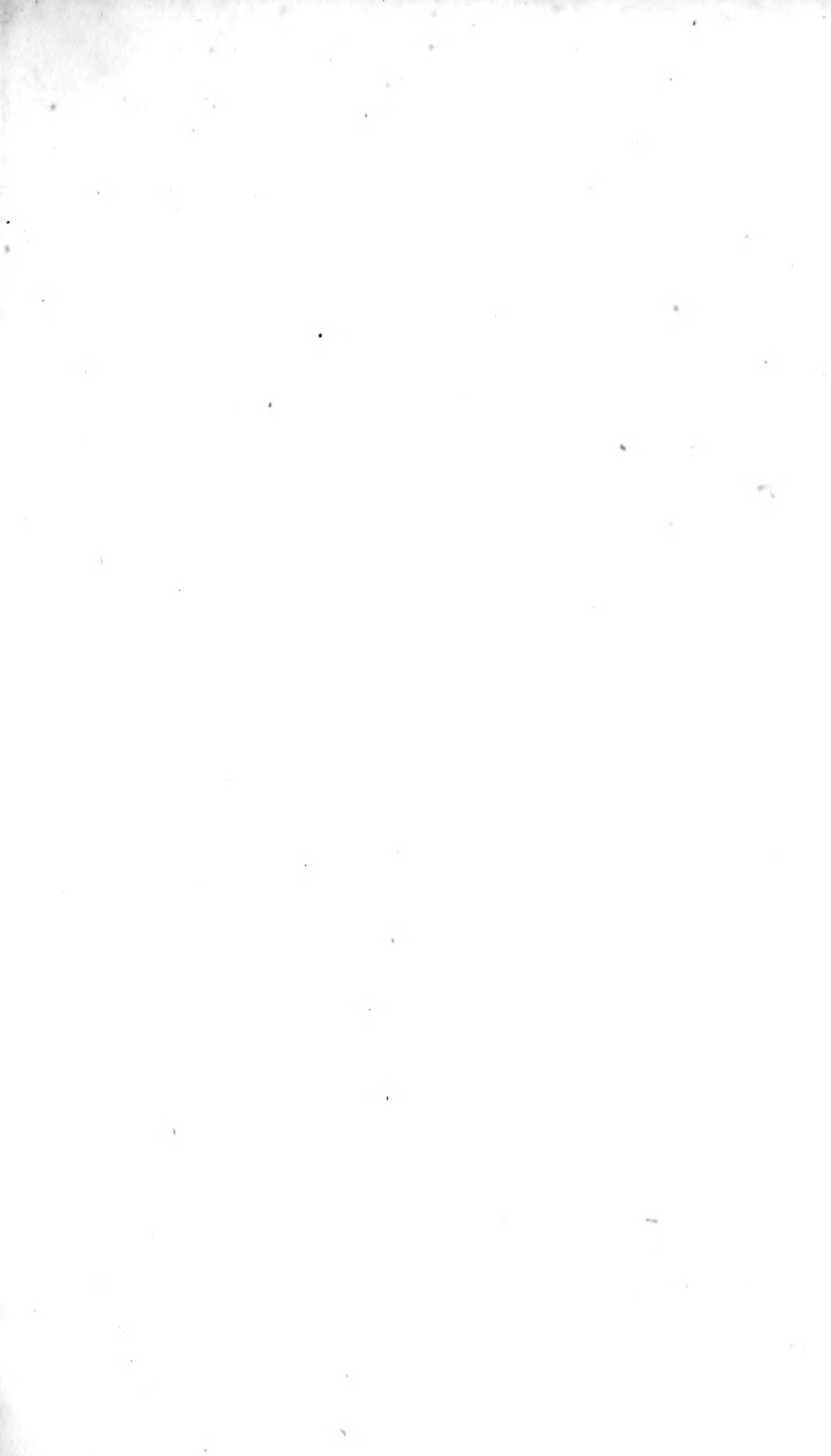
J. Gardner White.

1854



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The Christian Scholar:

HIS POSITION, HIS DANGERS, AND HIS DUTIES.

AN ADDRESS

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

Trinity College,

HARTFORD,

AUGUST 7th, MDCCCXLVI.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS, M. A.

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, SCHENECTADY, AND A JUNIOR FELLOW
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONVOCATION.

HARTFORD:
WILLIAM FAXON,
CALENDAR PRESS.
1846.

* * It may be proper to state, that this was the first Address delivered before the Convocation of Trinity College. The Graduates were incorporated under that appellation by Statute of the Corporation, passed August the 6th, 1845.

Orations, Addresses and Poems,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE ALUMNI OF TRINITY COLLEGE.



The Association of the Alumni was formed Aug. 3d, 1831.

1832.

SAMUEL STARR, M.A.	Oration.
PARK BENJAMIN, M.A.	Poem. (<i>p</i>)

1833.

ALFRED HALL, M.A.	Oration.
AUGUSTUS F. LYDE, M.A.	Poem.

1834.

ISAAC HAZLEHURST, M.A.	Oration. (<i>p</i>)
JOHN W. FRENCH, B.A.	Poem.

1835.

ISAAC N. STEELE, B.A.	Oration.
EBENEZER C. BISHOP, M.A.	Poem.

* 1836.

Rev. E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, M.A.	Oration.
CLEMENT M. BUTLER, B.A.	Poem.

1837.

There was no Oration or Poem this year.

1838.

ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr., M.A.	Oration.
WILLIAM J. HAMERSLEY.	Poem.

1839.

CHARLES EAMES, M.A. Oration.
REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, M.A. Poem.

1840.

JOSEPH H. THOMPSON, M.D. Oration. (*p*)
A. CLEVELAND COXE, B.A. Poem. (*p*)

1841.

REV. HORATIO POTTER, D.D. Oration.
REV. JOSEPH H. CLINCH, M.A. Poem. (*p*)

1842.

REV. JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, M.A. Poem. (*p*)

1843.

HON. H. G. O. COLBY. Oration.
REV. JOHN W. BROWN, M.A. Poem.

1844.

REV. JAMES A. BOLLES, M.A. Oration.
WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH. Poem.

1845.

REV. JOHN MORGAN, M.A. Oration.
REV. CHARLES W. EVEREST, M.A. Poem.

1846.

REV. THOMAS P. TYLER, M.A. Poem. (*p*)

The Association of the Alumni was dissolved August 5th, 1846, and the **House of Convocation** was organized, under a statute of the Corporation passed August 6th, 1845.

1846.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, M.A. Address. (*p*)

1847.

Rev. JONA. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D. Address. (*p*)
Rev. GEORGE BURGESS, D.D. Poem. (*p*)

1848.

Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D.D. Poem.
Hon. DANIEL D. BARNARD, LL.D. Address. (*p*)

1849.

Rt. Rev. T. P. K. HENSHAW, D.D. Address.
Rev. RALPH HOYT, M.A. Poem. (*p*)

1850.

Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL.D. Address.

1851.

Hon. LEVI WOODBURY, LL.D. Address. (*p*)
Rev. E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, M.A. Hist. Address. (*p*)

1852.

Rev. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, M.A. Address. (*p*)
Rev. CLEMENT M. BUTLER, D.D. Poem.

_ Those marked (*p*) have been printed.

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TO
HIS SURVIVING CLASSMATES,
AND
TO THE MEMORY OF ONE DEPARTED,
THE AUTHOR
DEDICATES THIS ADDRESS.

AUGUST, 1846.

ADDRESS.

MR. DEAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF CONVOCATION:

IT seems proper that the first words of him who on this occasion is honoured in addressing you, should be those of congratulation. There has been, as we trust, revived among us, something of the old and true principle of the University. Not indeed in its ancient form, nor in precisely the ancient mode of its expression. For it may and often does chance, that a principle shall express itself in diverse outward forms in different ages, while yet in itself it remains unchanged. Indeed no external organisations or forms within which principles are enshrined,—save only those which being of divine appointment are adapted to every age, and not to be changed by man,—can be expected to remain precisely the same, generation after generation, and age after age. For they exist in a world whose social and intellectual relations are continually changing: and by those very changes, demanding corresponding changes in those external modes by which unchanging principles are brought to bear and do their work, whether on individuals or on masses of our race.

To have attempted then, in our age and country,—even had we possessed the means of doing it,—to revive

those venerable academic forms and organisations, which in the ages when they spontaneously sprung up, were adequate expressions of real feelings, and adequate supplies of real wants, would have been utterly unmeaning. To have attempted,—supposing again the means of doing so within reach,—to have attempted to copy, with whatever degree of accuracy, the present polity of foreign Universities, those slow accretions of many ages, where one anomaly corrects another, and the *genius loci* transfuses and blends together an otherwise inharmonious whole, would have been even more absurd. For to what would it all have amounted? In the former case you would have had the merest piece of antiquarian trifling, with no more of reality about it, than children's play. In the latter, you would have had a body without a soul, a cumbrous machine without a motive power; for that there would have been wanting time honored associations, old rights and privileges, successions of ancient custom and wonted honors; and more than all, succession of actual life from age to age, filling and pervading, giving meaning and reality, power and operation, visible working and glorious result.

Yet while this is so, there are still high principles involved in the true being of a University or a College, which may express themselves very differently, in different ages and countries, while they themselves, as has been said, remain unchanged. One of these principles,—and that one of the noblest,—we have recognised, and given to it expression and outward form in the organisation of our present House of Convocation. Another has been also recognised, and has found expression in

the giving to our College as her name henceforward through all time, the thrice sacred name of the most blessed Trinity. The last of these two principles may be stated in a few words. It is that learning is the handmaid of the Faith. A principle which in such a place and such an assemblage as this, can need no vindication nor elucidation. The first principle however to which allusion has just now been made, may seem to demand a few more words.

There are in the world, three Associations ordained of God himself, all harmonious, though distinct expressions of His one law and rule, the Family, the State, the Church. To each are allotted their distinct offices, and on men as members of each are devolved distinct responsibilities. Nay, we may say,—not thereby intending to assert succession of existence, or to deny that the Church in some form or another is older than the Family, being even from the beginning,—that the world was trained first by means of union in Families, and next by means of union in States, to enter in the fulness of time into the vast and awful union of the Church of the last Dispensation. A union which comprises within itself, though it does not absorb into itself, those other unions which preceded it. A union toward which indefinite longings, and vague though real wants had been impelling men for many ages before it came: and which they had endeavoured to find and realise in those four great empires of the ancient world, before the visioned image of whose mysterious majesty, the heart of the Babylonian monarch had shrunk away in terror. Now to these associations ordained of God, men have

from time to time, added others of their own. In doing so, they have followed the line of the divine working: and they have erred and failed, not when they have held such associations as subordinate to the Family, the State, the Church, and intended only to aid in certain points and for certain purposes the work of each: not then, I say, have they erred and failed. But when, as we behold in our time under various names and in various shapes,¹ they have attempted to substitute theirs in place of those of God. When they have undertaken not to assist, but to supplant: not reverently to aid, but ruthlessly to subvert, and on the ground thus cleared to erect a fabric of their own, whose top shall reach the heavens. Then, even as those four old empires which were human substitutes to provide for longings which only the ALMIGHTY could provide for, crumbled and decayed, till gold and silver, brass and iron, and clay lay mingled in undistinguishable ruin, even thus will after substitutes, bear they whose name they may, vanish before the stone cut without hands and destined to fill the earth.

First among these human associations, subordinate and in a certain sense auxiliary to the divine ones, and the child indeed of the last and most glorious, stands the University. First among sonships and brotherhoods, other than those of the Family and the State, and the more awful ones of the Church to which these others point and by which they are sanctified, are the sonship which binds the scholar to his College as to a loving mother; the brotherhood which unites him to all those whom the same mother has trained for the solemn work

¹Reference is made to the schemes of Owen, Fourier, and others.

of life ; making herself herein the worthy handmaid of Family, and State and Church. And this I have ventured to call one of the noblest principles involved in the true being of a University or a College. May I not even call it the essential one ? That which lies at the very foundation, and alone gives life and meaning to either the one or the other. Nor is this twofold tie, a transient and temporary thing. It is, it must be, permanent. The training of a College is for life. And as day by day the scholar finds that training brought into use and action, carried on and developed in a thousand unexpected ways, and influencing all his relations in all their various forms, how shall it be, that he will not recur with a son's reverence and love to her who gave it to him ? And bound up inseparably with this feeling, forming indeed a part of it, comes also the feeling of continuous union with that honoured mother, of a continued sharing in her joys and sorrows, her weal and woe, and a continued brotherhood inviting to earnestness and effort, with all her other sons. And this permanent, this abiding tie, is recognised and expressed in the organisation of our present House of Convocation. It is the very offspring, unless I am much in error, of these feelings and convictions.

In this organisation then, I seem to find the recognition of the permanent and holy tie, which through life and wherever his lot may be, binds the scholar to his College. In that sacred name which now adorns our College, I seem to hear proclaimed in an unfaithful age, that learning is the handmaid of the Faith. In these two things then, let me find the subject to which your

thoughts will now be called: The Scholar; the Christian Scholar: his Position, his Dangers and his Duties.

To attain to a true conception of the position of the Christian Scholar, whether in our own age or in any other, I must ask you to go with me in a cursory view of that wonderful progress, by which the wisdom of the world was brought into subjection to, and the mind of the world was moulded on, the philosophy of the Cross.

Could we suppose the vision of an Apostle or a Disciple to have been strengthened and extended, as during those ten days of "awful pause in earth and heaven," he stood with the hundred and twenty in the Holy City; could we suppose the vision of such an one to have been strengthened and extended till it could embrace the civilised world, what a spectacle, viewing that world under one aspect only, would it have beheld! Around it in Jerusalem was to be seen the sacred learning with whatever additions and distortions, of a wondrous people, and a far reaching age. Throned in the temple's courts, and deriving a more solemn and imposing dignity from such a dwelling place, the very house of God, Judea's learning gathered her band of venerable doctors, and grounded herself upon the living oracles of God's own word. Southward and to the east, from the solemn remains of Egyptian greatness, to the caverned temples of India, and thence to the Sarmatian Gates, there spreads itself under various forms and in various developments what may be termed the Oriental Philosophy.¹ While westward, there rise up the Academy and

¹It is not intended to intimate that there was any actual definite system, such as Mosheim so ingeniously fancies; but the general spirit of contemplation rather than reasoning, is certainly common to the Eastern Sages.

the Lyceum, the Porch and the Garden, those four mouths, through which the fourfold Greek philosophy, spoke to the human race in words that are not yet forgotten.¹ Every where are collected crowds of sages grown grey in solitary thought or learned converse, every where are there stores of written wisdom, the slow accumulations of successive years, and all of pomp and pride and mystery, with which learning can be surrounded. It is indeed a glorious sight, this mass of mind thus living and at work. For let us not take too circumscribed a view of it. It expressed and as it were wrote itself out, not merely in the poem or the history, the stirring oration or the profound speculation in philosophy: but it had issued also for untold years, in the massive and magnificent porticoes of Egypt, in the stupendous excavations of the Indian mountains, in the solid and enduring arches and aqueducts of Rome, and in those highest developments of merely human thoughts, the graceful orders of the threefold architecture of inventive Greece. It showed itself also to men's eyes in all the sensuous beauties framed on earthly types, of Grecian art; and spoke in their ears in the stern tones of Roman law, which like the art of Greece was waiting for a heavenly spark, to raise it to the fulness of its life.

Such was the world's mind in all its majesty and glory, shrined and throned in earth's most lofty places; and thus stood the philosophy of the Cross in its relations to it; confided to the trust of twelve men, whose library and school and porch and garden, was a little upper

¹See Gibbon's masterly sketch; *Decline and Fall*, Vol. III. p. 52, Amer. Edit.

chamber somewhere in Jerusalem. Yet after all, we shall not attain a correct view of these relations, without remembering how in God's providence things had been working so as to advance the progress of the Church to the dominion of human intellect. About three hundred years before the Christian era, Palestine and the regions round about by becoming Greek, became also European; and then in order of time there followed a series of events, which mysterious as they must have been to those who lived during their occurrence, are to us full of meaning, and point directly to the triumphs of the Cross. Under Ptolemy Philadelphus the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek; and treasures of learning were gathered in Alexandria which drew together learned men from every quarter of the world, forming for a century the great centre of study and scholarship. At the end of this period, just when in consequence of the long wars of the successors of Alexander, learning had declined throughout the greater portion of the Macedonian Empire, the cruelties of one of Ptolemy's successors,¹ drove the Alexandrian scholars from his city and scattered them among the nations. Under Antiochus, the then true religion, was almost merged in Greek Polytheism, but with the aid of the Asmonean princes it rose into new strength and developed itself afresh: "so that while the Greek mind was spread throughout the East, the Jewish mind was spread throughout it too; and from their interpenetration arose a diffused preparation for the Faith." While very soon, the rising empire

¹Ptolemy Physcon. See Prideaux's *Connexions*, Vol. II. p. 276, Tegg's Edit.

of Rome,—sublime shadow of a heavenly reality,—received within itself the East, and pushed itself even to the shores of the Atlantic ; thus connecting by its mighty bonds the ancient plains of Babylon with “ Britain divided from the world.”¹ Through such immediate preparation had the world passed, and so as I have briefly described it, stood its learning, philosophy, and art, in relation to the Church and the philosophy of the Cross, at the moment when we have fancied an Apostle looking out on all these things.

And now for a brief period there was a pause and silence. Such a silence on either side as there must have been,—for the comparison can hardly fail to suggest itself,—when the Lord Himself in all the apparent weakness of His early youth, stood in the presence of the hoary doctors in the temple : they wondering at His temerity, He resting in His Divinity. So stood the infant Church amid the systems and the learning of the world. But the pause was a brief one ; deep and solemn while it lasted, but brief. For time was precious, and the battle fierce : and so in all apparent weakness, and arrayed in weeds unmeet as men would say for the attire of divine philosophy, she went forth to claim to herself the wisdom, to grasp and mould for herself the minds of men. The struggle was an arduous one, but the triumph was complete. We may not say that it was the noblest of the triumphs of the Faith : for these are tears of penitence, and lives of holiness. Still it was a noble triumph, and it is written on an immortal page, even the souls of men.

To trace it step by step, would be impossible here and

¹See the *Christian Remembrancer* for April, 1845, p. 331.

now, nor is it needful. It was a triumphant progress in which the Church went forth, when she conquered and brought under her own sway the fields of learning, philosophy and art. Yet unlike the progress of conquering men, it was not devastation but new life that marked her way. She came to the Academy and the Lyceum, the Porch and Garden, and gave a living kernel to the husks and shells she found there, and woke to life many a form of truth which had been standing moveless and isolated, like a marble statue ; while in place of these four homes of learning, there sprung up Schools and Universities almost without number. Amid the ruins of Memphis and of Heliopolis, she made the spirit of contemplation long-wasted and preying in itself, to issue in the lofty tones, ever lofty if not always truly regulated, of the Fathers of the Desert. She gave the Historian the clue, by which he could trace out the tangled web of the world's story, and read understandingly that wondrous course of ages, never before comprehended. She brought a nobler strain to the poet's lyre, and touched his eyes to see and his tongue to speak, deeper things in nature and in man, than men had dreamed before. She came to the Grecian Temple, and the Roman Basilic, and there arose in their places edifices more vast and of a rarer beauty, towering towards the heavens, and preaching not men's thoughts of truth and beauty, but those eternal archetypes of both, on which Creation has been framed. She took the painter's and the sculptor's hand, and instead of sensuous earthly forms on which the eye could scarcely look without defilement to the soul, there burst upon men's sight severe unearthly beauties,

holy and super-human grace, sources of the purest emotions and most sacred thoughts. She touched the unformed indigested mass of Roman Law,¹ and there issued from it, the Code, the Pandects and the Institutes, immortal works which tell at this very hour on all the civilised nations of the earth. But not to enter into more detail, where full detail is impossible, let it suffice to say, that this triumph of the Church and her divine philosophy, absorbing "all the keenness, the originality, the energy and the eloquence" of man, is witnessed to, and recorded in the Architecture, the Sculpture, the Painting, and above all in the Libraries of Christendom. As one has well and eloquently said: "to see the triumph of the Faith over the world's wisdom, we must enter those solemn cemeteries, in which are stored the relics and the monuments of Faith,—the great libraries of the world. Look along their shelves, and almost every name you read there, is in one sense or another, a trophy set up in record of the victories of Faith. How many long lives, what high aims, what single minded devotion, what intense contemplation, what fervent prayer, what untiring diligence, what toilsome conflicts has it taken to establish this supremacy." And all this glorious mass of living thought, speaking in written words or forms of art, widening in endless circles, sweeping outward for eighteen hundred years, and sweeping outward still, has for its centre and its source, the Holy Word of God.

Now this view, brief and meagre as it is, may serve to show us what is the true position of even the humblest

¹See Gibbon's own admission.

Christian Scholar. In very deed he is a "citizen of no mean city." He is one in a brotherhood, second only to that which is the fulfilment of all, and toward which all others tend.

Grant that his place may be obscure, his sphere of action limited. Yet he has a place, he has a sphere, and in them he has a work to do, a holy mission to fulfill. No man can live on earth—unless, that is, he utterly withdraws himself from other men, and makes himself what God never meant he should be, an isolated being,—without in some way, generally in far more ways than he can know or fancy, coming in contact with the minds of other men. And that not casually now and then, but habitually and continually. However few in number then these minds may be, and however humble in position, yet minds they are, and they form an immortal page on which the Christian Scholar may inscribe truths that shall live and work throughout eternity. For in this respect the world of learning, is as the world of nature. And as in the latter we see not only mighty floods rolling on for immense distances and through widely spreading valleys, but find on more attentive observation, that many unknown streams and fountains, each in its own secluded nook, doing its office and adding its portion, have gone to swell those floods; even so is it in the former, when there we look more intently and with a deeper observation. For look at the body of the learning of Christendom, not as a sluggish, inert, lifeless mass, but as living, moving, acting: bearing in some sense the relation to the human mind, which the water does to the solid parts of our globe, embracing

and permeating it ; and then you shall see clearly and at once how this is so. For consider some great mind, as it floats down from age to age in ever increasing grandeur, bearing with it a body of collected thought and truth, which leaves a leaven and a life-giving nourishment, in all the intellectual region through which it goes. Look carefully at it and long, not suffering your eye to be carried onward with the sweep of the great flood, so that you cannot pause along its shores, and you will see how many other minds have added their part, and unknown, unnamed have helped to swell the stream, which bears the name of that master spirit who sent it forth, and seems evermore to ride upon its waves. Nay, there are many streams of truth that have gone forth from unknown fountains, from minds that have seemingly dwelt apart from all intercourse of men, and all communion with their age.

If I might venture on another illustration, I would find it in those old Cathedrals which bear the name of some one ruling mind which has finally given them unity and completeness ; while yet many minds have been exercised, and many hands have wrought, and one has added a shaft, and another a capital, and others various carvings, all needful to the completeness of the whole stupendous plan. So that did we or could we see the reality of things, not one name only would be inscribed upon the mighty pile, but countless names written on every part, would bear witness to the mass of intellect and thought which had developed itself in that vast, glorious whole. Consider in like manner some one great work of learning, let it be in what de-

partment you may choose, which bears, and bears rightly, his name who has given it form and, in one sense, being. Remember how many thoughts and truths have gone to its composition : not merely how many authorities have been directly consulted, but how much derived from intercourse with others, how many floating things embodied whose origin is not known ; and you will see, that though the work is truly his whose name it bears, still upon all its pages might be written other names, some known and some unknown, who have directly or indirectly, taught, or suggested, or contributed, in some way or another. And when you carry on your view, remembering all this, from one work, to the great body of Christian learning, into which in the way just now briefly sketched, the world's mind has issued, how countless shall seem the numbers who have brought their parts. As in long and shadowy procession they return before our fancy's eye, one bringing the solid squared foundation stone, another the strong pillar, another the graceful ornament, each his own portion diverse from the other, we see amongst them not merely those whose forms we recognise and whose names we speak, but many who come humbly and in silence, content to bring their offering, and asking no higher honor than to be unknown workmen ; and then we learn who and what they are who have reared the vast temple of the learning and the literature of Christendom. Then we learn his true position who is, even in the smallest, humblest, most obscure way, a sharer in perpetuating, carrying on, and working out, this triumph of the Faith. For that if he be only in the lowest form, if he have the fewest minds

to work upon, the fewest truths and thoughts to give to others, still he is adding something to the mass of living thought, which will outlive him, and tell upon the minds of men forever. As an unseen bell struck in the air sends infinite vibrations round; as an unseen blow upon the water sends widening circles over all the surface, so his words, if he speaks, shall move the intellectual atmosphere; so the impression he makes in any way shall send a sweeping widening motion through the world of mind. Wherefore from all these things we conclude, that, the lowliest Christian Scholar has a lofty station; that he should not under-estimate his position, even while he takes, as if he be truly wise he will take, the most modest estimation of himself; and that that position is second only to the standing of the Hero-Saint.

But on a high position, two things ever wait: great dangers, and lofty duties. Let me now, then, turn in accordance with the plan proposed in the beginning, to speak of these two things.

The Scholar's dangers, like those of any other class of men, range themselves in two distinct groups. Those that are necessary and universal: and those which are peculiar to a generation or an age, and so pass away with such an age or generation, to be succeeded by others, more or less formidable as it may chance. For without dangers may the Scholar never be, else could he never be proved and tried.

Now perhaps of all dangers, the most imminent here as well as elsewhere, is the danger of *self-deception*. Indeed, it may be fairly questioned whether this be not the essential element in all; whether as error of some

kind or another is the developed danger, so it may not be that self-deception lies at the very foundation of the whole matter. Be this however, as it may, and it certainly is a point which may well deserve the most attentive consideration on the part of individuals, still I repeat it, self-deception is an imminent danger attendant on the position of the Christian Scholar. Self-deception, not as to his own character, not as to his own spiritual progress, for that belongs to another and a higher phase of his being; but as to his proper duty, his intellectual attainments, and in a word all his relations as a Scholar.

Let us look at one or two of the points of which what has been said holds good. Points which may be suggestive of others,—for suggestion is all that one can hope to accomplish in a matter, to treat of which fully, might occupy volumes. Points, too, which may illustrate what has just been advanced, and show that to speak of the dangers of the Scholar, is not to exhibit a morbid timorousness, but to take a right and honest view of actual things.

Let us take, then, the ever present, ever pressing danger—which runs itself out into so many forms, and in such various ways—that the Scholar will utterly mistake his situation, his duties, his proper work. That he will look upon himself as an isolated person, with few or no relations to, and connexions with other men; that he will consider his duties all to lie within the round of his own study, whence no voice need issue, no written words be sent declaring the truth, which he may indeed have found, but which he selfishly appropriates; that he will regard his work as all comprised in acquiring for

himself, in storing his own mind, and playing certainly in a rather more dignified way, the part of the grasping miser. Now there are infinite varieties of this character, each with its own nice shades and distinctive marks, from the really hard-working man who toils and moils on through life, touching no other mind because he withdraws from all, and makes himself, utterly isolated and alone; down to the literary loungeur, whose selfishness and self-deception, run out in another and yet a very similar channel. Yet infinitely various as these characters are, none of them are, none of them can be, respectable. The best we can but pity, the worst we must despise. And still a man may begin his way as a true Scholar, a Christian Scholar, and by yielding to this self-deception, degenerate from one of these states of character to another, until he who in the outset stood on such glorious vantage ground, and moved amid such companionships, may end his days, the literary trifler, the wretched, despicable dilettante: no longer sitting in honor and worth at the counsels of his Sovereign, but become a miserable eunuch of the Palace.

Or even if things shall not reach this pass, still self-deception as to what his real work should be, may render his labors next to useless, and make him feel, at last, that his life has been as good as thrown away. For the Scholar must work for the age in which he lives, if he will work to any purpose. I do not say that he must work *with* his age; that depends upon whether his age is working rightly or no, but that he must work *for* it. That is, that the bent of his pursuits, the course of his labors, the turn of his studies, must be determined by

the intellectual and moral wants of the time and the people in and amongst which his lot is cast. That his own mere tastes, or fancies, are not alone to be consulted; that indeed to many fair and delightful walks of learning it may become his bounden duty resolutely to close his eyes, and from them to turn his steps; not certainly as undervaluing any: not as if he did not allow to each its proper place and dignity, as forming a part of what is all divine; but as knowing that here as well as elsewhere, there are opportunities for self-denial and self-sacrifice. As knowing that in learning as well as life, the finger of God directs, the voice of conscience orders, and that both must be obeyed. To recur to an illustration which has been used before; as it is with the progress of some vast architectural erection, so is it in this matter. It is vain, it is worse than vain, when it is time to lay the foundation deep and strong, to be endeavouring to pile the graceful pinnacle or rear the slender shaft, or swing the vaulted roof. It is vain, it is worse than vain, when it is time to strengthen with the firm buttress weak and trembling walls, to attempt to carry round those walls, unstrengthened and unsustained, the light and carved parapet, or to rear upon them the lofty spire. There is a time for all these various works; but to attempt to do them out of time is loss of labor, and a hinderance to the progress of the plan. So in all learning. Each age has its work, clearly laid upon it, distinctly pointed out: and the danger is not small, nay, rather it is great, that the Scholar will choose his own work rather than that which is laid before him, and therefore fail and fall: saying at last, when self-deception ends, not I have lost a day, but I have lost my life.

These two forms of self-deception on which we have now been dwelling, have not been selected as being by any means the most obvious ; though certainly they may well be considered as among the most dangerous. Rather it seemed desirable that when suggestion was all which could possibly be accomplished, more recondite and subtle forms should be selected : as thereby we might perhaps be brought to feel how wide reaching, and of what far extent the danger was. That it runs itself out, not only in what one so often sees, and cannot but see to mourn, in the substitution of temporary and selfish ends, personal triumphs, or the achievement of a brilliant reputation, instead of the advancement of eternal and unchanging truth ; in the propagation of error ; in irreverent assumption or unscholarlike arrogance ; that not in these high obvious forms of ill alone it finds its issue ; but in others, also, deeper and more hidden, and therefore it may be, all the more dangerous. Let these suggestions and these instances, serve then, to illustrate that one, great, overwhelming danger, to which at all times and in every age the Scholar is exposed ; and against which every man who would not fail of running lawfully, and therefore lose his crown, is bound most earnestly, most heedfully to guard himself. And let us now pass to a few thoughts upon other dangers, which as I have said are not universal, but belong to peculiar eras, being themselves peculiar and diverse.

A popular writer has said, that while in any situation whatever, high or low, marked or obscure, it is a comparatively easy thing to be a man *of* one's age, to be a man *for* one's age, is quite another, and a much more difficult

matter. It is always easy to swim with the current ; to go whither what is called the spirit of the age will carry one. And surely if that spirit is a right and true one, and flowing onward toward such a point as one should wish to reach, it is wise and well to go with it. But how often is this not the case ; nay, how often is the precise contrary the fact. And therefore while it is a morbid and unhealthy feeling which concludes that the animating spirit of any age is always of necessity wrong and evil ; it is quite as morbid and quite as unhealthy a one, only in another way, which,—misinterpreting the sentence, divine when truly understood, that speaks of the people's voice, meaning the real utterances of humanity, as being instinct with divinity,—concludes that the course of the age is always right. That the Scholar may not sometimes be called by every duty, and every responsibility to set himself in opposition to it, to denounce it, to make it anathema, to struggle manfully against its current, even to his own overwhelming and destruction.

It follows then, that the tendencies of any age may be evil ; it is fair and wise to believe that there will always be evil ones among them : for surely he must be a most unshaken optimist who can think otherwise ; these evil tendencies bring dangers as to other men, so especially to the Scholar ; and these dangers are those which I have called the dangers of an era, in contradistinction from those which attach to every possible epoch of the history of man.

As a further illustration of these positions, let us consider a twofold danger,—for dangers are mostly twofold in their character,—which attaches to our age ; and

which presents a problem that the Scholar must solve, thoughtfully and carefully unless he be willing to go on at random, in which case he does not deserve his appellation. The danger is, that he will on the one hand give nothing, or on the other everything to the past: and the problem to be decided is, of course, precisely how much should be given to it. The danger on the one hand is certainly very clear and obvious. Self distrust, distrust of the present, reverent turning to catch the voices of other days as they float solemnly down the course of ages, these are obviously not so characteristic of our age and country as to warrant any great anxiety that the claims of the present on our regard will be lightly cast aside. A superficial and encyclopedic, and reviewing age, is always self confident. And a self confident age, is of course in its relations to the past always in danger of going to the extreme of forgetfulness: which forgetfulness it finds it easy to account for, by various theories of progress, or development, or whatever men may choose to call them. Indeed it has generally seemed enough,—so pressing has this danger been considered, so imminent in truth has it really been,—it has generally been considered quite sufficient to condemn it in general terms. Nor has it seemed a matter of importance how general those terms were, provided only that they were sufficiently strong and startling.

But is there not a danger too on the other hand? I do not mean a danger that we shall reverence and esteem the past too much, for if the past be rightly estimated that can scarcely be; but that we shall fall into an unreal, untrue, dreamy way of looking at the past

itself, and therefore incur the evil when we least expect it. There certainly is such a thing as the mere blind worship of the formal past: there is such a thing as attempting to force over the body of some living, unchanging, eternal principle of truth, some antiquated guise which it does not need to wear, to throw around it old externals, which are not of the essence of its being. And this is playing at scholarship and learning; this is unreal, hollow and untrue, a mimic pageantry, a soulless masquerade. I trust that I may not be misunderstood. I do not speak of divine institutions but of human ones, or of human applications of those that are divine. I am not advocating the doctrines of that wretched pantheistic view of human history, which makes the highest and the holiest things that God has given men, but mere ideas, to be developed by the exercise of human intellect, into something or into nothing; which makes succeeding ages to create new principles which former ages had not; and declares that change in essence and not change in form, of truth, is the law which regulates the course of time. All this is one thing. But to say that principles are few and truth is one; and that the Scholar must beware lest in avoiding the extreme of not finding these principles and that truth, living and working in most instructive wise in all at least of the Christian past, he shall fall into another quite as evil, of mistaking their external garb, their outward expressions for the things themselves, what has this to do with that hardy spirit which changes at will the institutions of our God? With that pantheistic philosophy which confounds substance and accident, essence and

form, spirit and matter, GOD and man? What is this more than to say, that we must not mistake the body of the boy, or of the grown up man, or of the saint perfected, for that undying soul, which gives to each its all of life and glory?

And how great too is the danger lest the Scholar may fall into an even more unreal and dreamy way of looking at the past. For the temper of the Scholar which he must cultivate and cherish, is the Historical Temper, and this may be perverted to a most evil purpose. The present, rough, harsh, angular, with all that is disagreeable standing out from it most prominently, is all about us. It grates upon us, its corners wound and lacerate, it is homely and wears a stern and every day aspect, it forbids and it discourages. Not small then is the temptation to turn away from it, and endeavour, as it is said,—though what is meant by it is very difficult to see,—endeavour to live in the past. To indulge fond regrets for glories faded and for majesties gone by, and instead of looking resolutely at what lies about and before one, to cast back longing looks upon the distant landscape, sun-gilt or clothed in rosy flush of light, soft, slumberous, silent and obscure. To shut one's ears to the harsh tones of men around one, and to seek to live with those alone, with whom indeed the Scholar must live *much*, but may not live *entirely*, whose voices murmur gently from the sepulchre, or seem to swell in solemn strains of melody from the far distant skies. But this is wretched: this is unworthy of a man, and most unworthy of a Scholar. For sure we may be, “that the man over whom present wants, pres-

ent duties, and present facts have no vigorous influence, is the very worst qualified man for apprehending by-gone wants, by-gone duties, by-gone facts." He wants truthfulness, and that is the very foundation of the Scholar's character. And beside, what man in his senses, can ever be sighing in this way after past periods, be they never so glorious, never so fully inscribed with names that bare the brow and make the pulses swell? Let us know what it is we do if we do this. "If we ask that the age in which St. Paul preached may come again, we ask also that Nero may come back. If we ask that we may be transported back to the glorious period of Athanasius, we ask to live under the tyrant Constantius; to have the world almost wholly Pagan, the Church almost wholly Arian. If we long to sit at the feet of Chrysostom, we long for the infamous corruptions of Antioch and of Constantinople. If we reckon that it would have been a blessing to live and die under the teaching of Augustine, we must be content to see Rome sacked by one set of Barbarians, and the Church in Africa threatened by another: we must get our learning from a race of effete rhetoricians, and dwell amid all the seductions and abominations of Manicheism." And if it were thus vain and evil to have the ages themselves return in reality and life, how much more vain, because unreal and unmeaning, for a man to endeavour to throw himself into them in any other way than as a seeker after truth, and try to live there. Who can do it, or even wish to do it, who believes that life is what it is, an earnest, awful struggle with and for realities, and not a fleeting dream? No doubt the sculptor would have consulted his ease

and pleasure ; no doubt his visions of beauty would have been as high, had he dreamed over them inactively, and never applied his hand to fashion the rude, rough, shapeless mass of stone. But where then would have been the form which leads and teaches other minds, and imbues countless spirits in the course of ages with the love and the sense of the beautiful or the sublime. Oh no ! life is no dream, learning is no dream, the past is no dream but as we shall make them so. And woe to the man who tries to make them so. Woe to the Scholar who dreams when he should work : who vainly tries to re-create the past, when he should help to inform and mould the present, on and by all which that past has gathered in a long and glorious array, of truth and heroism, of grace and strength, of grandeur and of beauty.

But time forbids me to dwell longer on a field of thought which spreads and widens as we advance into it, and I leave it to speak briefly of the Scholar's duty.

And what is to be said here, has been of necessity somewhat anticipated in that which has already been advanced. Because to speak of dangers, is impliedly at least to speak of duties also. I may perhaps sum up the Scholar's duty in two words : that he must be a practical man. But in using these words, care must be taken lest they shall be misunderstood. In speaking of the Scholar as a practical man, I do not by any means annex such a signification to the words, as is annexed to them by the men of a narrow minded and money getting age, or generation, whose highest aspirations are to sum their temporal estates in a line of six figures, and whose best literature are day books and ledgers. All this is well in its

place; nay more, it is not to be treated with contempt; but when we are speaking of Scholarship and Scholars, it is not to be suffered to come into the account. There, the practical man is not the man who can drive the shrewdest bargain; or who is most skilled in getting through the world with the greatest possible advantage to himself, and the least possible to every body else; or who can shew himself most at home in the ordinary walks and intercourses of every day life. Not such a man as this is the practical Scholar. But he is the man, who when he comes in contact with another mind, has power to give that mind a bent, an impulse, a lofty tone, a high direction, an earnest ardor, and to impart to it something in the way of knowledge, as well as to wake it to a deeper, fuller, truer life. But who shall be, who shall make himself such a man? He who realises to the full that glorious position of the Christian Scholar, he who avoids the dangers attendant on that position, to which your attention has been called. He and none other shall gain every point. Will he slight learning, will he turn away from the treasures of the past, and suffer himself to fall into the wretched, unmeaning talk one often hears about book-worms and book-learning? Will he neglect his own mind, and take no care to fill it with all knowledge which he can, ever directing his pursuit of knowledge by the wants of the age and people in and amongst which he lives? Such a man is not a practical Scholar. Do men call an artificer practical if he does not know his trade; and would it not be *prima facie* evidence against him, were his shop found utterly unfurnished, and presenting to him who came to

see, a floor with nothing on it, girt about with four bare walls? So with the Scholar's mind. If it be not stored, and well stored, he will be a man trying to work without instruments and means: his natural capacities may be what you please, and the greater they are, the more conspicuous will be his failure. To store well, then, is the first part, the very foundation of that Scholar's duty who would be a really and truly practical man. And in storing let him not forget the rule so applicable to his work,

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. "For," says Bishop Hurd, "the unnatural separation of the *dulce* and the *utile*, has done almost as much hurt in letters, as that of the *honestum* and *utile*, which Tully somewhere complains of, in morals. For while the polite writer, as he is called, contents himself with the former of these qualities, and the man of erudition with the latter, it comes to pass as the same author expresses it, that the learned are deficient in popular eloquence, and the eloquent fail in finished scholarship."¹

But again; for thus far we have but viewed the half of the Scholar's duty. The other half is to use what has been gained, by bringing it so to bear on other minds, as that some mark, how humble soever, shall still be left on them; some impulse given; something in a word imparted. To recur to our illustration, homely indeed but still significant, as without knowledge and instruments the artificer cannot work, so knowledge and instruments are all in vain to one who folds his hands and will not. This state is I suppose what they have in

¹Hurd's Horace. Note on the *Ars Poetica*.

view, who talk of learned leisure and literary ease. That state of "judicial, magisterial, collegiate, parochial or private efflorescence," in which the vegetative process advances with a solemn dignity of progress, a graceful ease of growth; and the glorious termination of whose course, is, that its decay may possibly enrich the soil on which it has brooded like an incubus, giving neither shade nor ornament, flower nor fruit. But one would hope that the growth of a mushroom was not the type of the progress of a Scholar.

In truth, as we see, the Scholar's duty is two-fold; and let us say with reverence and awe, that it finds its perfect pattern, where the pattern of all life, and all its parts is found, in that most awful life which the world has ever seen, which itself real, presents also the true ideal,—the life of Him, who being very GOD, was also very man. Alone with the Father, and then mingling with men; such was that awful, most mysterious life, in which the pantheists of our day see so little, that they can put its spirit on a level with the art of Greece, and with the law of Rome;¹ but in which the true souls of other days, and the noblest of our own, see the true model of the truest life of every living man, be he who, or what, or where he may. Alone and then with men; such was the life of Christ; such must be the Christian's life; such too must be the life of the Christian Scholar. Alone in those still hours of thought and study, in which, even as Virgil guided Dante only under the direction of Beatrice, so human learning leads him on only under the

¹So Michelet in his blasphemous book called "The People." The sentiment has been echoed on this side of the Atlantic.

guidance of his holy Faith : in which, with all low, paltry notions of aggrandisement or of gaining reputation cast away, with all veils of self-deception torn aside, his one only object has been to gain a deeper hold on deep, eternal truth ; in which the great ends of life have been in solemn vision clear before his eyes, and he has remembered that that man cannot study well, who does not devoutly pray and discipline himself, since the being most like Satan which the world can show, is the man of trained intellect and of untrained heart ; alone in hours, over-brooded by these things and thoughts, he has laboured to acquire knowledge, principles, truths, needful for himself, needful for other men. The world has seen in him the shrinking trembler, the dreamer of some dream, the unreal man, knowing little or nothing of his kind. But he knows that no man who has not silently studied himself, can know other men : that the best and truest knowledge of humanity they have gained who have best known themselves : and that the cloistered saint has a deeper insight into human nature, than the world's busy man. He knows his ends and purposes, and he bides his time, patiently, meekly, but firmly and with unshaken heart.

That time will come. It may be long in coming, but he can afford to wait ; for they are men of little plans and paltry ends, who hurry and bustle about the world. And when it does come, when the voice of God is heard to call, and conscience clearly points, then he goes forth, in a greater or a smaller sphere of action, yet great or small still glorious, and then he is with men, and from that time forth his twofold life alternates with itself.

Working *for* the age, he strives to correct its errors mainly by endeavoring to infuse positive truth ; to advance all in it that is good and true ; to fight manfully against that form, be it what it may, under which Satan attacks the truth of God, and in a word to stand in the position, to keep himself from the dangers, and to discharge the duties of a Christian Scholar.

Especially, as I have said, will he labor to discover, for he is quite sure that it exists, the mode which in his day, the attack of the adversary will assume, against that Faith whose defence is the highest form of his vocation. The mode varies. Now it is direct assault ; now it is insinuation ; and again it is imitation. This last is the mode of our day : it is evident in all the literature of whatsoever kind, which certain sections of the intellectual world are sending forth ; and to correct, or at least to expose and denounce which, is therefore the bounden duty of the Christian Scholar.¹

And surely on such duties well discharged, high honor waits. Surely the place and work of him who faithfully performs them, who manfully goes through them, is but inferior to theirs who minister the word and sacraments of Christ ; nay it waits on and seconds their high service ; and in its self-humiliation is exalted beyond all other human things. Surely the work of binding men in intellectual brotherhood, in the participation of truth, is next to that which binds in the sweet unities of Christian Charity their higher souls. For so it is, that the

¹It was obviously impossible to enter fully into this peculiar phase of the infidelity of our day, which, as a late writer has said, "derived from the Jew Spinoza, bids fair to divide the realms of thought with the Christian Faith." I would refer to an article on Pantheistic Tendencies, in the April No. of the Christian Remembrancer, 1846.

Cherub's holy knowledge, yields primacy and precedence to nothing, but the Seraph's ardent love.

GENTLEMEN :

I have thus spoken, how imperfectly no one can be half so sensible as I am, on that high and holy theme, so naturally suggested by the circumstances under which we have assembled. For indeed it is a theme that overtakes one's powers, making him feel that where so much is of necessity left unsaid, he has said next to nothing : where an angel's voice might be honored in its utterance, he can have said but slenderly and meanly what he has. Yet happily, the very circumstances which suggest, do also themselves address us with a force and power which no words can reach ; an eloquence which, voiceless though it may be, yet thrills directly to the heart.

These old familiar scenes, recalling other days, whose depth of meaning, whose exceeding value, whose bearing on our future life, we could not know, and scarcely could imagine ; these stirrings of the heart as hands are grasped at this brief meeting of long severed friends, or words exchanged which tell of others gone ; the names of those departed worthies, which in yonder halls are now as household words to us ; that honored name¹ joined with theirs in a union which shall outlast the stones that there are piled, the name of him our Founder, around whose venerable presence cluster for so many of us the deepest, holiest memories of all our lives, the memories of vows uttered on earth and registered in heaven ;—

¹The College buildings bear the names of the three Bishops of Connecticut: Seabury, Jarvis, and Brownell.

God grant that for many a long year as hither we come up, that presence may make glad our eyes and hearts ;— and more perhaps than all, that sacred Name which has for many a long century summed up the Christian faith, and now has given a new and glorious consecration to our mother's homes ; all these I say, address us here. All these, repeat the solemn exhortation which was given us when we were severally from this place sent forth to enter on the work of life. We cannot choose but listen to them. We cannot choose but feel them. But let us do more. Let us obey them. Let us resolve, that be we what else we may, we will each in our place and as God gives us power, we will be Christian Scholars. And that in all our way, whether of silent study and solitary thought, or in our minglings with men where study bears its fruit, and thought performs its work on other minds, our constant changeless rule, shall be the noble motto of our College,

FOR THE CHURCH AND FOR OUR COUNTRY.¹

¹Pro Ecclesiâ et Patriâ. The Legend on the College Seal.

The Unseen Witnesses.

A POEM

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, AUG. 5, 1846.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS P. TYLER, A. M.,
RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, FREDONIA, N. Y.

HARTFORD:
WILLIAM FAXON,
CALENDAR PRESS.
1846.

* * * At a meeting of the Association of the Alumni, held Aug. 5th, 1846, it was

“*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Association be presented to the Rev. Mr. TYLER, for his Poem delivered this afternoon, and that the Officers of the Association be a Committee to request a copy for publication.”

Attest, GURDON W. RUSSELL, *Secretary*.

THE UNSEEN WITNESSES.

I.

DARKNESS enwrapt the Earth ere its first morn,
The SPIRIT moved upon the waters' face,
The WORD went forth ; a new creation, born
Of Water and the Spirit, bore the trace
Of God's perfections ; nor can Time efface
Those lineaments divine on it impressed ;
The Invisible revealed in light and grace !
Still to the reverent gaze of angels blessed,
What then it was, the ETERNAL SON made manifest.

II.

Leaves have not faded ; still upon the skies,
The glowing sunsets of this land of ours,
Its summer foliage, and the thousand dices
Which tint its earlier, and its later flowers,
The bow of promise smiling thro' its showers,
On all about us, day and night, are seen
All Eden's hues ; nor in those happy bowers
Moved forms of softer grace, or manlier mien,
Than now, in breathing life, are round us here, I ween.

III.

Darkness enwapt the Earth, and moral night ;
 The WORD went forth, the Incarnate God, once more,
 Saying, with human lips, " Let there be light ;"
 And as Judea's land, and Jordan's shore
 He meekly trod, the SPIRIT as of yore
 Was there creative, and to angels blessed,
 More wonderful than aught beheld before,
 The Church appeared, in heavenly beauty dressed,
 To be on Earth for aye, the CHRIST made manifest.

IV.

A new creation, out from chaos born
 Of Water and the Spirit, bore the trace
 Of His redeeming Love ; and from that morn
 When He departed to prepare a place
 For His elect, abide its gifts of grace ;
 Nor ages dark with violence and crime
 Can its unearthly character efface,
 To His baptized a theatre sublime,
 Where each must win, or lose, the battle-field of Time.

V.

The sons of God in one communion bound !
 Regenerate all from their blessed infancy ;
 The heavenly host its sacred pale around
 Keep watch and ward ; and look most earnestly
 For what each christened one will do and be ;
 Nor are we careless of their loving gaze,
 Since He who beckons us to victory
 Thro' scenes of labor here, and suffering's ways,
 Hath said ' make friends of them,' in these your trial days.

VI.

They see not as we see ; before our sight
 The veil of flesh remaining, we behold
 The human only, and the earnest fight
 Waged by the few, the zealous and the bold,
 For God's own truth on Earth, while faint and cold
 The many are ; and some we trusted most
 Around us fall, or flee, tho' sworn to hold
 Aloft the banners of the Christian host,
 Sworn 'neath those words of power, "Receive the Holy Ghost."

VII.

They see not as we see ; but as of old
 The prophet's servant, at his lord's desire,
 With eyes unveiled, the spirit host beheld
 Circling the mountain with their ranks of fire,
 As Judah's shepherds saw the heavenly choir,
 As Jordan's crowds the Holy Dove descending,
 As mitre-tongues of flame the twelve inspire,—
 But glimpses these, of glory never ending,
 The Church of God for aye, in angels' eyes attending.

VIII.

At holy font *we* see the mother mild,
 The ministering priest with surpliced arms receive
 And sign, in Jesus' name, th' unconscious child ;
 But they behold all we thro' faith believe,
 Or haply, at our want of faith may grieve,
 As from on high above each christen'd one
 The Heavenly Dove descending they perceive
 And hear the FATHER say, ' this is my son'—
 A child of God new born ! an endless life begun !

IX.

And from that hour they watch our onward way,
Thro' boyhood's careless scenes ; the many snares
That round our youth deceitful pleasures lay ;
The manlier duties, and the sterner cares ;
The part, or great, or humble, in the affairs
Of this full world, that manhood must sustain ;
The burden which old age in weakness bears ;
The ceaseless strife thro' weariness and pain,
Which each must wage and win, the immortal crown to gain.

X.

They see not as we see ; for in our eyes
The fleeting things of Earth, its pomp and show,
Such glories as from stirring deeds arise,
Such honors as from wealth or genius flow,
Make wide the difference of high and low,
But in their sight of equal dignity
Is every contest here for weal or woe,
And equal honor shall their portion be,
Who make of them on earth, friends for eternity.

XI.

In varied form life's trial comes to each,
To be of varied powers the appointed test,
To knit and nerve the spirit's strength, or teach
Patient submission to the Lord's behest ;
And he the bravest fights who filleth best
The place and ministry assigned to him,
Nor hath a christened soul on earth possessed
A nobler field ; nor do the cherubim,
Who chaunt before God's throne the high trisagion hymn !

XII.

The paths of some *seem* nobler : in the youth
Of this our happy country, there was one
Who too was young ; precepts of heavenly truth,
And honor high, the mother taught her son ;
And wealth was his ; and early manhood won
A soldier's fame ; and when at length this land
Its noble strife for victory begun,
The leader of her host, his heart and hand
Were hers, till millions freed victorious saw him stand.

XIII.

And mammon's richest prize, a conqueror's crown,
Seemed in his reach ; but nobler, he preferred
The better part, the patriot's pure renown ;
And long thro' after years his guiding word,
In council now, as erst in battle heard,
Led on this land, thro' honor's path to fame ;
And added States, and myriad hearts are stirred
With love and pride, that all alike may claim
The glorious heritage of his unsullied name !

XIV.

On a wide theatre *he* fought and won ;
A world admiring paused his course to view ;
And when, at length, his earthly work was done,
And his great spirit from our sight withdrew,
To those immortal ones unseen, who knew,
And watched his path, and marked his victory,
We know that they, far more than we could do,
Revered, esteemed, and loved him—know that he,
Of all God's radiant host made friends eternally.

XV.

There was another,—there are many such—
He had no wealth, not even of the mind,
Save rude ideas of right and truth,—as much
As they can teach or learn, like him confined
To ceaseless toil :—all things on earth combined
To place him in the humblest, hardest lot,
Whereon the sun of fortune never shined :
By man o'erlooked ; by God he seemed forgot,
Seemed in sore need to pray, to one who answered not.

XVI.

There never dawned prosperity for him,
Nor hope of better days ; but darker yet
Were threatening ever, as his eye grew dim,
And strength decayed ; or sickness came, and debt,
Small in itself, but hardly to be met
By one who scarcely dared to turn aside
From ill paid toil for daily bread, to wet
With bitter tears the face of one who died
Lest they—the rest—should starve, who on that toil relied.

XVII.

Temptations fierce beset that man throughout,
To murmur oft at heaven's resistless will ;
Or if there were a Providence to doubt,
Who could this teeming world with plenty fill
While he and his must suffer on, and till
Another's soil unthanked ; or right, or wrong,
Some hours of wild forgetfulness of ill
To snatch from fate, amid the impious throng
Who drown all thought of God, in wine and mirth and song.

XVIII.

And yet he triumphed ; an unbroken heart,
A kindly spirit bearing to the end ;
Unmurmuring resignation to the part
Of earthly sorrow, God was pleased to send ;
A stern integrity, which naught could bend ;
Unfaltering trust, and never ceasing prayer
To Him he knew the friendless could befriend :
In darkest hours, undoubting, to His care
Commending those beloved, he calmly left them there.

XIX.

And when his spirit, disciplined and tried,
And faithful unto death, at length withdrew
To those who long his toilsome path beside
Had watched invisible, and saw and knew,
Far more that we on earth could ever do
Of conflicts fierce wherein he did not yield,
Think you this life, so manly and so true,
Less to their love and confidence appealed,
Than his who fought that fight upon a broader field !

XX.

We know not yet what depth of meaning lies
In those deep meaning words, the promising
Of riches true, of crowns and dignities
To them in this life-warfare conquering ;
But surely, as eternity shall fling
Its ages round them both, as both have striven
With equal strength in lots so differing,
An equal sphere to both shall there be given,
Mid thrones, dominions, principalities of heaven !

XXI.

Of little worth a human life appears,
A round of duties dying with the day ;
And when by scenes like these we count our years,
Reminding us anew how far away
From youth and college days our footsteps stray ;
When there, where once a busy part we bore
We are forgotten ;—all things seem to say
How quickly will our earthly life be o'er,
And they who fill our place, remember us no more !

XXII.

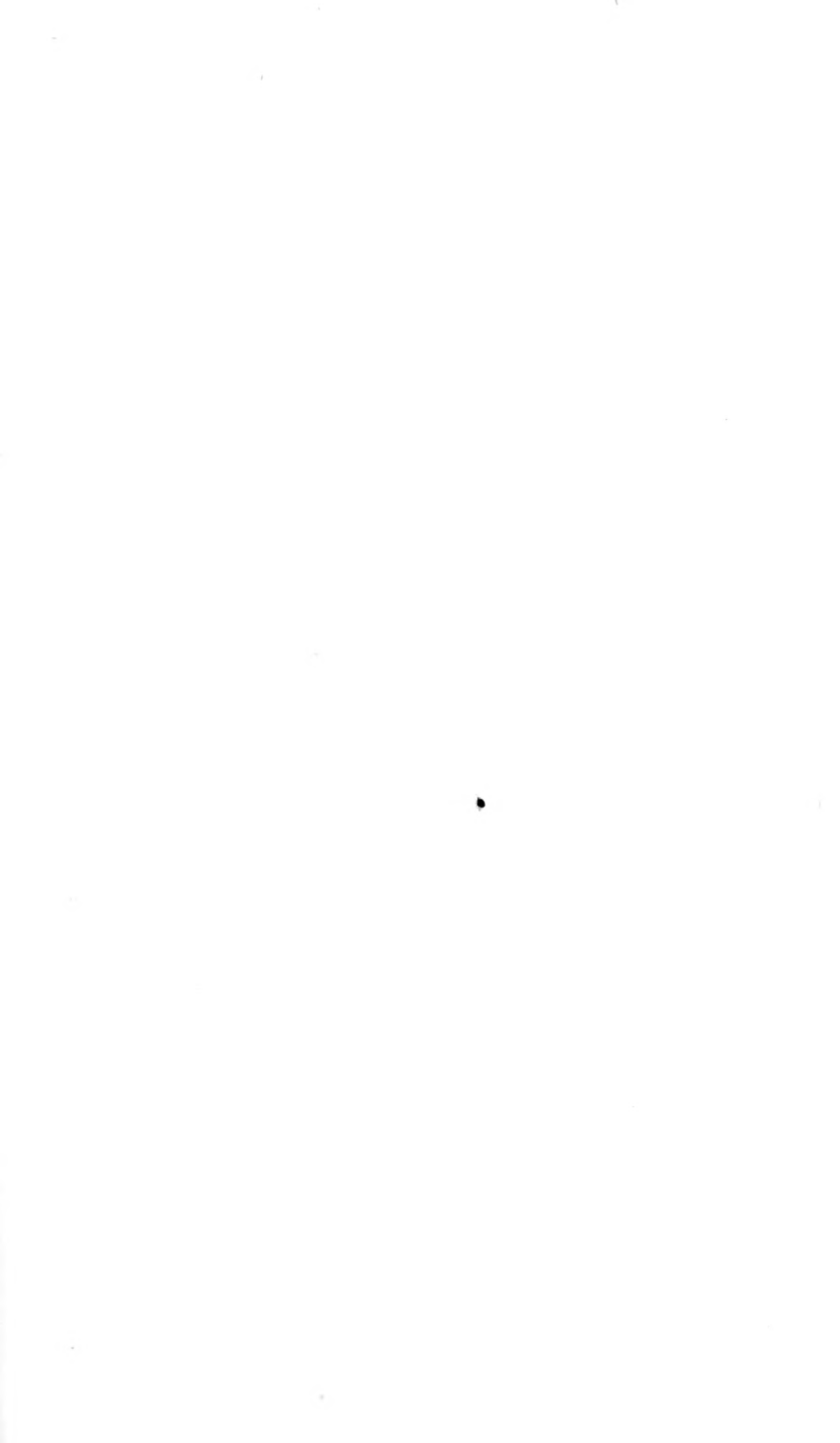
Yet on ! with higher hope and better cheer !
What tho' our manhood passeth rapidly,
And our best years accomplish nothing here
But seems with us to share the destiny
To die and be forgotten :—Let us be
In these our few things faithful, and no fame
Of earth shall equal ours, tho' history
Unites its many voices to proclaim
Abroad from age to age, a favorite hero's name.

XXIII.

The first creation,—earth, and skies, which seem
A veil translucent drawn before God's throne,
Surround us here ; and 'twas no baseless dream
Of olden time ; nor poet's myth alone
Which saw in all a spirit ; and would own
A deity in every breeze that stirred,
A god who ruled the sea, and one whose tone
From high Olympus in the storm was heard ;
There is a God in all—our God—the ETERNAL WORD !

XXIV.

And by His presence, Lo ! this sphere of earth,
The place whereon we tread is holy ground !
And holier far the place of our new-birth,
Where He with joy receives the lost and found,
And Angel-ministers our paths surround ;
Where great results make all our doings great,
And daily tasks, to which our lives are bound,
May win us crowns they cannot emulate,
Who watch us here unseen, and for our coming wait.



Collegiate Education.

AN ADDRESS

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION,

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD,

AUGUST 4th, 1847.

BY THE REV. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D.,

ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, AND FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONVOCATION.

HARTFORD:

PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY & BURNHAM.

1847.

EDIDI QUÆ POTUI, NON UT VOLUI, SED UT ME TEMPORIS
ANGUSTIÆ COEGERUNT.—Cic. de Orat. Lib. iii. Cap. 61.

A D D R E S S .

MR. DEAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION,

THE statute of the Corporation of Trinity College, under the authority of which we are now met together, eminently liberal and wise in its inception, appears to me already to be giving proof of its beneficial operation. Heretofore the literary festival we are about to celebrate, has attracted us from our distant homes and various pursuits to testify our respect for this seminary of learning, and our sympathy with the young brethren who are to receive its honors; and, at the same time, to enjoy amongst ourselves the pleasures of social intercourse. But I feel confident that I speak your sentiments when I say that we are now drawn hither by an additional and even a higher motive; and that we are prepared to manifest a much warmer love for Trinity College, and a far deeper interest in its welfare than we have ever felt before, in consequence of the trust with which we have been honored, and in view of the duty which that trust calls upon us to discharge. As the House of Convocation, we have a distinct being in connexion with the College, and are recognized as having a constituent department in the management of its concerns. We are not, indeed, endowed with any positive legislative or executive authority, for no such could well be delegated to us; but our advice is solicited upon measures which involve the best interests of the institution, and we have every

assurance that our recommendations will receive always most respectful consideration from the other house of the *Senatus Academicus*, the Corporation.*

I anticipate from this new arrangement a very marked and quick return of favorable results ; and I cannot but congratulate you, gentlemen, and all who have been instrumental in bringing it about, that this important forward movement in collegiate life in our country can claim this institution as its starting place. The sons of this college can no longer feel that when they have completed the four years of their academic life, and have received their first degree in arts, they are then severed from their *Alma Mater*, and that thenceforward nothing more can be expected from them than to cherish a grateful recollection of her. She will not permit them thus to be cut loose from her. She solicits them to change the tie of discipline and instruction, sometimes perchance painful or irksome, into a bond of love, which shall draw them frequently to come and revive pleasing and profitable associations, and bring with them offerings of filial gratitude. Thus the annual return of the commencement season, while it will offer to a greater extent even than before, the opportunity for social intercourse between the companions of former days, will become a stated occasion for grave conference, and for friendly and truth-finding debate upon the all-important subject of education. Are we over sanguine in the belief that the results of a counsel thus gathered from widely distant sections of our land, from all the varied pursuits of life, and from the contrasted experience of the young and the aged alumnus ; and these maturely weighed and modified, if need be, by the upper

* As this address may possibly fall into the hands of those who are not acquainted with Trinity College and its organization, and who may feel some interest in knowing about it, I have thought it expedient to put into an Appendix, a brief statement, taken from the College Calendar for 1847.

house, will redound to the honor and usefulness of our seminary, and will preserve it from being justly obnoxious to the charge of falling behind the age, or of opposing any real and well tested improvement which the spirit of the age may suggest ?

Upon the occasion of the first public meeting of this body last year, there could not have been selected a subject of discourse more appropriate than the one to which your attention was directed.* How fully, clearly, and eloquently it was treated, and how great the satisfaction and instruction those of us who had the privilege of being present derived from it, I need not say. Assembled once again as "*Christian Scholars*," I cannot doubt that we are all anxious to discharge, as opportunity may bring them up, the various duties which that favored character has devolved upon us. Adverting, then, to our new position as members of this Convocation, a prominent duty, *here and now*, seems to me to point us to our connexion with collegiate life. Our thoughts and conversation at our annual gathering beneath these classic shades are naturally directed to this class of reminiscences, and hence the principles upon which collegiate education and discipline should be conducted will as naturally present to us a subject for discussion. At least I will venture to say that I hope this will follow as one of the signal benefits of our organization.

So impressed am I with the importance of this prospective result in its happy influence upon the well-being of this seminary, and also in exciting inquiry and extending knowledge amongst educated men in relation to a subject which should be dear to them, that I feel constrained to offer myself as a humble pioneer to direct

* The Christian Scholar ; his position, his danger and his duties. An Address pronounced before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, Hartford, August 5th, 1846, by Rev. John Williams, M. A., Rector of St. George's Church, Schenectady, and a Junior Fellow of Trinity College.

your attention to it. It covers a very large extent of ground, and will require many successive years to occupy and improve it in a suitable manner. My allotted task would seem to be the simple attempt to clear away some obstructions, as a preparation for a higher and more successful culture which is to follow. Expect me, then, and permit me, to be somewhat discursive in my remarks while I suggest some of those many topics connected with the one great subject of collegiate education and discipline, which I trust will receive from abler and better prepared occupants of this place than he who now has the honor of addressing you can presume to imagine himself, distinct and adequate examination.

But that I may not be tempted to wander without a definite purpose over too wide a space, I shall direct my observations,

FIRST, to the general state of education, its defects and their remedy : and

NEXT, to the outline of a plan which may exemplify what will thus be put forward as the true idea of a sound collegiate education.

It is a strange fact and one difficult to account for, that education, which has ever been held in the highest estimation by the thoughtful and well informed, should yet be so uncertain as to its fundamental principles and its practical administration. A distinguished scholar and eloquent writer, the late Dr. Thomas Brown, deliberately asserted from his Professorial chair in the University of Edinburgh, that "the noblest, but, in proportion to its value, the least studied of all the arts is the art of education."* Another Professor now filling a high place in the city of London, within the present year affirmed that "all education has hitherto been and long will be a mixture of some truth with more fancy and error."† And an able

* Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, Lecture IV.

† Dr. Elliottson, Harveian Oration for 1846.

and most earnest writer thus commences his valuable treatise upon Popular Education, published only a few years since. "It is a matter of deep regret to the first men of the age that education has not yet been placed upon a practically useful basis. It is felt that it is imperfectly enjoyed even by the educated, utterly withheld from the multitude, and not yet systematized either in principles or plan."* These are startling declarations, and if we are not prepared to admit them in all their breadth, I fear we shall be constrained to acknowledge that they are too near the truth for the satisfaction or repose of those who have any charge in directing this great instrument of human improvement.

Perhaps it may help to a better understanding of these assertions and a more ready assent to their truth, if I ask my hearers to make a clear distinction in their minds between the art of education as such, and the various arts and sciences upon which it may be employed. Education is not an intimate knowledge of these, or of any one of them, although it implies, and, in order to its successful exercise, demands this knowledge. In its own separate nature it relates simply to the method of communicating in the quickest and most effectual manner to the subject of its training, the principles and practice of some art or science other than itself. This distinction may tend to soothe that intellectual pride so natural to the human mind, and which perchance might be offended at the bare suggestion that the present generation is not in all respects wiser and better off than those which have passed away. It will be universally conceded that in many of the departments of human knowledge, there has ever been a gradual, and in some of them, in recent times, a rapid and wonderful advancement. If this cannot be affirmed

* Necessity of Popular Education, &c. by James Simpson.

of literature generally, of the fine arts, or of mental and moral philosophy, or what in college phrase are termed *humaniores literæ*, there can be no doubt but that in exact science, and science as adapted to the arts of life, a marvellous progress has been made and is still making, in consequence of which the family of civilized man now enjoys advantages immeasurably greater than those possessed by any former generation. But this is not the question before us. The point is simply, whether or not for centuries past there has been any marked improvement in the art of training the faculties of the human intellect, and of communicating the literature and science of a particular age to the youthful minds of that age.* Is philosophy, then, better taught now than it was in the lectures of the Porch or the Academy? Is there any where a more thorough school for the discipline of rhetoric and oratory than that to which the youthful Cicero resorted? Has there yet been a better plan devised, one fuller and more judicious in its directions as to the management of the child from the first development of the faculty of speech to the crowning work of education in the formation of the perfect orator, than is to be found in the *Institutiones Oratoriæ* of Quintilian? As to the knowledge of language and appreciation of the beauties of style, no one acquainted with the subject, I presume, would assert that in any community whatsoever, at present existing, they are as thoroughly or widely disseminated as they were at

* "Though the subject has of late been brought forward, it may with confidence be asserted, that the important theory of education has by no means kept pace with the improvements which have been made in the various departments of science and art, during the last century." Remarks on Scholastic and Academic Education. Part 1st of PHANTASM OF AN UNIVERSITY, by Charles Kelsall, Esq. A fanciful work gotten up with great expense of beautiful but impracticable architectural designs for an University. It contains, however, wise and profitable suggestions upon the subject of education.

Athens, when the whole mass of the people was so well educated in these respects that not a grammatical error, not a defect even of pronunciation could escape detection by the very women about the market place.*

These illustrations, however, must not be pressed beyond their due and prescribed limits. I cannot, I trust, be suspected of adducing them in order to raise the slightest doubt of the reality of progressive improvement in the social condition of man. "Knowledges manifold,"† which either had not sprung into being, or were the jealously guarded inheritance of the few, are now freely distributed amongst the many. The rights of man are far better understood than they have ever been before; they are more safely protected by popular institutions, and the physical comforts of man are vastly increased. But no one can imagine what would have been his condition at this time had the art of education kept an equal pace of improvement with many of the other arts of social life, and had a true idea of its grand purpose been ever held out in prominent view so that all intelligent and benevolent minds could have worked towards one certain and well defined object. That it would have been far wiser, happier and more peaceful will hardly be denied. Some portions of the poet's description of the primitive but imaginary age would have found their counterpart in the present actual one.

* The allusion here is to a passage in that delightful classical romance *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*. It is so long since I read it, however, that I cannot recur to it. The learned Abbe doubtless had authority for his assertion, and according to his custom has most probably given it at the bottom of his page. But I am reminded of Cicero's statement to the same effect,—*tamen eruditissimos homines Asiaticos quibus Atheniensis indoctus, non verbis, sed sono vocis, nec tam bene, quam suaviter loquendo, facile superabit.* De Orat. Lib. III. Cap. 11.

† Coleridge.

Ætas, quæ, vindice nullo,
Sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat.

Non galeæ, non ensis, erant ; sine militis usu
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.*

In advancing an opinion, however, so unfavorable in one important respect to an age which is accustomed to boast itself mightily of great achievements, and which certainly has many undeniable reasons for self-laudation, I may be excused for seeking to fortify what I assert by an appeal to other testimony. I will direct your notice, therefore, to one who has discussed this question, and others kindred to it, with sagacity, knowledge and a benevolent zeal, although I cannot sympathize with him in all his complaints, or acknowledge that there is value in all his suggestions. His work, from which I quote, was written for England, and was designed for an exposure of the great faults in society existing there ; but the remarks which I here offer for your consideration are not less applicable to ourselves. "No error is more profound or prevalent than the persuasion that we are an educated class in the best sense of the term. Our complacent conclusions on the subject are however exceedingly natural. Look, it is said, at our libraries, our encyclopedias, teeming as they do with knowledge in every branch of science and literature. See our chemical, mathematical, mechanical powers, with all their realized results, which seem to mould nature at our will and render life proudly luxurious. Then turn to our classical literature, our belles lettres, our poetry, our eloquence, our polished intercourse, our refined society ; consider our fine arts and elegancies, and above all think of our legislation and political economy, our institutions of benevolence and justice, and the gigantic combinations of our entire national system. There is much in these high-sounding claims that deceives

* Ovid. *Metam.* Lib. I. 89.

us. We are prone to borrow from the large fund of credit we possess in the exact and physical sciences, to place the loan to the account of universal intellectual and moral attainment, and to conclude that a pitch of improvement, which enables us to travel thirty miles an hour, must comprise in it every thing else of knowledge and power. But alas! when we look beyond the range of physical tangibilities, and, it may be, elegant literature, into the region of mental and moral relations, in short the science of man, upon which depend the wisdom of our legislation, and the soundness of our institutions and customs, what a scene of uncertainty do we see! Fixed principles in social affairs have not yet been attained. Scarcely shall we meet two individuals who are guided by the same code. Hence controversy is the business of the moral, and assuredly we may add, of the religious world. 'To engross as much wealth, gain as much of what is miscalled distinction as our neighbor, and outstrip him in the business of life. A catalogue of our defects—all referable to the education wherewith we are mocked, might be expatiated upon to the extent of a volume.'*

This is certainly a forbidding picture, and drawn with a severe pencil, but in the main features delineated, it is doubtless a truthful one. It behooves us therefore not to turn from it in anger or contempt, but rather to look upon it ourselves, and hold it up to others, until we have startled the whole community of thinking men, and especially those who have any responsible charge of education, into the conviction that the true idea of this art is as yet vaguely existing amongst us, and very imperfectly accomplishing its legitimate design.

Do you seek for the causes of this lamentable deficiency? We believe that one of them at least does not lie

* Simpson, Chapter II.

very remote, nor is it difficult of detection. If we mistake not it consists in this, that the great and essential element in all investigations touching the training of man, is most generally either overlooked, or not allowed to have its due preponderance. And this element is the real nature of man, and the true purpose of his being. No system of education can be a wise or successful one, into which these all-important considerations do not fully enter. The etymology of the word alone, if we would attend to it, might lead us to this conclusion. To educate is to draw forth or to bring out. To bring out what? Obviously the faculties of our nature—all the faculties of our entire nature. To draw out these faculties, then, to direct them to their appropriate objects, and, while thus training them, to put the subject of education in possession of all the knowledge which had been accumulated by the generations of men who had gone before,—this would constitute a perfect education. But such perfection, at least for years to come, we fear, can be contemplated in theory only. We will not however allow it to be chimerical to anticipate a much nearer approach to it than we now perceive. One obvious fault of the systems of education which have had the greatest currency amongst men is that the intellectual faculties have been in a manner kept distinct from the moral and religious, and have too generally been cherished and strengthened to their detriment. Now we believe that all the constituent parts of the one nature of man should be trained in happy harmony, and in due subordination to their relative importance in accomplishing the great end of his being; and we will affirm that the art of education will never be placed upon a solid foundation, and be built up in a progressive manner as other arts have been, until this truth is appreciated and acted on. No one will deny that a man whose intellectual faculties have been cultivated to

the neglect of his moral, will exhibit a character radically defective. Furthermore, we who take the Gospel of Christ as our rule of life, are fully satisfied that no moral training can be thorough or secure, which is not fortified by religious principle. It is not therefore pure intellect alone, or the moral sense, or the religious sentiment, that education is intended to draw forth, but all, and all as we have said, in subordination to the great end of his being.

Since I have thought seriously upon this subject, I have often admired the wisdom and felt the importance of Milton's words in his *Tractate upon Education*, which, although only a letter addressed to a friend, detailing the substance of previous conversations held between them, is yet worthy the attention and repeated perusal of all who are concerned in education. "The end of learning," says the great poet, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the Heavenly grace of faith, make up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive as clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible as by orderly coming over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is to be followed in all discreet teaching."

To the same effect also, although not in a tone so Christian like, writes Locke, in a treatise replete with valuable practical suggestions for the training of youth. "'Tis virtue then, direct virtue, which is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way and be postponed to this. This is the solid and substantial good, which tutors should not only read lectures, and talk of; but the labor and art of education should furnish the mind

with, and fasten them, and never cease till the young man had a true relish of it, and placed his strength, his glory and his pleasure in it. The more this advances, the easier way will be made for other accomplishments in their turns.”* †

Now it is obvious that what Milton calls the end of learning, should be kept in constant view in all systems and institutions which profess to promote learning, and that so far forth as this end is undervalued or lost sight of, such systems or institutions may justly be regarded as radically defective. Were this principle to be strictly applied, I fear that there are few seminaries of learning whose course of instruction and discipline could abide the test. An author whom I have before quoted, makes this strong and unqualified assertion. “No sect in religion has yet addressed itself to the duty of teaching the nature of man, the value of pursuits in life, the institutions of society, and the relation of all these to the religious and moral faculties of man.” This condemnation is too sweeping to be entirely just, and if amongst what he calls sects in religion, he includes, as it is probable he does, the Church, we might in some few instances be prepared to

* Locke's Works, Vol. III. page 26, folio edition.

† We may learn something of the paramount importance attributed to moral training even in heathen Rome, and of the mode in which it was cared for, by a passage from a chapter of Tacitus, in which he places in strong contrast the ancient discipline with the degeneracy of later times. “Jam primum, suus cuique filius, ex casta parente natus, non in cella emptæ nutricis, sed gremio ac sinu matris educabatur, ejus præcipua laus erat, tueri domum et inservire liberis. Eligebatur autem aliqua major natu propinqua, cujus probatis spectatisque moribus omnis ejuspiam familiæ soboles committeretur, coram qua neque dicere fas erat, quod turpe dictu, neque facere, quod inhonestum factu videretur. Ac non studia modo curasque, sed remissiones etiam lususque puerorum sanctitate quadam ac verecundia temperabat.

Hæc disciplina ac severitas eo pertinebat, ut sincera et integra et nullis pravitatibus detorta uniuscujusque natura toto statim pectore arriperet artes honestas.”—*De Oratoribus Dialogus*, § 28.

appeal from it.* But this we are constrained in sorrow and humiliation to affirm again, that notwithstanding all that has been said, written, and attempted in relation to education, the true idea of it is as yet imperfectly received amongst men, and unsuccessfully carried out in places assigned to it. The true idea is that religion is "the King's daughter, all glorious within, whose clothing is of

* In justice to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, I must here state that he was one of the first, if, as I believe to be the fact, he was not the very first amongst us to advocate the cause of Christian Education according to a positive form both in faith and worship. And at great sacrifice of time and toil and property, (if indeed that can be called sacrifice which has been cheerfully as well as conscientiously and with a successful result devoted to so good a work) he has sought to carry out his grand principle. Upon this basis the Flushing Institute was founded in 1829, which has since become St. Paul's College, now under the Rectorship of Mr. J. G. Barton, one of Dr. M.'s earliest pupils. From this as a root have sprung St. James's College and St. Timothy's Hall, Maryland, respectively under the charge of the Rev. John B. Kerfoot and the Rev. Liberatus Van Bokkelen, pupils also of Dr. M.—all imbued with his principles. And now under the auspices, and through the enlightened zeal and untiring labors of my friend of many years, the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of New Jersey, Burlington College is wisely and securely laying the foundation of an institution to be built up on the same true principle. These Seminaries of learning are all *by* the Church, *in* the Church, and *for* the Church. But for the Church in no narrow sectarian intention. "I wish it to stand," says Bishop Doane of Burlington College, "no longer than its best exertions shall be made for every real interest of man. I desire God to bless it no longer than it shall be true to our whole country, and true to all mankind. I scorn the shield, however proud its blazonry may be, which does not bear the blessed scroll to every wind of heaven: *Pro ecclesia, pro patria, pro genere humano*—FOR THE CHURCH, THE COUNTRY AND ALL HUMAN KIND." May the spirit of this motto ever pervade all Church seminaries of learning! There are, in other Dioceses, Colleges and Schools, which profess the same great principle, but I speak of those only in this note of which I have some personal knowledge, and I have spoken at all to this point only for the purpose of bearing my humble testimony to the long and faithful labors and large pecuniary sacrifices of my friend, devoted to sustaining a principle of education which I trust will ere long be universally acknowledged and acted on by the Church.

wrought gold,"* and the virgins that do follow her are the arts and sciences, and as her inferiors they should attend upon and minister unto her, and are sufficiently honored in being permitted to enter with her into the King's house. But how do they on numberless occasions lose their modest demeanor, and forget their place, and one or another as the case may be, strive for preëminence, not only amongst themselves, but over their sacred and queenly mistress; who, if not treated with absolute neglect and banished their company, is looked upon as patronized by their notice, and as depending upon them for protection, and almost even a being.

Friends of truth and righteousness, of sound learning and Christian education, it is for us to vindicate her rights by restoring her to her disputed sovereignty, and giving her the chief place of honor and of influence wherever youthful minds are to be trained. An arduous undertaking, I acknowledge, and one that for its accomplishment will demand on the part of the many faithful hearts and minds that must be engaged in it, consummate prudence, and untiring zeal and patience under disappointment, opposition and delay. It cannot be accomplished in all places at once, nor in every community with equal facility and success. But it is a work which at some day shall most assuredly be triumphant, for it is the purpose of Him who hath determined that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."† And being his purpose, he has committed its execution to those three institutions which he has appointed as the visible representations of his economy on earth, the Family, the State, and the Church. When it shall come to pass that these three work together with common intelligence, upon a common principle of mutual support, and with a common reference to one great law and its sanc-

* Psalm XLV, 13.

† Isaiah, XL, 9.

tions, the Gospel of Christ, then will the true idea of education be universally recognized, and its benign influence be felt, and each rising generation shall succeed to greater measures of knowledge, virtue, prosperity and happiness than their fathers enjoyed.

But these abstract and speculative, and, as they may be termed by some, fanciful reflexions, are in danger of leading me into the region of topics which cannot be fully or satisfactorily treated within the limits which I must prescribe to myself on the present occasion.

I may however venture to occupy your attention a little longer while I attempt, as was proposed in the second place, to give the outline of a plan which shall be a practical exemplification of the true idea of education that has now been affirmed, though by no means fully elaborated. This idea demands that all the faculties of the one nature of man should be trained with a view to his restoration, as far as may be, to that Divine image in which he was originally created; and as the religious sentiment constitutes his distinguishing and most important faculty, this must be cherished whatever else be neglected, and in due subordination to it must all the other faculties be cultivated. Now the problem is so to connect this idea with a collegiate institution, as to make it the life principle thereof. This can be accomplished as I can conceive, only in one way; BY THE AUTHORITY AND WITH THE AID OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ON EARTH. As the religious sentiment has been committed by Him who made man and knew what was in him to the charge of this Church, and as for this purpose he has endowed the Church with a ministry and sacraments and the custody of the Holy Oracles of wisdom, it is impossible for the Church to transfer her responsibility to any other institution, and more especially to one of acknowledged human origin. She may make use of means devised by human wisdom, to

facilitate the great object, but she cannot divest herself of its charge. The college, then, should be the Church's institution, founded under her auspices, built up under the influence of her prayers, and by the help of her offerings, and having its whole course of instruction and internal police devised and carried on in accordance with her spirit. Here religion will be the chief object of notice, and the source of all healthful discipline. It will be the central light and the attractive power, and around it the arts and sciences will be made to move in their due order and relation, acknowledging this as the revealer of their beauties and utilities, the source of their warmth and life, and the great regulator of their beneficent combinations and mutual influences. And furthermore believing that religion can thus subsist and maintain this steady and uniform action only in the manifestation of some positive form both of faith and worship, and that all attempts to reach this object under the vague statement of such fundamentals as all may agree in, have heretofore proved and for ever must prove futile, the Church should dictate the articles of faith and direct the mode of worship. The collegiate year too should be the Church's year—its movements, its succession of seasons, its weeks of work and weeks of rest, its holy-days, joyous festivals, and self-denying fasts, all going on in well known rotation, all tending to Him who is the fountain of knowledge, of order and of love, and seeking to make his blessed life on earth the exemplar of its own. And all this may be devised and should be carried out in the spirit of Christian love, and in the exercise of an enlarged tolerance. While the sons of the Church should be encouraged and exhorted to observe her godly discipline, to frequent her inner courts and assist at her high solemnities, kindly provision should be made for "proselytes of the gate," who may be drawn hither, and full liberty of faith and worship be conceded to them.

This great principle, moreover, of putting a seminary of learning under the direct influence of a distinctive faith and worship, which I would contend for as right and true in the abstract, I would willingly see adopted and exemplified by those who hold different views of religious truth from myself. And I honestly believe that were such the avowed policy of all the colleges in this land, as in fact in some of them it is the *operative* policy, it would be better for the cause of religion and learning, and for that too which is so much talked of and lauded at the present day, a comprehensive liberality. That unhappy jealousy which now so often manifests itself in the management of our seminaries of learning, lest one set of religious opinions should obtain a more preponderating influence than another, would disappear. Each resting quietly upon its own acknowledged and distinctive character, the greatest internal obstacle to concentrated and harmonious action would be removed, and thenceforward the different colleges in the land would be excited only to a generous rivalry as to which should most faithfully fulfill the great designs of their institution. As to the fear that seminaries of learning so constituted would become nurseries of bigotry and fanaticism, I believe it to be entirely groundless. Such a result, wheresoever it should manifest itself, would only prove a woful misapprehension of the true spirit of the Gospel, or a wretchedly narrow cultivation of the liberal arts and sciences.*

But again, in exhorting the church to assume a greater weight of the responsibility which partly belongs to her, and in pleading for her restoration to her ancient privileges in this respect, I am very far from wishing to become the advocate of priestly rule. He must have been a very superficial or a very prejudiced reader of ecclesiastical

* Adde, quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Ovid Ex. Pont. Lib. II. Epist. IX.

history who is not aware of the evils to which pure religion and sound learning and progressive science have all been subjected from this source. In the present age, and under our happy constitution of government, giving precedence to no religious persuasion, but conceding equal rights to all, there can be no just apprehension of such danger. And moreover in a church organized as is our own, where the laity have a voice potential in our councils, all tendency to sacerdotal domination would be repressed as soon as discovered.

This principle too, which we advocate, and which we would see carried out to its rightful results, is no newly started theory. It was the foundation principle of the oldest and most renowned seminaries of the land. Harvard College was established upon it, and the spirit and intention of the founders of that noble institution still speak forth in the language of the motto of its public seal. And what is not a little remarkable, the successive changes in this motto seem to manifest the progress of truth in the gradual development of a sound principle. First it was "Veritas" simply.* To this divine but abstract idea, was the institution as it were, consecrated. But we may imagine some Pilate demanding in contemptuous skepticism, "What is truth?"† The wise and holy men who controlled the destinies of the college could not hesitate for an instant in their reply. The truth which they would confess alone to be such, and the truth which they exclusively would teach was "In Christi gloriam." This then displaced the vague generality. But it soon was felt that as the chief glory of Christ upon earth was manifested in his church, with his blessed name there should be associated that of his beloved and acknowledged spouse, and "Christo et Ecclesiæ" was emblazoned on

* See President Quincy's History of Harvard College, Vol. I., p. 49.

† John xviii. 38.

the honored shield. And always and every where may the spirit of this motto *rightly understood*, sanctify the fountains of human learning and make them as

"Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."*

The next born sister of New England, younger in years but not perhaps inferior in literary labors and renown, sprang into being under the same holy impulse. The preamble of the Charter of Yale College proclaims as the leading motive of its establishment, "a sincere regard to and zeal for upholding and propagating of the Christian Protestant religion, by a succession of learned orthodox men,"† and the very first act of the Trustees under this Charter was to take order for the religious education of its students.

This idea of the sacred and indissoluble connexion between religion and learning thus recognized in the earliest and most successful attempts to establish education firmly on our soil, by the civil and religious fathers of New England, was by them brought from the Universities of their native land, in which so many of them had been taught, and for which they ever cherished deep veneration and love. That it is there still watched and guarded with holy zeal as the ark of their safety we know, and may no want of wisdom or of vigilance within, and no sacrilegious violence from without, ever wrest it from them.

The church, then, we affirm to be the appropriate guardian and guide of education; and with all who believe that God has given to man such an institution, whatever views they may respectively hold of its essential form, this should be received not as a proposition to be proved but as an axiom of truth.

*Milton.

† Baldwin's History of Yale College, p. 13, 21.

Having thus in our imaginary plan named the substance and sketched the form of the foundation we would lay, let us look briefly at the principles by which we would raise the superstructure.

A collegiate or liberal education, as it is termed, stands between an elementary and a professional one, having an important influence upon both, but requiring to be kept, so far as practicable, distinct from either. To the one it is in the place of a parent, to the other in that of a child. To elementary education it is a parent, as having brought forth and nourished all the processes by which it is conducted. Were it not for the higher education, the lower could never have been advanced to its present condition. Those therefore who look with jealousy upon our colleges, who contend against the expediency of affording them liberal endowments under the pretence that it is favoring the few at the expense of the many, and who are liberal in their views of expenditure towards common schools, as being for the benefit of the people, while they stint our colleges, and in some instances would deprive them even of their present resources, betray a lamentable ignorance of the true policy of administering the educational system of a community. Did they apply to this question enlarged and intelligent views, they would at once perceive that there is no more effectual method of improving common schools and elevating the mass of the people in knowledge, than by enlarging the means of collegiate education. In a country blessed with free institutions as ours is, it is impossible to advance one class of the community in knowledge and virtue at the expense of the others. There is a reciprocal action constantly going on among them. The higher the grade of instruction given in our colleges, the more surely its effects, flowing down through those who are educated in them, and who mingle afterwards with their fellow citizens in all the offices of social life, will be

felt in the improved condition of the common schools. And again, in proportion as the common schools are better taught, the academies and classical schools will rise in the scale of improvement, and the preparatory studies for college in these being wider and more thorough, the terms of admission into our colleges may be extended, and of course their whole scheme of study be made to embrace a wider range. But abolish colleges or institutions for higher learning, or cramp them in their efforts for improvement, and the deleterious influence will be felt through all grades of seminaries of learning, down to the very primary schools for training the infant mind.

As the influence of the college, rightly directed, should be to foster and expand all the educational institutions which in regular gradation descend from it, so its actual system of discipline and instruction should be a rigid preparation for professional studies or the pursuits of adult years. Therefore in a college which would exemplify the true idea of education, many departments of learning should be cultivated, which though not to be directly employed in professional life, have yet an important bearing upon its success. There has been a tendency in some of our higher seminaries of learning, to relax the ancient system of scholastic discipline by encouraging what are called partial courses of instruction, through an undue anxiety to gratify the utilitarian spirit of the age, and to hasten forward the young aspirants towards their respective permanent pursuits in life. Hence often, classical studies, and general philosophy, and even pure mathematics are not honored, encouraged and promoted as they should be. The demand is for such particular studies and such an extent alone of familiarity with them, as may be made instantly and obviously available; and by yielding to this demand, encouragement is given to superficial education, and the very end proposed, that of making well

informed and efficient practical men for the varied uses of social life, is thus seriously interfered with.

This however is not a recent evil, nor one fostered, as some might suppose, by our peculiar institutions, for Lord Bacon detects it and thus reproves it: "If any man thinke Philosphy and Universality to bee idle studies; he doth not consider that all Professions are from thence served, and supplied. And this I take to bee a great Cause that hath hindered the progression of learning, because these fundamental knowledges have been studied but in passage. For if you will have a tree bear more fruit than it hath been used to do, it is not any thing you can do to the boughs, but it is the stirring of the earth, and putting new moulde about the Rootes, that must worke it."* In a subsequent age, and one much nearer to our own times, another distinguished scholar, and able writer, was led to remark upon the same unhappy tendency in seminaries of learning to slight scholastic studies in eagerness to engage in professional ones. His earnest words addressed to the students of the universities of our mother-land, but equally worthy of our attention, I am glad to rescue from a note in an almost forgotten book. "I would call the rising youth of this country to the intense, and frequent, and unremitting study of the ancient classical writers as their primary choice. I call upon them to have the courage to be ignorant of many subjects, and many authors, at their inestimable age. I exhort them affectionately, as a matter of the most serious importance, never to pretend to study, in their first academical years, what they design as the ultimate end of their labors, I mean, their profession. Their whole business is to lay the foundation of knowledge, original, sound, and strong. They who, by a patient continuance and undiverted attention to academical studies *alone*, have sought

* Of the Advancement of Learning. The Second Booke.

for the original materials of science and of solid fame, have seldom failed in their great pursuit.”* The leading point to which I wish to direct attention in this eloquent passage, is its enforcement of the necessity of making the course of collegiate studies strictly and thoroughly preparatory. I sympathize with the author in his warm approval of classical studies, but I am by no means prepared to recommend them, as he *seemingly* does here, to the exclusion of mathematical and philosophical pursuits as a discipline of the mind. The comparative merits of the two in this regard, is a question, we know, long mooted and still unsettled. I do not design however to obtrude myself into this discussion. Had I even the presumption to suppose myself capable of throwing any additional light upon it, I would not consent to treat it in so perfunctory a manner as would be necessary at this period of my address. I may venture nevertheless to say, in passing, that the peculiar benefit of classical or mathematical studies, considered as intellectual gymnastics, must after all be decided by a careful reference to the idiosyncrasy of the mind that is to be placed under discipline. Sir John Herschel, in treating of this question, has well observed that “there are minds which though not devoid of reasoning powers, yet manifest a decided inaptitude for mathematical studies—minds which are *estimative* not *calculating*, and which are more impressed by analogies, and by apparent preponderance of general evidence in argument than by mathematical demonstra-

* Pursuits of Literature, page 264 American edition. This powerful satirical poem, with its learned, copious, and much amusing notes, worthy the attentive perusal of all who are engaged in the higher departments of teaching, has been sometimes ascribed to Gilford, and is so by Watt in his Bibliotheca. But it contains internal evidence in sundry places to the contrary. Matthias is now, I believe, the acknowledged author.

tion, where all argument is on one side, and no show of reason can be exhibited on the other.”*

This fact, then, will have its full influence in every well devised scheme of education, and while the subject of college training and the candidate for college honors will not be allowed to be ignorant of the chief classical writers in Latin and Greek, and of the general principles of mathematics and their applications, the degree of attention to be given to these studies respectively will be measured by the intellectual faculties which shall be manifested by each student.

But while thus, according to our idea of collegiate education, an unremitting attention should be given to studies the chief objects of which are intellectual discipline and what we may call preparatory knowledge, there are other branches of knowledge which must not be neglected,—branches which are more immediately called into requisition in social life, and without a competent acquaintance with which no one can be esteemed thoroughly educated.

The present distinguished master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his admirable treatise upon a liberal education, has very happily distinguished between the two, and described them as *Permanent* and *Progressive* Studies. “To the former belong those portions of knowledge which have long taken their permanent shape; ancient languages with their literature, and long established demonstrated sciences. To the latter class belong the results of the mental activity of our own times; the literature of our own age, and the sciences in which men are making progress from day to day. The former class of subjects connects us with the past; the latter with the present and

* Views on Scientific and General Education, by Sir John Herschel, F. R. S., M. A., as quoted in Newman's translation of Huber on the English Universities, Vol. II. part II. p. 645.

the future. By the former class of studies, each rising generation, in its turn, learns how former generations thought, and felt, and reasoned, and expressed their thoughts, and feelings, and reasonings. By the latter class of studies, each generation learns that thought, and feeling, and reasoning, are still active, and is prepared to take a share in the continuation and expression of this activity. Both these kinds of studies give man a conscious connexion with his race. By the former he becomes conscious of a past, by the latter, of a present, humanity."*

In these progressive studies we include those which treat of the nature and propensities of man as developed in the history of nations and the biography of individuals; the constitutions of human society including our responsibilities to individuals and to the community of which we are members; the general principles of political economy and of jurisprudence; the nature and constitution of the earth we inhabit—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, and their uses and propensities as subservient to human wants; and the relation of this earth to the system of the Universe as manifested in the sublime discoveries of modern astronomy. Amongst these studies those which bring into view the social relations of man are obviously of the highest importance, especially in a country where free institutions are the blessed birthright of the people, and where every man is called to the responsible duty of protecting them by his vote, and often to the more responsible duty of managing them by being made the depository of legislative, judicial or executive power. As to the studies which are embraced under the general head of Natural Science, they are not only of

* Of a Liberal Education in general; and with particular reference to the leading studies of the University of Cambridge. By William Whewell, D. D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Chapter I., Sec. I., p. 7.

deep interest in themselves, as exciting and gratifying an intelligent curiosity, but they prefer higher claims upon our attention. "Natural science, when pursued with a right spirit, will foster the reasoning powers, and teach us knowledge fitted at once to impress the imagination, to bear on the business of life, and to give us exalted views of the universal presence and unceasing power of God."*

Thus it will be seen that in unfolding our idea of a sound collegiate education, while we would have the principal attention given to the religious and moral faculties, and then to the training of the intellectual powers, we would also aim at as extensive a knowledge as can be grasped and conveyed in an elementary course, of the actual system and laws of nature, both physical and moral, and the means of adapting this system and these laws to the elevation of man's social condition. When judiciously and faithfully administered, the benign tendency of such education will be to bring out *all* the faculties of the youth who is placed under its direction; those that are weak in fibre will be strengthened by appropriate exercises; those that have marked developments will be trained to graceful and appropriate movements; amongst those that threaten irregular action from want of a just counterpoise, the balance will be restored; and thus while the chief hope and effort will be to make "the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,"† there will be no neglect of means or exertion to make the intellectual man symmetrical and strong, fitted to encounter all that he may be exposed to in the combat of life.

But when I speak of the combat of life, and of the

* A Discourse on the Studies of the University, by Adam Sedgwick, M. A., F. R. S., and Woodwardian Professor, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Appendix p. 155.

† II. Timothy, III. 17.

intellectual training that is essential to entering into it with a reasonable prospect of success, I am reminded that there is another constituent part of man which demands, though not to an equal degree, the superintending care of education; and this is his physical constitution. Were I to say that its healthful or diseased condition exerts a very powerful and obvious influence, not only upon the comfort of his daily life, but upon the growth of his intellectual, moral, and even religious faculties, I should be only repeating what has been said a thousand times over upon that trite theme, "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" But yet I will ask, has this subject received by any means the attention its importance demands? From all I can learn and have observed, it is treated with greater neglect amongst us, both by educated men and youth in the process of education, than amongst any other civilized people. Whether it be from the effect of climate, or from some peculiarity of constitution, I know not, but the fact is certain that our young men, in colleges especially, are too little disposed to take that amount of exercise which is absolutely needful for health. The consequence is that we have a larger proportion of feeble and sickly students, and of men breaking down in the early stages of professional life, than is found in other countries. How different the habits of English college life are, let me show by adducing the testimony of a scholar who, after spending a portion of his time in one of the chief and the most populous of our American colleges, passed several years in the University of Cambridge. "There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Every Cantabrigian takes his two hours exercise per diem, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day of real exercise? In New England the last

thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise, how unlike the Cantabrigian's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to health—why, one hundred and thirty freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they may sustain from other causes, death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their undergraduate course.”*

Now what remedy can be proposed for the mitigation or the cure of this acknowledged evil? Compulsory measures are of course out of the question. Discipline which it may be highly expedient to apply under certain circumstances for the quickening of mental effort, could answer no good purpose in this relation. All that can be done then, is to enforce the necessity for bodily exercise upon our students, and supply them with suitable facilities for its practice. We learn that this has been attempted in some of our literary institutions by means of farms and workshops. I would by no means undervalue such attempts—on the contrary, in carrying out the system now suggested, I would propose that space of ground, and opportunity, for horticulture, if not agriculture, should be furnished for all those who felt drawn to these health-giving and useful pursuits, and that accommodation also should be supplied for those who in the inclement season of winter would seek for exercise by the saw, the hammer, or the turning lathe. But still I am not utilitarian enough to despise plays which are nothing more than plays; and which on account of the greater relaxation of the mental powers they induce, the freer use of all the muscles they occasion, and the joyousness

* American Review, Vol. V. p. 354.

of spirits they excite, I should prefer for students to *playing* at farming or trades. I would encourage, then, the ball ground, the cricket field, and the boat race, and rejoice to see on classic soil, sports that should recall the graphic descriptions of the classic page.

For example, on occasions like the present festival week, in order to exhibit what improvements the physical exercise of a year had produced, I would be reminded of the boat race, the poet's animated description of which even school boys must remember.

Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis,
Quatuor, ex omni dilectæ, classe, carinæ.

Vir. Æneid. V. 114.

Then when all are ready, the active youths

Considunt transtris intentaque brachia remis:
Intentique expectant signum, exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido.

Æneid. V. 136.

Nor amidst the beautiful scenery which surrounds yonder favored spot, and recalls to us the Elysian fields, would it be displeasing to see them occasionally animated with Elysian sports.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra pæstris;
Contendant ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ.

Æneid. VI. 642.

And the consequence would be, that, were athletic exercises like these encouraged and practised as a stated relaxation from hard study, and were the fields and groves, the shady walks, and breezy hills, and rippling and running waters, associated with a healthful, vigorous and joyous existence, the memory of a college life would indeed be as that of an Elysian abode, and the words which

precede my last quotation would well describe the happy haunts of a well spent youth.

Devenere locos latos, et amœna vireta,
 Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
 Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit,
 Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.

Virgil, Æn. VI. 638.

But gentlemen, it is time to bring this already too long, and I fear too discursive address, to its end. I have ventured to speak thus much and thus in detail upon a subject, which, how trite soever, can never lose its interest with those who watch and wish, and labor and pray, as I trust we all do, for the progress of man in the better training of the rising generation. I decided to attempt the treatment of this subject after much hesitation, not however in consequence of any distrust of the principles I should maintain, or the measures I should propose, but through fear that the inability of the advocate might injure the cause, and that I might subject myself, disconnected as I am with the administrative care of education, to the charge of presumption in assuming the position of an adviser. As a Fellow of Trinity College, however, I have felt that I had a responsible duty to discharge, and as a member of the House of Convocation, and one of the older members, I have been not unwilling to take the responsibility of setting the example of trying to make this a place of trust.

Certainly, gentlemen, we who have the honor of belonging to this House of Convocation, if we would not unworthily content ourselves with enjoying an empty distinction, should feel it to be incumbent upon us, each in his degree, and according to his ability and opportunity, to contribute something for the advancement of this seminary of learning with which we are associated. I have not intended, nor could I have the presumption, to find

fault with the general system of instruction and discipline that has been pursued here, and which is substantially the same with that which prevails in all the higher seminaries of learning in our country. Under the faithful labors of the able officers who have now and who have heretofore had the responsible management of Trinity College, the results, taking into view the limited numbers of those who have been induced to resort here for education, are such as its founders and patrons have full reason to be satisfied with ; and following the subsequent career of those who have graduated at this institution, the Church, which finds them constituting one twelfth of those who serve at her altars, must gratefully acknowledge that it has not existed or labored in vain.

Much then has been accomplished for which we should render our devout thanks to the Almighty, "whose inspiration giveth man understanding." But the friends of Trinity College must not content themselves with this. Their constant thought in relation to this place of education must be of progress, and their zealous efforts must be stirred up to promote those wise measures which shall secure progress.

Can any thing then be proposed in conformity with the principles which have thus imperfectly been set forth, which may tend to give a fuller development to the true idea of education, in that institution to which we owe our allegiance, under whose auspices we are assembled, and for whose welfare we are to consult and advise ? This, gentlemen, is a question for your decision ; were I to advance any farther into the detail of proposed alterations, you might then justly accuse me of presumption. I may observe, however, that one principle for which I have contended, has been to a certain extent carried out here. In the address of last year it was stated that "this principle has been recognized and has found expression in the giv-

ing to our college as her name henceforward through all time, the thrice sacred name of the most blessed Trinity." Previously she bore an honored name,—none in my judgment worthy of higher earthly distinction. And so far forth as that name called upon the sons of Washington College to emulate the wisdom, the prudence, the high morality, and the noble patriotism of him who will ever stand the very first upon the page of his country's history, and amongst the chief of the great and good on that of the world's history, it was an influential as well as an honored appellation. But in view of the name by which our college is now called, all earthly distinctions and the emulation of the most exalted human virtues sink to nothing and less than nothing. Dedicated to the Holy Trinity, all who are connected with this seminary should feel that they are pledged to the service of the Triune God, and that every department of learning, here taught, is to be made subservient to extending the faith and worship of God the Father who made man, God the Son who redeemed him, and God the Holy Ghost who sanctifies him. May His blessing ever rest upon all these and upon all who shall pray and vow in its behalf—"Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good." Psalm cxxii. 7-9.

A P P E N D I X.

Extract from the College Calendar.



TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, is an academic Society, of which the control is vested in a CORPORATION, known in law by the style or title of *The Trustees of Trinity College*.

The design of a College in New England, connected with the church of the mother country, and so far as possible modelled after its celebrated universities, originated with the excellent BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne, who with this view purchased an estate, and resided for some time in Rhode Island. Though he was compelled reluctantly to relinquish his project, it was nevertheless not entirely without fruits. To his example and benefactions may be traced much of that interest in sound learning and Christian education which led to the first efforts for the establishment of a similar institution in Connecticut.

A Convocation of the Clergy of the Diocese, held in 1792, under SEABURY, first Bishop of Connecticut, took the primary steps towards establishing the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire; and this, though incorporated with limited privileges, was intended as the foundation for a higher institution, so soon as a charter conferring full collegiate powers could be obtained from the State. It was often styled, familiarly, *The Seabury College*.

Bishop BROWNELL, who succeeded to the Episcopate in 1819, was enabled very shortly to perfect these designs. The charter of *Washington College* was granted in 1823; and in the following year the institution was opened at Hartford, under the presidency of the Bishop.

In 1815, by permission of the Legislature, the name of the College was changed to its present style, to attest forever the faith of its founders, and their zeal for the perpetual glory and honor of the ONE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY.

To this brief History must be added some account of the internal organization and condition of the College.

The SENATUS ACADEMICUS consists of two houses, known as the CORPORATION and the HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

The CORPORATION, on which the other house is wholly dependent, and to which, by law, belongs the supreme control of the College, consists of not more than twenty-four Trustees, resident within the State of Connecticut; the President of the College being *ex officio* one of the number, and president of the same. They have authority to fill their own vacancies; to appoint to offices and professorships; to direct and manage the funds for the good of the College; and, in general, to exercise the powers of a Collegiate Society, according to the provisions of the charter.

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION consists of the Fellows and Professors of Trinity College, with all persons who have received any academic degree whatever in the same, except such as have been lawfully deprived of their privileges.

Its business is such as may from time to time be delegated by the Corporation, from which it derives its existence; and is, at present, limited to consulting and advising for the good of the College; nominating the Junior Fellows, and all candidates for admission *ad eundem*; making laws for its own regulation; proposing plans, measures or counsel to the Corporation; and to instituting, endowing and naming, with concurrence of the same, professorships, scholarships, prizes, medals, and the like.

THE CHANCELLOR and VISITOR. Such are the titles, under which supervisory powers, with special reference to the moral and religious interests of the academical body, are entrusted to the Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut.

THE PRESIDENT. This officer, as his title imports, is the resident head and Rector of the College, and the Executive of all laws for the discipline of under-graduates.

THE FELLOWS. There are six Fellows appointed by the Corporation alone, and six Junior Fellows, who must be Masters of Arts, appointed by the Corporation on nomination of Convocation; and these together make the Board of Fellows. To this Board the Corporation commits the superintendence of the strictly academical business of the College; of the course of study and examinations; of the statutes and discipline; of the library, cabinet, chapel, halls, grounds, collegiate dress, and the like; and also certain powers and privileges in recommending for degrees. Each Fellow and Junior Fellow is elected for three years; but there is no emolument connected with the office, besides a provision for necessary expenses

incurred in its discharge. The Fellows therefore, under existing laws, are not ordinarily resident.

THE DEAN OF CONVOCATION presides in that House, and is elected by the same, biennially.

THE PROFESSORS hold their appointments from the Corporation, and by lectures and otherwise, instruct in their several departments. With the President and Tutors, they also form a board of government and control over the under-graduates.

TUTORS and LECTURERS are appointed from time to time by the Corporation to assist the professors in several departments of instruction. Private Tutors have no recognized character as officers of the College.

SCHOLARSHIPS. These are permanent endowments, held by certain under-graduates according to the terms of their foundation, and paying stipends of different amounts to their incumbents.

HALLS. There are three buildings belonging to the College, which in 1845, received the name of the first three Bishops of the Diocese. SEABURY-HALL, erected in 1825, contains the Chapel, and the Library, Cabinet, and other public chambers. JARVIS-HALL, erected in the same year, and BROWNELL-HALL, erected in 1845, contain rooms for the officers and students; and one of the wings of the latter is the residence of a Professor and his family.

THE GROUNDS, on which the halls are erected, are an area of fourteen acres, laid out with walks, and ornamented with shade trees and shrubbery. The site is elevated, overlooking on one side the city of Hartford, within the limits of which the grounds are partly situated; and on the other the Little River (a branch of the Connecticut,) which forms their western boundary. This river is suitable for boating and for exercise in swimming.

THE LIBRARY AND CABINET. There are three thousand volumes belonging to the College, arranged in alcoves, and occupying a room in Seabury-Hall, in which are also the portraits of several officers and benefactors of the College. There are also two *libraries* belonging to societies of under-graduates, containing an aggregate of six thousand volumes. The *cabinet* is an extensive collection of minerals and geological specimens. A valuable *philosophical apparatus* is distributed through the lecture-rooms of the several professors requiring its aid in their instructions.

TERMS. There are three terms in the year, of from twelve to fourteen weeks each: during which every under-graduate is required to be resident, unless under special dispensation from the President.

EXAMINATIONS. These are held at the end of each Term, in presence of examiners appointed by the Fellows, from their own number, or otherwise; and every under-graduate is required to be present and sustain his prescribed examinations at such times, unless a special examination is allowed for sufficient causes.

VACATION. The Christmas vacation is two weeks from the Thursday preceding Christmas day. The Easter vacation, four weeks from the Thursday before the 12th of April. The Long Vacation is seven weeks from Commencement day.

COMMENCEMENT. The first Thursday in August is Commencement day. On the day preceding, the Corporation and House of Convocation assemble, and an address and poem are publicly pronounced before the latter. There are also academical exercises publicly performed by the Junior Sophisters in the evening. On this day all applications for degrees *ad eundem* must be made to Convocation; and the annual elections of Fellows and Junior Fellows are usually held on this day, or on the morning following. On Commencement-day, candidates for degrees perform appointed exercises in public; and all degrees are conferred and announced with prescribed forms.

DEGREES. The Corporation is authorized by its charter to confer degrees in the Arts, and in the faculties of Law, Medicine and Divinity. Nominations for degrees may come from the Fellows and Professors, or from the House of Convocation; but the candidates are admitted only by vote of the Corporation; and all degrees are publicly conferred in its name, by the President.

Degrees in the faculties of Divinity and Law are conferred, at present, only *honoris causâ*, or on admissions *ad eundem*. For the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the candidate must have sustained all his examinations, and paid all fees and charges; and must be nominated to the Corporation by the Fellows, and the Faculty of Arts. To proceed Master of Arts, a like nomination is requisite at a period of not less than three years after commencing Bachelor. The candidates for the degree must have performed their prescribed exercises; and it is desirable that the President should have received application before the annual meeting of the Fellows. The right to nominate for admission *ad eundem* is exclusively the privilege of the Convocation.

The Poets of Religion.

A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, AUGUST 4, 1847.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D. D.

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD.

PUBLISHED BY THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

HARTFORD:

PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY & BURNHAM.

1847.

Nothing but the desire to advance in any manner the interests of an endeared institution, and a wish to cherish, amongst our educated men, the honor and the love of sacred and generous poetry, persuaded the writer to undertake the task of delivering a poem before the Convocation of Trinity College, Hartford. Nothing else has induced him to consent to its publication. In both instances, his refusal was sincere and earnest, and was only overcome by considerations which were not personal.

ARGUMENT.

REMONSTRANCE. SPENSERIAN POETS. MINISTRY. RECOLLECTIONS. CLAIMS. SCENE. VISION. HUMAN HISTORY. AGENCIES. AGENCY OF THE POET. POETRY THE MUSIC OF HISTORY. MOSES. MIRIAM. DEBORAH. JOB. DAVID. SOLOMON. ASAPH. JEREMIAH. ISAIAH. THE NATIVITY. THE LAST SUPPER. THE CROSS. THE ASCENSION. PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH. EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMNS. GREGORY NAZIANZEN. PRUDENTIUS. ALFRED. DARK AGES. DANTE. TASSO. FILICIA. MANZONI. LUTHER. GERMAN HYMNS. GELLERT. KLOPSTOCK. HERDER. NOVALIS. CLAUDIUS. STILLING. STOLBERG. SCHUBERT. FRANZEN. TEGNER. MANRIQUE. LAMARTINE. BRITISH POETS. SPENSER. MILTON. POPE. ADDISON. YOUNG. HERBERT. WALTON. KENN. BUNYAN. QUARLES. CRASHAW. KING. MARVELL. HERVEY. MRS. ROWE. DODDRIDGE. WATTS. JOHNSON. GOLDSMITH. METHODIST AND MORAVIAN HYMNS. BLAIR. GRAHAME. COWPER. MONTGOMERY. COLERIDGE. SOUTHEY. WORDSWORTH. KIRKE WHITE. CHARLES AND ROBERT GRANT. HEBER. MILMAN. MRS. HEMANS. POLLOK. KEBLE. UNIVERSAL POWER OF POETRY. RETURN. POETS OF THE LAND. POETS OF THE SPOT. VALUE AND DIGNITY OF POETRY. APOLOGY. AIM. CONSECRATION.



THE POETS OF RELIGION.

I.

As mid the strings an answering note I sought,
"Tempt not the lyre!" a genius seemed to say;
"If once thy youth the spell one moment caught,
Content thee still to wear thy sprig of bay:
Eve has its ease, and morn its hour of play;
For sterner toil was given the noontide fire;
Bear yet a little while thy dusty way,
Nor pause for fancy, nor in bold desire
Of wreaths thou canst not reach, tempt thou the lofty lyre!"

II.

The Fairy Queen forbids the Fairy rhyme;
The bard of Idlesse warns thee from his towers;
The Minstrel sings, 'how hard it is to climb';
And Harold's brow beneath its laurel lowers;
The virgin's gates are fenced by jealous powers;
Who fails to win must perish at their feet:
Then flee, light pilgrim, flee th' enchanted bowers;
Rest, if thou must, on some green wayside seat;
But haste to find afar thy safe and still retreat.

III.

As yet, nor safe nor still! In fields of fight
 A spotless banner thou wert pledged to bear :
 The Red Cross streams along its folds of white,
 And pours defiance on the hosts of air :
 They threat the leaguered camp : thy place is there !
 On wings of wind the fiends of battle hie,
 And all thou dar'st, the time draws near to dare ;
 Oh, who shall stand if standard-bearers fly,
 Or change for sportive tilt the conflicts of the sky !

IV.

Those solemn arches heard thy pastoral vow ;
 To guard that board no hand is charged but thine ;
 And forms beloved around thee seem to bow,
 Who live and worship near a happier shrine ;
 Seem their kind eyes along those aisles to shine,
 As when thy voice their mounting fervor led ;
 That voice whose prayer could soothe their pale decline ;
 That voice which rose above their clay-cold bed ;
 And has that voice a strain less sacred than the dead ?"

V.

I paused and turned ; again, the call came near
 From those fair walks that love their holiest name ;
 It spoke of song to youth and genius dear,
 Song that may die, yet dying may enflame :
 And with it hopes, and with it memories came ;
 Hopes that must soar with yon yet dawning sun,
 And grateful memories with their gentle claim,
 Binding the scholar when his race is run,
 To hang the chaplet high, where first the flowers are won.

VI.

While thus I mused, light breezes from the West
 Swept the thin clouds that spread their fleecy trail
 Where, like a conqueror in his gorgeous vest,
 The reddening day rode downward o'er the vale :
 On the broad river swelled the transient sail,
 And silver ripples caught the beams of gold :
 Beyond, green hills, a vast, encircling pale,
 Clasped the sweet meadows like some peaceful fold ;
 And in the North, far, far, the long, low thunder rolled.

VII.

To fancy's glass, that all things dreams to life,
 Earth lay within that narrow scene outspread :
 Clouds hung above, the clouds of woe and strife,
 But all the higher heaven rich glory shed :
 On its calm course, time's sweeping current sped,
 Its banks resounding with the toilsome throng ;
 And judgment pealed afar its trumpet dread,
 And guilt recoiled, amidst its march of wrong,
 And the earth travailing groaned, "why wait His wheels so long!"

VIII.

The dream grew stronger, and the scene more vast ;
 Those distant hills like Alps or Andes frowned ;
 While o'er the plain the mighty ages passed ;
 And nations' voices swelled the rushing sound :
 Tall cities rose, with fanes and castles crowned ;
 The wealth of realms in yellow harvests sprung ;
 The step of armies shook the blood-stained ground ;
 Fleets to the winds their venturous streamers flung ;
 And round their thrones and laws embattled millions clung.

IX.

The reverend senate sat in halls of state ;
 Down the plumed ranks I saw the chieftain dart ;
 Held the wise judge the impartial scales of fate ;
 Hurried the keen-eyed merchant in the mart ;
 Bright figures grew beneath the touch of art ;
 I saw the sage amidst his listening ring ;
 I saw the patient scholar toil apart ;
 I saw the priest his living censor bring :
 I saw not yet the bard, nor heard th' impassioned string.

X.

At length it came ; it came ! As when at morn
 From the thick grove a thousand voices float ;
 As when the clash of cymbal, fife and horn
 Swells through some mountain gorge's iron throat ;
 So on my soul the strains of glory smote ;
 So streamed the varied lays in one high chime ;
 The lover's plaint, the minstrel's jocund note,
 The ode's wild thrill, the drama's pomp sublime,
 The flood of epic song, the hymns of every clime.

XI.

Mingled they came ; and all that breathing scene
 To careless glance had seemed a troubled maze ;
 But ever a soft sunlight fell between,
 And beauteous order shone beneath its rays ;
 The comet is not lost, though far it strays ;
 The spheres have music such as seraphs hear ;
 So the full torrent of ten thousand lays
 Rolled an harmonious measure o'er mine ear ;
 Song was the pulse of life, and song to heaven was dear.

XII.

In ancient lands where springs the day to birth,
 I saw a chosen shepherd as he sang,
 " In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of chaos : " then with timbrel's clang
 On the seashore the song of freedom rang ;
 Then fought the stars from heaven with Barak's thrust ;
 Then, pierced by wounded friendship's sternest pang,
 The patient patriarch, seated in the dust,
 Sang to the Arab winds, his sad, victorious trust.

XIII.

A ruddy boy sang carols by his flock ;
 Their stripling champion sang a maiden train ;
 A hunted exile trod the desert rock ;
 A generous mourner wept the kingly slain ;
 A warrior bard had triumph on his strain ;
 A harper bowed where that dread ark abode ;
 A crownless father fled across the plain !
 So passed a prince along his wondrous road,
 And ever where he passed, a psalm's sweet echoes flowed.

XIV.

A son's calm forehead wore his sacred crown ;
 A son's rich hand his sacred harp-strings tried ;
 He sang in peaceful days of wise renown,
 The heavenly bridegroom and the mystic bride ;
 But from his own bright shrine he trod aside,
 And idol sorceries stole his grayer years ;
 Then, rushed the solemn lay that wailed his pride,
 And told how vain the joys, or cares, or fears,
 That fill the golden cup where guilt shall leave but tears.

XV.

Then, in that temple's halls the priestly saint
 To awful hymns the choral psaltery sweeps :
 Then on the gale is borne the tuneful plaint
 Where by the willowed streams the captive weeps :
 Then, while on ruined towers the moonbeam sleeps,
 The patriot seer tells o'er his scroll of woes :
 Then, his lone watch a loftier warder keeps,
 The blood-red vision forth from Bozrah goes,
 And far the desert smiles, and blossoms as the rose.

XVI.

A psalm from heaven along the pastures fell,
 Fast by a city slumbering deep in night :
 The King of kings had come with men to dwell ;
 And the glad skies burst forth in song and light :
 A holy song was heard, when, meek in might,
 To the last strife for man's dear sake He bowed ;
 Hymns were His cries, while hung His soul in flight ;
 And when He passed by yon blue archway proud,
 Followed the songs of earth, beyond the enfolding cloud.

XVII.

They pierced the lattice from those upper rooms,
 Where in rapt love the cup of grace was poured ;
 They swelled victorious o'er the place of tombs ;
 Up from the nuptial train in joy they soared ;
 They cheered the bench of toil, the homely board,
 The lonesome exile's desert way beguiled ;
 To their soft fall his oar the boatman lowered ;
 And where the mother lulled her listening child,
 She sang of Jesus' love, and angels stooped and smiled.

XVIII.

O names most bless'd, though all on earth unknown !
 There is a page where all resplendent stand !
 Ye whom I saw where, in your chambers lone,
 Ye touched the chords that thrilled from land to land ;
 'Till where the Atlantic kissed the Culdees' strand,
 And where the morn broke purpling o'er the Nile,
 That " holy, holy," met the seraph band,
 That first with earthly notes in Milan's aisle
 Shook all th' adoring throng, and shook the echoing pile.

XIX.

Him, who, with hot Byzantium's mitre tired,
 Longed for his Nazianzum's lowly cell,
 Though his rich lips the vast assembly fired,
 And princes hung entranced within the spell ;
 Him who had loved not wisely yet too well,
 I saw where, hid from men, he strove to sing :
 Faint was the flame, and rough the numbers fell ;
 Yet his own soul was on the bird's light wing,
 And caught, above the whirl, sweet gales of balmy spring.

XX.

In the red sunset of her Pagan fame,
 When o'er her plains the Gothic vultures hung,
 Rome held Prudentius : his the foremost name
 That bound to Christian strains that classic tongue :
 He on the martyrs' graves his lilies flung ;
 He rushed from prostrate shrines, too long adored,
 And fast to Cæsar's knees a suppliant clung,
 And for the captive, Rome's new grace implored :
 Th' arena rang with hymns, and sank the brutal sword.

XXI.

Alaric, Theodoric, Clovis, Charlemagne,
 Ye long-haired kings that walk on Roman dust,
 Who treads so bright amidst your iron train?
 Alfred, the wise, the brave, the pure, the just;
 Alfred, who chased the fiends of war and lust;
 Alfred, who spoils from fifty battles bore;
 Alfred, who hung the victor's blade to rust;
 Then sang, a psalmist, with a sage's lore,
 And fenced with royal prayers, his Albion's well won shore.

XXII.

Now on the hills and plains and streams came down
 A mist that heaved like billows on the deep:
 It breaks by gleams, and here a bannered town,
 And there a castle nodding o'er the steep:
 On Eastern plains the knightly chargers leap:
 Gray convent turrets rise in pensive vales:
 And solemn strains round ancient ruins sweep,
 Blending for man's sad state their plaintive wails
 With strong, heroic deeds that live in minstrel tales.

XXIII.

Lo, from the screen emerged to clearer light,
 Florence, the land where freedom blooms or bleeds!
 And exiled Dante dares the gates of night,
 Mounts the dread car that owns no mortal steeds;
 Scowls o'er the abyss, its direful secret reads;
 Then, crag by crag, ascends the toilsome way:
 On! on! 'tis thine own Beatrice that leads!
 Soon shalt thou tread the heights of upper day,
 And heaven and hell shall gleam from one wild, wondrous lay.

XXIV.

As softly rich as when a tender flute
 Melodious steals across some orange grove,
 While eve descends, and stars seem listening mute,
 Of Godfrey's triumph and Erminia's love
 Was Tasso's tale ; then far it swept above ;
 And dazzling armies hung in Salem's sky :
 Th' enthusiast lyre was crushed ; but like the dove,
 Sweet peace came answering to his contrite cry,
 And in his convent cell he died as breezes die.

XXV.

But now, no arms of song assail mine ear ;
 No fabled chiefs yon turbaned hosts control :
 O for a shout to bring all Europe near,
 Where leagured Austria waits the royal Pole !
 As from the cliff the broken billows roll,
 Fled from Vienna's wall the Moslem trains ;
 O for a song for every Christian soul !
 Then rolled the pomp of Filicaia's strains,
 And throbb'd with Europe's joy through all her swelling veins !

XXVI.

Sad to my heart that o'er each Southern throne
 In jewelled falsehood towers the Roman shrine ;
 Yet shall that heart the hallowed music own,
 That breathes along the sweet Italian line ;
 Thine, Filicaia ! and, Manzoni, thine !
 Thou, purest of all pencils of romance !
 Thou, whose bright song its flowers disdained to twine
 Around the reveller's cup, or conqueror's lance,
 But built the cross of love o'er fields of change and chance.

XXVII.

I pass the Alps ; along their Switzer side,
 Hark, like the wind that scales the icy steeps !
 It is the hymn of Luther ! Far and wide
 From old Germanian towns the tempest sweeps ;
 O'er the broad oaken forests on it leaps :
 He wields the axe ; and Babel's pillars fall ;
 Then in his Catharine's arms, he smiles or weeps ;
 And lifts in sacred song his clarion call ;
 Oh, bravest heart on earth, since heaven unclosed for Paul !

XXVIII.

Oh, rich and dear the good Teutonic tongue !
 And rich and dear its thousand holy lays ;
 By humble hearths, in solemn church-yards sung,
 Where the green lindens hide the grassy ways :
 Rist, Gerhard, Angelus, from elder days,
 These are the voices of the German's home,
 Where by the broad Missouri now he strays,
 Where Elbe spreads onward to the ocean foam,
 Or where with thunder bursts fair Bremen's ancient dome.

XXIX.

When royal Frederick and Theresa strove,
 And blazed on Saxon heights the camp-fire red,
 Day after day through Leipsic's murmuring grove,
 Repose and health a gentle student led :
 His name was Gellert, and his fancy fed
 On no light splendours of a poet's dream,
 But in the region of pure joy and dread :
 Goodness he loved, and goodness was his theme,
 And his calm verse flowed on, a bright and nurturing stream.

XXX.

Not such the torrent of deep song that gushed
 Over the harp of Klopstock : on the air
 The pinions of bright angels round him rushed,
 And all creation's voice was praise and prayer :
 He sang Messiah ; from this vale of care
 As high his heart, his numbers soared as high,
 As when a spirit mounts the heavenly stair,
 Casts, with a song, its mortal vestments by,
 And sees th' eternal gates with meek, undazzled eye.

XXXI.

The courtly prophet of a doubting age,
 Who leaned in Weimar's park on Wieland's arm,
 I cannot praise ; yet, Herder, on thy page
 The patriarch's word has left its hoary charm :
 Genius was thine : if faith, with quick alarm,
 Shall bid thee think thou tread'st on holy ground,
 And put thy sandals off, yet, safe from harm,
 She loves thy Syrian plains, with dew-drops crown'd,
 And joys to hear thy hymn through Mamre's oaks resound.

XXXII.

Nor all unmixed the praise that waits on thee,
 O young Novalis, with thine azure glance,
 Following the changeful lights thou may'st not see,
 And bathing in the heaven's bright blue expanse,
 Where thou, with Plato, knew'st the mystic dance !
 In deepest hearts thy thoughts had readiest room :
 But thy Moravian parents, in thy trance,
 Were with thee still ; and amaranth flowers shall bloom,
 By Christian fingers set, round thy too early tomb.

XXXIII.

And bards, I deem, and faithful bards were they,
 Though oft the rhyme to lofty periods change ;
 Claudius, who trilled his playful, tender lay
 From the green covert of his village grange ;
 Stilling, strange walker in a world more strange ;
 Stolberg, the noblest name an age enrolled ;
 Schubert, who lives the soul's wide world to range,
 And truths like gems to fix in words like gold,
 And tell what saints have been, and be what saints have told.

XXXIV.

I saw two poet prelates of the clime
 Which that brave Charles and each Gustavus bred ;
 Stars of the North, they cheered this latter time :
 Franzen was one, a pure and honored head ;
 And one was he who Frithiof's legend said,
 And sang the lambs his pastoral hand had bless'd :
 Once at his side, so strange our destined thread,
 I sat, a youthful wanderer from the West,
 And listened with fond ear, the brightest German's guest.

XXXV.

Another age ! Along a Spanish plain
 Chargers and knights bestrewed the bloody ground :
 They searched a warrior, foremost of the slain,
 And on his breast a bloody scroll they found ;
 There, his own death-song George Manrique bound,
 Those solemn couplets, made so lately ours,
 That, age by age, o'er pomp and greatness sound,
 Like the deep knell from some old, cloistered towers,
 Then roll away, away, to rest's eternal bowers.

XXXVI.

Another scene ! Emerging from wild wars,
 France for her struggling freedom sues release :
 Dinted her helm, her bosom seamed with scars,
 She longs for exiled faith and law and peace :
 Hark ! Lamartine's high numbers roll and cease ;
 Blending the ancient fire, the modern thought,
 The song of Sion and the harp of Greece,
 What Charles had planned, or Fenelon had taught,
 Or good Saint Louis prayed, or strong Napoleon wrought.

XXXVII.

Now the sweet accents of our fathers' land,
 The glorious accents of the wise and free,
 Came to my ear from many a silver strand,
 Mingling their voices with the conquered sea !
 O England, mother, burns our heart for thee !
 For truth has made thee sacred ; and so long
 As from thy rocks the baffled waves shall flee,
 Shall he who thinks what thou hast been be strong,
 Nerved for his saintly war by thy religious song !

XXXVIII.

The master of my lyre, apart, alone,
 On Mulla's bank his mighty fable wove :
 Untired he watched, and saw the elfin throne,
 The cave, the castle, the enchanted grove :
 The champion knight the cowering monsters drove,
 The self-same knight with many a shield and name ;
 For faith, for love, for temperance still he strove,
 Still strove the hallowed warrior and o'ercame ;
 And the bright queen's reward was virtue's peerless fame.

XXXIX.

And yet a greater ! old, and blind, and poor,
 A father sits, and bending daughters write ;
 A while the song shall seek its way obscure,
 Then roll in floods of everlasting light ;
 The song of Milton ! up the starry height,
 Where Uriel stands, bright regent of the sun,
 The soul with him shall wing his Raphael's flight,
 And look o'er Eden lost and Eden won,
 And, yet a pilgrim, hear the strains of home begun.

XL.

And noble was his verse, whose lofty plan
 From link to link th' eternal chain pursued :
 "The proper study of mankind is man,"
 He said, and sang of man's supremest good :
 On the low meads of earth-born taste he stood,
 Yet with calm skill could point th' adorer's eye,
 Till nature's God in nature's face it viewed,
 While the charmed rhyme, that flowed unruffled by,
 In memory still must flow, till memory's self shall die.

XLI.

Near him was one, who brought his fresh, fair youth
 From the good lessons of a pastor's hearth,
 To gild his native tongue with beauteous truth,
 With graceful rhetoric, and with blameless mirth :
 All palms he bore o'er wealth and power and birth ;
 But crowned his Christian deathbed best the lays,
 Where chant the spangled heavens all round the earth,
 Where mercies past the rising soul surveys,
 Or where the peaceful flock mid verdant pastures strays.

XLII.

E'en mightier thoughts from spangled night came down
 On him whose harp the night's lone musing chose :
 The dark hours fled, and each with heavier frown,
 The sad reflection of his inward woes ;
 Then, with the midnight stars on stars he rose ;
 Not smooth the strain, but grand and strong, and deep ;
 And there the mourners of all lands repose,
 And still, with Young, their thoughtful vigils keep,
 And at Narcissa's grave their own loved lost ones weep.

XLIII.

I saw a courteous shepherd, as he pass'd,
 The chimes of Salisbury floating to his ear ;
 The garb of highborn state aside he cast,
 And sought the rural pastor's modest sphere,
 And trod the house of prayer with reverent fear :
 The saintly Herbert ! From his tranquil cot
 Came the quaint song that makes the church-porch dear,
 And binds the country priest to love his lot,
 While peace with calm, white wings bends o'er the fragrant spot.

XLIV.

His tale was told by one whom next I spied,
 The gentle angler, singing in the glen ;
 A poet he, in heart and blood allied
 To that thrice reverend name of holy Kenn ;
 Kenn, who returning from the strife of men,
 Found in his lowlier walks no time to grieve,
 But from the labors of a cheerful pen,
 Left the dear hymns that yet at morn and eve
 O'er countless Christian beds their balmy blessing leave.

XLV.

A dreamer lighted on a den, and slept,
 And when he woke, the pilgrim's progress told :
 In every tongue, though scarce the lyre he swept,
 His pictured page its poetry unrolled :
 Song of the young, and solace of the old !
 Oh, matchless guide along th' eternal way,
 Whose fable's robes so light the truth enfold,
 Each graceful line in all its form display,
 And melt beneath the gaze as twilight melts to day.

XLVI.

And there was earnest Quarles, whose moral line
 So well could preach o'er man's terrestrial doom ;
 And fervent Crashaw, rapt in hopes divine
 Till his heart soared as on an angel's plume ;
 And mitred King, who mourned in radiant gloom ;
 And patriot Marvel, with his moonlight flow ;
 And pious Hervey, musing o'er a tomb ;
 And the veiled tresses of seraphic Rowe ;
 And Doddridge, when from heaven he caught th' inspiring glow ;

XLVII.

And one whose head with better wreaths was bound
 Than all that rovers to Parnassus gain,
 And yet no stranger on Parnassian ground :
 Though now, perhaps, on thoughtless lips and vain,
 The songs of Watts be coupled with disdain,
 Yet oft to hear shall taste delighted bend ;
 Yet shall they sound from many a heaving fane ;
 Yet infant tones with angel themes shall blend ;
 And with th' expiring saint to one bright home ascend.

XLVIII.

Nor e'er rose England's loftiest sage so high,
 As when, all vainer wishes cast behind,
 He bade thee, when thou listst the suppliant cry,
 "Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned:"
 Nor spot more loved could Auburn's bard portray,
 Than where the village preacher stands enshrined,
 "Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
 And fools that came to scoff, remain in tears to pray."

XLIX.

And lo, with downcast eyes, and souls above,
 Of pilgrims of plain garb yon swelling host!
 And lo, another band, whose burning love
 Bears the dear name of Christ, their only boast,
 From Afric's cape to Greenland's icebound coast!
 With each the tide of song and music went;
 Humble the best, and all unskilled the most;
 Yet myriads of strong hearts the chorus sent,
 That rose with Wesley's fire, or Gambold's bless'd content.

L.

Forth from the casement of a Lowland manse,
 Blair looked on graves that sparkled in the dew;
 The Grave his theme, the faithful poet's glance
 Passed upward from the shades of solemn yew,
 And life in death burst glorious on the view:
 From such a scene, with memory's fondest skill,
 The Sabbath's bard his holy picture drew,
 Where flocks and clouds slept tranquil on the hill,
 And rose the wide earth's prayers, like smoke-wreaths calm and
 still.

LI.

Who yonder walks, his playmates at his feet,
 Lingering at sunset by the winding Ouse ;
 Then, home returning, draws his fireside seat,
 And sheltered safely from the evening dews,
 Looks from his loophole o'er the world of news,
 And sings his morning song, that, upward nursed,
 Climbed from the Sofa to the heavenliest muse ?
 He sang of comfort while his heart-strings burst,
 And poured the stream of life, and died in fancied thirst.

LII.

A happier fate, nor less renowned a song,
 Was his, who still his life's long honors wears !
 Still may Montgomery stay to wear them long ;
 They blend no stain amid his hoary hairs !
 And when to that departed train he fares,
 Whose tender forms he oft beheld so near,
 Shall thousands of sweet voices bless with theirs,
 The harp that woke and dried the sacred tear,
 And bless the gentle eye they loved yet knew not here.

LIII.

From a wild land of lofty floods and lakes,
 Three mighty streams of song come side by side ;
 The strain of Coleridge like a cataract breaks,
 Then through the plain its waves refreshing glide ;
 As vast is Southey as his Severn's tide ;
 As deep is Wordsworth as his lake's deep blue,
 Whose breast, alone with heaven, the mountains hide :
 Oh, happy then was Britain when she knew
 Her three divinest songs to British faith so true !

LIV.

And next I looked where Gray's once favorite bowers
 To sacred strains the lyre of genius strung :
 From toils and victories of his midnight hours,
 White to the tomb passed beautiful and young,
 For his own dirge his own sad verse had sung :
 But to the heirs of Grant's true worth and name,
 Was given the brilliant mind, th' enchaining tongue,
 The soft rich hymn, so various yet the same,
 That bears to coming saints their undivided fame.

LV.

Best of the bright, and brightest of the good,
 Before me, graceful in the scholar's gown,
 Next, mid applauding scholars, Heber stood,
 And wore unmatched the youthful laureate's crown,
 Then, trod the radiant paths of pure renown :
 His song, his heart, his life, to Christ he bore ;
 And, when, beneath the palms he laid them down,
 His glorious chant of One who passed before,
 Died o'er his grave, and came, returned from every shore.

LVI.

The meet companion of his lyre I spied
 In the robed student of that stately fane
 Whose Gothic towers look down on London's pride :
 And grand and gorgeous as an Eastern train
 Floats the majestic pomp of Milman's strain !
 Master of words, like orient pearls that fall,
 When in the dust sad Zion wails her slain,
 Or the wild shout goes up from Babel's hall,
 Or the glad martyr hastes to heaven's high festival.

LVII.

Like mellow tints that end th' autumnal day,
 Like fragrant blushes of the moss-girt rose,
 Felicia bloomed, Felicia passed away,
 The song still deepening to the heavenly close ;
 But, where in love the household altar glows,
 Or patriot freedom lifts the steady spear,
 Or on in tears the way-worn pilgrim goes,
 That bird-like, woodland note shall still be near,
 And gushing sounds of home the wandering heart shall hear.

LVIII.

On Scottish moors, in humble labors bred,
 In the kind rigors of his faith and clime,
 The Bible and the sky young Pollok read,
 And the old tales of conscience and of crime,
 And chose in lonely hours his theme sublime :
 Far on, beyond the mortal mists he pass'd,
 And backward glancing, told the course of time,
 Its wondrous course, so wondrous till the last,
 In numbers bold and harsh, like the strong pibroch's blast.

LIX.

Once more, once more ! How sweet a note was there !
 From oriels of high Oxford forth it steals,
 And all the gales the gentle echoes bear,
 Where'er the Sabbath bell of England peals !
 On rolls the sacred Year its awful wheels ;
 And every sacred theme has dear regard :
 He sings so sweetly that so true he feels :
 Oh, though a thousand colder strains be marr'd,
 Still clasp the purer church her tenderest, holiest bard !

LX.

So, mid earth's many voices, passed the voice
 Of hallowed song, far up th' eternal hill :
 I saw the nations tremble, and rejoice,
 And weep, and rally, at its mighty thrill ;
 Lord of the fancy, o'er the realms of will,
 Th' anointed poet fixed his welcome throne :
 And my full soul bowed down and blessed the skill
 That wakes in human hearts their deepest tone,
 And lifts them high as heaven, and clasps them for its own.

LXI.

Meanwhile mine eye had crossed the Western main,
 And a fair spot its gaze in passing drew ;
 And while I caught no unfamiliar strain,
 That little spot to fill the vision grew ;
 The fancied scene was yielding to the true :
 Our own broad river in the sunset glowed ;
 Our own green hills shut in the fading view ;
 It was the valley of my dear abode,
 And my own city's chimes along the breezes flowed.

LXII.

And here, I said, where once my country's morn
 Saw her young bards attempt the epic height,
 Saw her own song in infant beauty born,
 With Barlow, Trumbull, Hopkins, Humphreys, Dwight ;
 Here, where the church whose very prayers are bright
 With all that poets love, her watch-tower rears,
 And calls the Muses to her sacred light ;
 Here should the hallowed verse find eager ears,
 And pour its burning swell far o'er perpetual years.

LXIII.

Such strains have floated round those walks and walls,
 From one who changed the youthful harpstring bold
 For every task whose urgent labor calls
 The pastors' pastor to his well watched fold :
 And one whose strength his lyre but half has told,
 And half concealed; and one whose brilliant way
 A brother's heart in silence fond may hold;
 And one, whose gentler praise I must not say,
 But the wide English world gives back that kindest lay.

LXIV.

Oh precious, precious be the warbled charm
 Within whose flow such might of sweetness lies ;
 Might, to high deeds that lifts the strenuous arm,
 And draws high thoughts, the wisest from the wise ;
 That lures the fount of tears from hardest eyes ;
 And sways all souls with love's divinest art :
 Sing he who may : if loftier bards despise,
 Sing like the songsters of the grove apart,
 And trust to every wind the numbers of the heart.

LXV.

So wooed the Muse, and so the Muse has won ;
 And half in shame, and half in pensive joy,
 Through one bright hour the man has lingered on,
 In shades that once could chain the ardent boy :
 Oh, but too happy in his light employ,
 Might but his verse some youthful bosom lure
 From sloth that taints, and trifles that destroy,
 To love the flowers whose vernal hues endure,
 To court the glowing harp, and let that harp be pure :

LXVI.

Not in brief play the earnest mind to waste,
 Not from stern tasks life's little space to rend ;
 But truth's firm pile to twine with wreaths of taste,
 And man's deep strength with woman's grace to blend ;
 O'er storms of care a rainbow-arch to bend ;
 With bounding step the hidden snare to spurn,
 Then on, far on, th' exploring pinion send,
 Till faith to sight, and praise to rapture burn,
 And with one swan-like hymn the spirit home return.

LXVII.

THOU, on whose altar all my toils are laid,
 Accept e'en this ; e'en this beseems thy shrine !
 Thy children come, nor thankless nor afraid ;
 For all they have, and all they are, is thine !
 Song is thy gift : be here that gift divine
 Winged by thy love, and chastened by thy fear ;
 And while, like setting stars, our lives decline,
 Still in the East let purer orbs appear,
 And strains that seraphs sing find answering accents here !



The Social System.

AN ADDRESS

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION,

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, AUGUST 2, 1848.

BY

DANIEL D. BARNARD, LL. D.

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ADDRESS.

MR. DEAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF CONVOCATION,

TRINITY COLLEGE, with its peculiar organization, cannot fail to have a good deal to do with the opinions which shall be held in this country on a good many questions of great practical importance, interesting alike to the statesman, the philanthropist and the Christian. It has that peculiar organization believed to be best calculated to preserve and maintain within itself all forms of sound doctrine—not only in religion, but in all ethical questions, and all questions touching the relations of men in the social state. Like all our other Colleges it has its legal existence and government in a Corporation; but it has an internal organization and government of its own, which, in its religious aspect, is according to Episcopal forms and polity. The President of the College is the Rector of the Academical body, which is supervised, in its moral and spiritual interests, by the Bishop of the Diocese in which it is situated. It is thus formed into a Religious, as well as an Academical Society, and is so far built on better foundations than human hands could lay. It is a Christian Brotherhood, domiciled in their own Halls of College, and devoted to personal cultivation and discipline, and to the business of education—to the intellectual, moral and religious training of young men.

A feature, quite novel, I believe, in this country, in the organization of this Collegiate Society, is found in this House of Convocation. This is the second House of the Academical Senate; the other being the Corporation, consisting of the legal Trustees of the College. This House is composed of the Fellows, twelve in number, and the Professors of the College, with all persons

admitted to any Academic degree therein. In this way, besides those admitted to degrees in the Arts, or in the higher Faculties of Law, Medicine, and Divinity, *causa honoris*, or *ad eundem*, the ranks of the Collegiate Society are recruited every year with a body of young men trained in the Institution, and nurtured in the Faith which it professes. Of course the resident members of the Collegiate body are comparatively few at all times; the rest are found in the community at large, but gather here in Convocation in considerable numbers, on stated occasions, like that on which they are now assembled. Nor is this House a mere voluntary Association, like the Societies of Alumni found in our Colleges generally. It has an official existence, so constituted by the legal authority of the College, with appropriate duties assigned to it in the affairs and business of the Institution.

I believe I am not mistaken in supposing—at least I hope I am not—that, while the higher business of this College is to be that of educating young men, having in contemplation an educational system somewhat after the plan of the old Universities, there is also an open design to make this Collegiate body an Auxiliary and Helper, in its appropriate and subordinate sphere, to those other and higher, because divinely-constituted, organizations—that of the Family, that of the State, and that of the Church—by and through which, indispensably, men are every where in this world to be trained, governed, civilized and saved. I suppose that the true design and attitude of this College before the country, will not be materially misapprehended or misrepresented, if it shall be regarded and understood as professing allegiance to the Church, as well as to the State, and pledged to maintain and teach all forms of sound doctrine, according to the only standard of Truth and Duty recognized among Christians, touching whatever may affect the social as well as the spiritual, condition and progress of mankind.

Such a College, so constituted and organized, and imbued with principles which never have failed and never can fail any thing or any body that relies on them, must, as I have said, come to exercise a marked influence on the opinions and affairs of the community. It may be expected that a body of opinion, having its foundation always broadly laid in religious truth, and bearing on a great variety of practical questions of the highest interest to

society, will be built up and steadily maintained here, and at the same time, represented abroad in the country wherever the members of Convocation may be found. Meanwhile, the members of the Collegiate body, through this membership, standing every where as the representatives and sponsors of the sound opinions maintained in this place, will be multiplied with every revolving year; and when other Colleges, following this good example, and organized upon this plan, shall be established and multiplied in various quarters, the way may be opened for a better feeling of security than can prevail at present, for those principles and institutions on which society, and civilization, and all true progress depend, against the devices and passions of restless and reckless men, by which now they are almost every where assailed. Such Collegiate societies, so compacted and consolidated in moral sentiment, and resting on foundations that can never be moved, may stand towards this agitated and abused world of ours, in a relation not unlike that of the Breakwater to the troubled Ocean—presenting a solid wall, against which all the turbulence and fury which rage without may spend themselves in vain, and within and behind which the feeblest vessels, as well as the stoutest and bravest, may ride in safety.

The present is a period of great restlessness and agitation among the popular elements of the world. The established order of things is almost every where being questioned, disturbed, and, in many cases, subverted. There is a great demand for rights, and for the redress of wrongs—which is all very well, only one would like to be able to discover, along with these, some corresponding enquiry after duties and obligations. While every body is thinking of rights and nobody is thinking of duties, it is not likely that any very valuable discoveries will be made or improvements effected. Statesmanship, or what goes by that name, is very much employed of late in teaching mankind that political government, even in the mildest and purest form yet devised, instead of being something ordained of God, if necessary at all is a necessary evil, and is little else any where than a stupendous fraud on human rights and human liberty, devised and practised by cunning and wicked men for their own purposes of oppression and profit. Philanthropy, becoming speculative and philosophical, seems to discover no way of righting the wronged,

redressing the grievances and remedying the miseries of mankind, but by turning society the bottom side up, and the upside down. Even in Religion, there are so many short and easy methods to the conversion of the world, and men love independence so much better than obedience, that any way seems better to multitudes of men than the appointed way ; this becomes a narrow road which shows only here and there a traveller. Popular revolutions are now-a-days effected with strange facility—happily with comparatively little bloodshed, even in countries little given to change ; and in this country, we have discovered a method of revolutionizing a state or government, with about as little trouble as a reverse motion is given to the engine of a locomotive, or a steamer. We can go forward, or back, or turn on our course by a sharp angle, without seeming to derange the political machinery in any sensible degree. All this we do in the name of reform and of progress. Men are becoming wise above what is written, whether on profane or sacred pages. Government and Law are allowed to have very little stability, and therefore command very little respect. And as for the Functionaries of Government, and the Ministers of the Law, they are apt to be regarded, and too often, personally considered, seem only worthy to be regarded, not as governors and rulers set up, according to divine authority, “for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of those that do well”—not as representing the majesty of the Law or of the State—but as servile placemen, who perhaps have forfeited their honor in gaining their places, and who represent nothing—but a job.

Perhaps the severest trial to which the virtue of any people can be subjected, is when every man has a share in the Government ; for when every one governs, few indeed are willing to submit to be governed ; when every one commands, nobody likes to obey. Yet the habit and practice of obedience is indispensable to the moral health of every people ; and there can be no habits of obedience, when there is no habitual reverence or respect for the laws, or for the public authorities. No community can very long govern itself by popular forms, which discards or turns its back on the cardinal principle of loyalty and obedience as a religious sentiment and duty. When demagogues take the control of the people, and become their schoolmasters, they

will very soon be educated out of every true notion of government and every true idea of liberty. Liberty which does not consist with government and law, is not that sort of liberty which Angels enjoy, and is quite as little suited to the condition of those who are made a little lower than the Angels. Liberty without government and law, properly befits only those *independent* spirits, to whom belong

“the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.”

But not to rest, in what I have to say, altogether in generalities. Perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the duty imposed upon me here, than by offering to those who are doing me the honor to listen to me on this occasion, some observations on the idea of the Social State, with some reference to the foundations, in respect to political organizations, on which Modern Civilization stands, and with some reference, also, to the principles on which all improvement and all progress in the social condition of mankind must depend.

It cannot be too often repeated, or too strongly insisted on, wherever the truth on this subject is meant to be sternly vindicated—and in this I do but respond to the sentiment of both the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me in an Address before this body—that there are three organizations in the world, of special and divine appointment; that of the Family, that of the State, and that of the Church. These are three distinct yet parallel and consistent forms of organic existence and order, which together, in their perfection and purity, and according to their universality, must give and secure to mankind all the comfort and happiness which they are capable of in a life of trial and discipline. The first of these social organizations, through which the human being is introduced into this mortal state, reaches back to that void region of nothingness out of which he is taken; the last, through which he may hope to be finally introduced into a new existence and a more perfect society, connects itself with that boundless Future after which every rational mind lifts a hopeful aspiration.

If men cannot be made happy in this life, in and through these three organizations, they cannot be made happy at all. If they cannot be made happy in subjection to the fundamental and necessary principles involved in these three organizations, they cannot be made happy at all. And the great fact in regard to each and all of them is this ; that there are laws, to be enforced and to be obeyed ; there is authority on one side—authority of divine ordination—and there must be obedience on the other.—Men can never be happy till these laws, and this authority, are revered, submitted to, and obeyed.

There have been a great many devices first and last in the world for escaping from the restraints of necessary law and authority. Demagogues and disorganizers must be expected to go wrong in this matter of course. They go wrong of purpose, or they follow a will and way of their own, no matter whether it be right or wrong. But there are Reformers, who do as much mischief in their way as the others, who yet probably mean well, and really desire to serve the interests of mankind in the best manner. And there are Philanthropists who devote their lives to doing good—and it is really wonderful how much good some of them seem to do, considering the perverse and wrong way in which they set about it. If these Reformers and Philanthropists had always kept in mind and in view, the necessary existence and sacred character of the three organizations, or forms of social life, to which I have referred, with some proper appreciation of their claims on the reverence and obedience of all men ; if their plans had been formed with reference to them ; if they had acted, or professed to act, in and through them, and by means and agencies strictly auxiliary to them ; it cannot be doubted that the cause of Humanity and Civilization would have been much better served by them than it has been. Indeed, the cause of Humanity and Civilization—the permanent bettering of the social condition of mankind—has never been promoted at all, by any means or agency whatever which was essentially at war with these social forms, or which was designed to operate, and did operate, independently of them.

I recur to the fact, that the necessary constituent parts of the social system of a Christian country like this, are the three Organizations or Associations, to which I have referred ; namely :

that of the Family, that of the State, and that of the Church.— Let me, in the first place, take a brief view of our Political organization. It is in this Political organization that the Social System of any country has its chief outward expression and manifestation, in the view and estimation of the common mind.

The Social System of the country is not a thing about which we, or any body who lives under it, may be indifferent—unless we are indifferent to life, and nearly all that renders life worth having. It touches every one of us very nearly; it connects itself intimately with our life, in all its relations, with what we are, and what we have, and what we enjoy, or may hope to enjoy. It connects itself intimately with our intellectual life, our moral, religious, and social life. None of these could be what they are without it. It guards our infancy, it nourishes our manhood, it comforts our age—in so far as these are guarded, and nourished, and comforted at all in the social state—and when it can no longer give us present enjoyments, or we can no longer taste or relish them, it comes to us with Hopes and Promises that light up the darkness of the Future, and enable us to see our children, and those who shall stand in our places, with the uncounted hosts to which their numbers shall be swelled in successive generations, fortunate and happy as we have been, and perhaps far more fortunate and happy than we have been.

The first thing to be remarked in this connection is the necessary existence in every country of a social system of some sort. Man is essentially a social being. This is his state of nature. He is under a positive necessity to live in society, and form social relations with his fellows; and it is not a mere instinct with him to live in society, as it is with many creatures lower down in the scale of animal life; it is a real necessity. He cannot live at all, except in the social state—I mean he cannot live *as* man, he cannot be man, except in the social state. He may exist in solitude, but undisputed facts have shown that he ceases to be human, and becomes the most abject and miserable of brutes. His structure and constitution make it just as certain that he was formed to live in society, as the structure and constitution of fishes that they were made to live in the water, or those of birds that they were made to live in the air. His faculties cannot grow, they cannot be developed, in any other state, any more than fishes could grow

in the air, or birds grow under the water. His faculties are adapted to the Social state—all of them, moral, and religious, and intellectual, and mechanical; there they have their aliment, and find employment and exercise, and get their growth and their strength. How else is he to have any affections, reflections, sentiments, opinions, judgments? These must have related objects towards which, or by which, they are to be drawn out and exercised; and where else is he to find these related objects? As man, his education, the eduction of all the powers and feelings that constitute him man, begins in the cradle, and goes on, to the grave; it begins in the cradle, because there human eyes watch over him, and human voices are about him, and he is the object of human ministrations. He is born into society, and his teachers are always near him, and if they were not, he would know nothing, and he would be nothing, but a very miserable and brutish animal. On the mother's knee, in the bosom of the family, he has his first lessons, reaching the heart, and the fancy, and the mind, through the electric chain of human sympathies which binds heart to heart, and fancy to fancy, and mind to mind. And so the eduction of his powers and feelings goes on, through all the stages of his mortal being, and he is man, with the faculties and senses, the sense and sensibilities of man. In every new condition, in every new relation of life, he receives this education and development; in his youth, manhood and age; in the family, the seminary, and the church; in the walks of pleasure, and in the walks of business; in the field, the work-shop, the counting-house; in popular assemblies, in courts, and halls of legislation; and wherever his lot is cast, be it among the great, the affluent, the luxurious, or away down among the humblest of his kind, where he struggles with the hardest necessities; be it in prosperous or adverse fortune, in sickness or health, in joy or grief; whatever he may be, and wherever he may be, and however his life or lot be cast, if only it be among men, in society and not in solitude, he is always under instruction and discipline, and always receiving this education and development and exercise of his faculties—it may be a very partial development, or it may be full and ample, according to circumstances and condition; but whatever it be, and however inconsiderable, he could not have even that little in any other way. Man in solitude could not even

have the faculty of speech ; and as he could not converse, he could not think or reason ; he could not have reflection, or sympathy, or sense, or affection. And what sort of a human being would that be ?

Man is, then, essentially a social being ; and wherever men are found on this earth, they are found in society, and with some sort of social organization. They live together in the social state ; and this social state implies organization and regulation, it implies polity and government. Men cannot live together without regulation, without rule, without authority. And this is just as much a law of their nature, and a law of necessity, as that they should live in society at all. There is a popular phrase, often employed and applied to the human being—namely—“living in a state of nature ;” and by which it is meant to express, or assume, what cannot possibly be true, either first, that man as man, may live and grow up in solitude, without connection or association in any way with his fellows ; or, next, that men may aggregate, and so live together in herds, as wild horses do on the great prairies, without any principle of association or regulation, and with a complete personal independence in each individual—in short, that men may live together, without living together in society, without living in the social state. But this is impossible ; the constitution of his nature does not admit of any thing of the sort. Men must not only live together side by side, but they must live together in relationship. Their natures are expressly adapted to their living together in relationship. All their great interests in life are interests of mutual or reciprocal relationship, and about these their best and highest faculties and affections are employed and exercised. Without them, indeed, their higher faculties and affections would not be developed at all.—The relations of men to each other in society, especially where a high state of civilization has been attained, are almost infinite, and all these bring with them reciprocal obligations and duties, and these obligations and duties bring with them in their turn, the necessity of regulation, of rule, of authority, of government. There has been no society, no aggregation of men on the earth—History does not inform us of any—so rude and savage, as to have been without some sort of organization, some sort of rule and government. All have had their laws, and some authority by

which those laws are enforced. Cimmerians, Scythians, Sarmatians, even these had their laws, and their public authority. In its more advanced stages, human society comes to be filled with complex relations, and is governed by complex laws. And under and through these relations and laws men come into life, receive nurture, receive instruction, receive protection, establish connections, labor in their callings, acquire and hold property, are fed and clothed, and warmed, and sheltered in houses, rear and educate children, worship God, and so, having finished their course, pass away, and sleep in protected, and it may be honored graves.

Of necessity, then, according to the constitution of human nature, and by the appointment of God, men live together in society, in the social state, and under some sort of social organization, and civil polity. Every people must have a social system, of one kind or another; it may be very complete, or it may be very imperfect. If it be not one thing, it must be another. If it do not indicate a high state of civilization, it will indicate a moderate degree, or a low degree of civilization, or no civilization at all. The Social System of any country, as it is found embodied in its political forms, may be properly regarded as expressing the state of civilization to which that country has attained. This is a point of principal interest belonging to the political organization; and another is this; that it forms and constitutes a guaranty for the conservation and maintenance of its civilization up to the point to which it has already been carried. If besides this, the political organization be such as to foster and favor a spirit of improvement and progress in the line of genuine civilization, and so expansive and elastic withal as to comprehend and secure every advance that is made, every new point of good and excellence that may be attained, to the entire avoidance of all necessity or excuse for violent changes and revolutions, whether bloody or bloodless; if such be the political organization of any country, happy and blessed are the people that are in such a case.— But, then, they must know and understand themselves, and the real advantages of their condition, and they must be capable of conducting their affairs in moderation, and under the lead of wise and moderate counsels, in order to secure to themselves the greatest amount of present benefit and enjoyment, and, at the

same time, and all the while, to be laying broader and deeper the foundations of public virtue and public happiness.

We will look, then, briefly, at our political organization in this country—the forms of our American civil polity.

Taking, in the first place, altogether an outside view of our political organization, we notice here a nation, properly so called, and a national government, or central governing power. And do not let us make the mistake of supposing that this is too common-place a fact, to be of any account or consequence. We could not well be a civilized people without this strictly national organization and government. European civilization exists under this form of political organization—about all there is of it; and it is under this form that civilization has made the highest advance thus far in the history of the world.

And let it here be observed, that it took Europe a thousand years to reach this advanced political condition. From the fall of the Roman empire in the fifth, to the middle of the fifteenth century, there was properly no such thing as a nation in Europe; there was no nationality, in the true, modern sense of the word. Alfred in England, came nearer to making a national establishment than any body else in all Europe down to the fifteenth century; but the English nation was not actually formed and established till the period of the accession of Henry VII., and the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Charlemagne was the head of a mighty kingdom, but he was not the sovereign of a true nation. The idea of a modern nation is this: That it is composed of one homogenous people, forming one body, with a certain distinctive character, and having a certain principle of unity; occupying a fixed residence and home, that is, having a country to which fixed limits are assigned; and subject, as a nation, and in its unity as such, to one central government. There must be a people, forming a body politic, having a public sentiment, and will, and wisdom of its own, such as these may be; and there must be a government representing the nation, as the Patriarch represents the Family, or the Tribe, and presiding and ruling over it. Such is a modern nation with its government. It is a political family; and it was the marshalling of mankind into great political families, each having its own proper representative and governing head, and in each of which a certain character

and principle of unity prevails, which marked the era and commencement of modern civilization in Europe. This did not begin, as I have said, till the fifteenth century. It is only since that period, that we have the English nation, and the French nation, and the Spanish nation, and the rest. The modern nations of Europe have been formed from elements supplied mainly out of the loins of those wandering and barbaric tribes of the great German stock of our race, before which the Roman empire fell, and which, finally, spread themselves nearly all over the continent. It is these Germans, with the Slavonic population of the north, supposed to be descended from the Sarmatians, as the Germans were from the Scythians, which together constitute, at this day, the nations of Europe, now the keepers and conservators of the highest civilization to which humanity has yet attained in the Old World. That is the civilization in which we in this country, having a common origin with them, participate; it is that civilization on which, as a general foundation, ours is built.

Now the great fact which the history of the races to which I have referred to, from the time of their irruption into Europe, discloses, is that already named; that modern civilization did not begin to show itself till those tribes and hordes, after a thousand years of error and confusion, of painful preparation and discipline, were resolved into distinct nations, with a certain centralization of power to form a government in each case, and a certain principle of unity and individuality in the nation itself. It is not, of course, my purpose to undertake to show the tedious process by which this point was gained; that would involve an historical review not to be attempted here. It is the fact to which I wish to attract your particular attention, as one which all may easily verify by a recurrence to the history of the period, and which no one already familiar with that history will deny or doubt.

The political power of Europe for about four centuries, counting from the overthrow of the Western Empire of Rome, was essentially barbarian. Society itself was essentially barbarian. Even the Church, as it existed among the German hordes of the period, when rude and ignorant men intruded into her sacred offices, and priests and even bishops, like Salone and Sagittarius, became chiefs of marauding bands, and wandered over the country, within their own bishoprics, pillaging and ravaging as they

went—even the Church was at least half barbarian. This was the primitive state of modern Europe, with some partial relief from this general condition, in particular quarters.

The Feudal System, rising out of the bosom of barbarian society, introduced a change, in some respects salutary, but while it lasted in its vigor, rendering all attempts, or tendencies, towards national formation, and the centralization of power, wholly unavailing and abortive. Causes, however were at work, and events came on, which favored the consolidation of states and empires. When the Crusades were ended, the power of Feudalism, as a political system, was very much broken. The independent jurisdiction and fierce authority of multitudes of baronial chiefs had very much given way. The People began to rise into importance and consideration on the one hand, and kings and sovereigns on the other. Authority, control, the power of government, national sovereignty, was beginning to be centralized and exist in fewer hands. And finally it resulted, as I have said already, that there arose in Europe real nations, and real national governments. Kings began to rule as they had not ruled before ; for it is to be remarked that Monarchy was the almost universal form which government assumed whenever, and wherever, the Germanic and Slavonian population became really nationalized. At first, however, this monarchy was something very different from what it afterwards became, or attempted to make itself. It was then representative. The great fundamental principle of national or popular consent, was recognized as the foundation of rightful authority, exercised under existing forms. Monarchy, as a particular form of government, was the expression and embodiment of the collective will and aggregate wisdom of the nation. It was a new doctrine, that which was afterwards set up, that the Sovereign represented nothing but his own will, and that he held his power, not by any consent of the nation to the Monarchy, as a particular form of government, but by an absolute and a divine right personal to himself. This was a great error which has not been corrected in all cases, without popular revolutions. And though examples of absolutism in government still remain in Europe, yet it may be safely affirmed that the only kind of monarchy recognized at this day, as legitimate, by enlightened public opinion, in any part of Europe, is that which makes the Sove-

reign only the Chief Magistrate of the nation, the center and bond of society, the chief conservator of the public peace and of public order, and the chief administrator of the general justice of the realm ; representing in his person, the majesty of the State, and the will and wisdom of the body of the nation, as expressed in the particular form of government which it has chosen, or by which it abides, and of which the office of the sovereign is only an incident.

The true condition, then, of civilization in Europe, at the present day, as expressed in the forms of political organization, is undoubtedly this : it rests on the general fact that the population has come to be arranged into distinct nations, or national families, with a centralized power constituting in each the national government ; and it may be remarked, that in these nations respectively, civilization is more or less advanced, other things being equal, as the principle of unity has more or less prevailed in the nation, and that of representation in the centralized and governing power.

And now to come back to the more immediate consideration of our own political organization. We have here a nation, and a national government ; we have this form of civilization ; and so far as this is concerned, without any further comparison of political or social systems, we stand on the same line of advance with the leading civilized nations of the old world. Now, there are two leading points to be considered, in order to determine whether the existing condition of our civilization, so far as it depends on political organization, is likely to be maintained and preserved, and what promise there is that any advance or progress will be made. These points have reference, first, to the principle of unity in respect to the nation—how that principle is provided for and secured in its political forms, and how, if at all, it is likely to be violated and sacrificed in the progress of events ; and next, to the principle of representation in respect to the government—how that principle is provided for and secured, and how, if at all, it is likely to be violated and sacrificed. It will not, of course, be expected that I should go into any elaborate examination of the points of consideration and enquiry here presented. I can only speak on the whole subject in the most general way, leaving it to every one, as his own inclination or desire may

prompt, to pursue the investigation for himself in the line of enquiry which I have indicated.

If we go back to that period of most uncommon interest, when this nation was formed, when this people became a nation, and provided a national government for itself, we cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable completeness and perfectness of our political organization in both the important particulars to which I have adverted. Representation in Government was a thing the people had long been familiar with, and if a general government were to be established at all, it could not be bottomed on any other principle. But there was a desperate struggle against forming a Union; this was the point of difficulty. There could not be a nation without it; and there was in some of the States, in the smallest as well as others, the same reluctance and resistance to the plan, arising from the same desire and pride of wielding an independent though petty jurisdiction, and a nominal sovereignty, which had operated in Europe for centuries to keep up the existence of a thousand miserable, independent local jurisdictions and sovereignties, and prevent their fusion, or consolidation into nations. But when the Union was carried, when the States had agreed to consolidate and form a nation, it was seen and felt at once, that the true elements of a nation were there, and the true principles of national unity to combine and bind them in one body.

In regard to this principle of unity. The people of the several States had been colonists together under the same imperial and distant power. They had struggled together against the exactions of that power, and what they felt to be evils of their political condition. They had gone through a long, exhausting, and bloody war together, for their common relief and emancipation, which they had secured by common and heroic sacrifices.—They were a homogeneous people, having had nearly a common origin; they spoke a common language, and had a common literature; their moral and intellectual training had been very much the same; the principal elements of personal character were very much the same in the several states; and in reference to the leading affairs and concerns of human life, they entertained views, and sentiments, and feelings, in common, at least quite as nearly so as the like thing had ever been witnessed in any exam-

ple, or case, of a great community, at all distinguished for intelligence, in any quarter, or any age of the world; and, finally, though they occupied a country, even then, of very liberal extent, which brought the very extremes of climate within its boundaries, and gave great variety to their industry and their productions, there was a manifest and intelligent bond of union in all the leading articles and particulars of their economical interests and business affairs.

Such, then, was the American people, when by their own voluntary and intelligent act and action, they resolved and formed themselves into a nation. They were one people; one in race, in tongue, in complexion, in habits, in ideas, in religion, in feelings, in intelligence, in moral temperament, in general interests, in laws, in manners and customs. And there was something distinct and distinguishing about them, which marked and separated them from every other people under the sun—even from that people which was the great hive out of which they had originally swarmed, and with which they had so long maintained an intimate political connection. They were American in character; and not English—they were even then, in the first hours and months of their separation, scarcely more English in character, than they were French or German. Their national character was American, and nothing else. And between the extreme North and the extreme South, there was nothing more considerable to break its expressive unity than such agreeable shades of difference as might mark the remote descendant of the roundhead and puritan on the one hand, and of the cavalier of the same country on the other; such shades of difference as might mark the varying moods of the same individual character, break up its dullness and tedious uniformity, and give it animation, strength and beauty.

The advantages of this more complete unity of national character to civilization, to the progress of society and of man, are in most respects so obvious, that I regret the less the absolute want of time on this occasion, to point them out and dwell on them. As between any two nations in the world, which are equal in other things, in all the other means and appliances of civilization, that one which has the superior unity of national

character cannot fail far to outstrip the other in its career of improvement, of happiness and true glory.

And in respect to this national unity in the American people,—at least looking at them as they stood when first the Old Thirteen came together—I know of nothing to compare with it in any considerable nation of Europe. Though Castile and Arragon in Spain had formed one people politically for more than four hundred years before this Union was established, yet there is not that unity to-day between them which existed between Massachusetts and Virginia in the first month or year of their coming together. Normandy and Burgundy, and Brittany in France have not yet united, and probably never can unite as kindly. It is only that part of the British Isles to which the term England is properly applied, which constitutes a nation in true unity under the reign of the British Queen. Wales is Wales, and Scotland is Scotland still. Ireland is governed more like a subjugated province than an integral part of the empire.

And there is another important particular in which the empire of the European nations, or of many of them, fails of that unity which the American nation had as it was originally formed under the Constitution. Their governments are not merely national; they are imperial, and rule over provinces and detached or distinct districts, as Rome did, till her provinces turned round and tyrannized over her. They have their Colonies, as England has in the most distant and diverse quarters of the globe—a source, no doubt, of great apparent political strength and consideration in the scale and family of nations, but a source also of great moral weakness at home. England, the home country and nation, would be a better governed, a freer and happier, and a more civilized country to-day, if she had never had a Colony to look after and govern. Colonies stand to the country that owns them in the relation of dependencies; as such, they are held and governed; they are no part of the nation—though they form a part of the empire of the governing power; the government over them is one essentially of force, and not of choice or consent; and the consequence is that as soon as they are ripe enough, as Hume, I think, has said, they drop off from the parent stem—sometimes they drop off before they are ripe. And this joining of far-off Co-

lonial or Territorial possessions, or of incongruous and uncongenial districts and peoples, to a parent state by political connection, is a gross breach of the essential principle of national unity; it is tying up so many diseased and corrupting limbs, or so many dead corpses, to a living and otherwise healthy body. And this superadding of the imperial power to the national authority of the government, or rather this superposition of the imperial upon the national power, so that the latter is often materially overlaid and crushed down with the superincumbent weight of the other, bodes no good, it never did and never can bode any good, to that portion of the subjects of the empire which properly constitute the nation. When a country has as much breadth of territory, and embraces as much variety in its population, as can be formed into one nation, consistently with the due preservation of the great principle of national unity, then there is enough for any one government to do to take care of the public interests of that nation. And whatsoever more it has to do, cometh of evil, tends to evil, and is evil.

In regard to the principle of representation to which I have referred; I must now, after the time I have already occupied, pass this topic over, with only some very general remarks.

The true idea of the representative principle I take to be this; that Government, instead of ruling by an absolute, prescriptive or personal right, rules under a responsible Trust, and exercises only the powers committed to it. Government is a Trust, to be executed according to the intent and purpose designed to be answered by it, and by reference to the will of those who have created and established it. Thus, on the one hand, it is the will of God that government should exert and possess all necessary powers, and that it should be exercised for the highest common good of those who are the subjects of it. On the other hand, the nation itself decides, or it may do so, on the form of government it will have, the kind of Constitution it prefers, and how the functionaries shall be chosen or designated, and under what restriction, or distribution and limitation of powers they shall act. In this way it is, that government is a Trust, and is representative. And, in view of this fiduciary and representative character, it should seem that any Government, which understands the high dignity to which it is called, and the responsibilities it assumes,

will quite as often, and as anxiously, look up, to see if it is discharging its great office acceptably to God, as it will look abroad among the people for their approval.

It may often happen, even when the Government is administered most conscientiously and wisely, that it may, for the time, be little in accord with the prevailing feelings and wishes of the people. Of course, in such a case, they will condemn the administration and seek to bring about a change. This they may do under the right of Election. The true use of the elective system is to enable the people to get rid of bad men and a bad administration; but, of course, it is just as potent an engine when they choose to employ it against good men, and a good administration. By the proper use of this power, the representative principle may be preserved and maintained; but with equal facility this very power may be employed to destroy the principle of representation, simply by converting the right of election into the right of administration and government. Election is itself a Trust of a very high character. The Elector does not exercise his franchise for himself, but for the whole body politic. Properly employed, Election would place the administration habitually in the hands of the most worthy—*των ἀριστων*—it would make the government an Aristocracy—not in the sense so properly condemned in our day—but in the true, original, Greek signification of the term—a government of the most worthy—such a government as the country, in fact, once had, if never but once; I mean in the time of the first Congress and of the first President of the United States. But Election may also be used to place the worst men in power; to create either a Tyranny—the worst, perhaps, with which any country can be visited—the Tyranny of petty Demagogues, introduced into power, and supported in their pretensions and career, by an inflamed and unreasoning populace; or, a worse state of things still, a rule of mingled Anarchy and malignity, under an unrestrained ochlocratic domination.

Let me be allowed to say, that it seems to me the exercise of this eminent right of election by the people, may well be regarded as a trial, of no ordinary severity, to which they are subjected. Certainly it may be made, and ought to be made, one of the highest and most effective means that could possibly be employed, for their discipline and cultivation, and for their advancement

in intelligence and virtue. By the use of this power, they may heap blessings and benefits on their own heads; by the abuse of it, they may destroy themselves. It is a means of high political and moral discipline, which they have voluntarily taken into their own hands, but which they may wrest to their ruin if they will. That they should sometimes be misled, and go wrong, ought not to surprise, or dishearten, any body. They have the free use of a dangerous instrument, and it is not to be wondered at if, now and then, they inflict a wound upon themselves. It is in the order of Providence, that men and nations should sometimes buy their best wisdom at the price of a very dear experience. The point for them to consider is, whether they may not, under the lead of bad counsels, and of miserable passions, carry their abuse of this power, some day, so far, as to forfeit its use altogether, by bringing in scenes of terror and confusion into the country, in which they may riot for a season, but only to end with throwing themselves down at last, to be crushed under an advancing Despotism—as victims were used to precipitate themselves before the wheels of Juggernaut. The point, for those who take any part in forming the character and leading the opinions of the people, to consider is, what they can do to keep the people true to themselves, and up to the high duties and responsibilities of their position. One thing we may count on as pretty certain, if the Leaders, Lawgivers and Instructors of the people—if Moses and Joshua—be not faithful to their trust, the people will not be likely to get further in their way towards the land of political promise, even after having once got quite clear of the wilderness, than to stand on the eminence that overlooks it.

Looking back to the period of our first entrance upon our political career as a nation, we may, I think, regard the first administration of the General Government under Washington—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—as showing by a practical and successful demonstration, the true theory and meaning of our political forms, the true characteristics, peculiarities and advantages of our American system of political government, and what rank it was entitled to hold in the world as a form of Civilization. The question of our progress is another matter. Whether, since that period, we have been altogether true to ourselves, and to the responsibilities of the eminent position we then occupied; wheth-

er, to-day, we could altogether justify ourselves before the world for the employment and use we have made of our political and social forms; whether, if we were put to it, we could show very satisfactorily, that we have made that advance in Civilization—in whatsoever adorns and exalts human nature, and enhances enjoyment and true happiness—which the world had a right to expect from us, or even that we have faithfully kept that which was committed to us; whether we are a wiser, better and happier people now than we were fifty years ago; whether we have been doing all we could, and are doing all we can, to preserve the great essential principle of national unity, and that other great, essential principle, of representation in government; whether we have been strict and vigilant to keep to the practice of placing the power of Government habitually in the hands of the most worthy, and to preserve the country from the insidious spirit and fatal encroachments of ochlocratic rule; whether we have kept steadily in view, as Washington declared the Convention that gave us our Constitution had done, “the consolidation of our Union”—which he pronounced “the greatest interest of every true American;” whether our growth, mighty as it has been and is likely to be, is altogether our strength; whether our moral greatness is keeping pace with the expansion of our physical and political proportions; whether we have been always and altogether content to be a nation without any aspirations to become an empire; whether the Central, governing Power is, and is likely to be, merely national, as it was in the beginning, or has come, or is coming, from choice or seeming necessity, to be clothed also with imperial dominion and authority; whether we have perfectly understood what kind of progress ought to have resulted from our political organization and social system, and been content to make that progress the object of our ambition and pursuit; whether we have perfectly understood what the true Mission of this country was, and is, and been content to fulfil it; whether, as a nation, we have always, and altogether, pursued such a course and career—for this was our proper mission—as ought to commend our system and our example to the admiration and imitation of the world; in short, whether we are what we once were, and ought still to be, a nation thoroughly grounded in all good and honest principles, and growing in the gra-

ces of all public and private virtues, under the legitimate influence and operation of our social system and form of Civilization ; and whether the path we are pursuing, instead of leading us on through gloom, uncertainty, confusion, and thick darkness, is really one that promises, like that of the just, to shine brighter and brighter to a perfect day ; these, these all, are questions into which I do not enter. I remit them wholly to the consideration of those among you who may think they have interest or importance enough to engage their deliberations, or their study.

One thing, however, I will say, on this matter, that though, as a people, we may have committed, and are likely to commit, great mistakes and great errors, there is yet, I must believe, a principle of soundness at the heart of the nation. If there be corruption any where, the young men of the nation, whatever may be said of some of those who are older and more practiced in the world, are little tainted with it. The danger in their case is, that they may be swept forward unconsciously, and unresistingly, without reason, without examination, without reflection, by what is called the spirit or movement of the age ; just as it might be if they were standing with multitudes of confident and eager persons around them on a firm bridge of ice over a broad stream, which, however, the advancing season had already loosened from the shores, and which was now hurried along by the silent, resistless and majestic current underneath—whither they would know not—to what desired haven in the tide of fortune, or to what unhappy doom.

But I turn now to say a word or two on those other organizations, or Associations, which I have already more than once referred to. Along with the State, we must have the Family, and the Church.

And first, in regard to the Family. There is, perhaps, no country in the world, thus far, where the sacredness and purity of the Family relations have been more scrupulously preserved, than in our own. Let us hope that we are not soon to degenerate from this high position. At the same time, it is not to be disguised, that there are theories of social reform industriously urged on the humbler classes of society, and with no inconsiderable effect, which are designed, or at least calculated, to strike a fatal blow at the family relations. Under the plausible promise

of improving the condition of labor, Associations are recommended which are at war with the sacred institution of the family, and indeed with the whole structure of society, and through which, if they can have any success, a mischief will be done too serious and awful to be contemplated without horror.

But this is not all. If the Family relations are to be maintained at all in their purity, and so as to secure and promote social happiness, they must be maintained on the basis on which they were originally placed by their Divine Author. The first great principle to be preserved is the essential unity of the two persons who compose the one head of the Family. "They twain shall be one flesh." The union is a mystic one, properly existing only under the most solemn religious sanctions, and with which profane hands should scarcely intermeddle. Happily for our country, as well as for that from which we have chiefly derived our political and legal institutions, the system of the Common Law, which generally prevails with us, accords mainly with the religious view and character of the conjugal relation, and of its marital rights. Generally, too, it may be said, that our legislation on this subject—at least until within a recent period—has not widely departed from the notion and spirit of the original law of this relation. Unhappily, however, as it seems to me, a disposition has prevailed of late in some quarters of the country, to bring this sacred relation under the rules of the Civil Law—a system, so far as it is applied to the domestic relations, as much below that of the Common Law, as the Heathen manners and philosophy in which it originated were below the sublime and elevated doctrines and precepts of Christianity. Just in proportion as this sacred and religious relation is brought down, by law, to the low level of a mere civil contract, whether by slovenly and unseemly provisions, made for the solemnization of marriage, or otherwise; and just in proportion as the law shall interpose to separate the temporal estates and interests of the parties, to place them in antagonist attitudes to each other, to afford them facilities for causes of difference, and for holding each other to mutual accountability in the courts, and, above all, to multiply grounds of separation; just in proportion as these things are done, will the religious tie and sanction which give this relation

its mystic unity be weakened, its purity be degraded, and its sacredness profaned.

And now in regard to the Church, as one of the three Associations of perpetual necessity—this being the most sacred of all—which lie at the foundation of the Social System. It cannot be necessary, nor, indeed, would it at all become me, to say much on this subject, in the presence of those who mainly compose this House of Convocation. It is the faith of this College that the Church has been constituted, by the will of its Divine Founder and Head, in a particular manner, and according to a particular form of organization. It is deemed essential that this organization should be preserved, in order to maintain the sacred authority of its ministry, and the proper discipline of all its members, and to make the Church the Pillar and Ground and Witness of the Truth. Those who associate in this College intend, I believe, to maintain this doctrine in this place, as every where else, leaving to all others, of course, the same liberty of free opinions which they claim for themselves, but humbly hoping to set an attractive, and, if possible, a convincing example of the excellence and efficiency of their faith before all the world, in the eminent practical good which they shall finally accomplish here, through their strict adherence to religious principle, and to the established Law of order and Authority in the Church as matter of religious principle, in all their plans and efforts to promote Education, and sound Learning and Morality.

Out of all doubt, the moral training of mankind—since this cannot be separated from religion—is committed to the Church. The law of Justice, the law of Kindness, the law of Charity, the law of Brotherly Love—these are never taught and enforced effectually on men any where but in the Church. True Liberty, true Equality, true Fraternity—these are taught no where but in the Church. Political leaders and social reformers, who never look to Christianity and the Church for the meaning of these terms and the doctrines properly involved in them, are only blind guides to lead the people to their destruction. It is in the Church that the true nature of the Family, and of the domestic relations, and the duties involved in them, are taught and enforced, and no where else. And here, and no where else, are taught the true character of political government, its divine authority and sanc-

tions, and the religious duty of reverence and obedience on the part of all its subjects. Here, too, and no where else, may be learned the true nature of the relations which men sustain towards each other in the varied business and multiplied operations and affairs of active life, and the duties and demeanor proper to every station and degree of human existence. And here, and here only—in the principles and doctrines of Christianity, maintained and enforced in the Church, sternly inculcating the Faith once for all delivered to it—will be found, according to my humble but undoubting convictions, the true method of solving all those appalling difficulties which now so disturb and distract communities and nations under the agitations set on foot by ignorant or unprincipled men, growing out of the relations between Property and Labor, and between the Rich and the Poor.

When every man shall be of the exact stature of every other man, and every soul the exact pattern of every other soul; when infants shall no longer be born into the world, but full grown men and women; when time and chance shall happen in exactly the same measure, to all; when none shall be younger or older, feebler or stronger, simpler or wiser, than any and every body else; then I suppose we may expect to see that precise equality of condition—that mathematical dead level in society—which some modern philosophers seem to dream of as a state of human perfection and felicity. So long, however, as men shall continue to be born, and live, and die, after the present fashion—so long as the Sermon on the Mount does not become obsolete, and wholly inapplicable, in every lesson and precept, to men in the social state—I suppose we must expect to see great diversities, oftentimes painful ones, in their condition and stations in society; we shall still have men of property and men of toil, masters and servants, employers and employed, rich and poor. And so long as this shall be the state of human society, I believe it will be found, after all struggles to escape from it are over, that there is only one effectual method of bringing about a real and lasting improvement in the social condition of men, and that is by bringing them together in one Brotherhood of Love in the bosom of the Church, where all alike, of every grade and condition, shall become the teachable and willing subjects of its doctrines and its discipline. The poor will never be provided for as they ought

to be, or cared for as they ought to be, till the time shall come, as come it will, one day, when in every parish they shall be the voluntary charge of the local Christian fellowship of which they form a part. The great economical and social questions between Capital and Labor, which are now fast separating into hostile classes those who ought to be friends, as being mutually dependent on each other, though in different degrees, and between whom unwise men and bad men, are every where busy sowing dissension and bitter enmity, will never be satisfactorily adjusted and settled until the parties shall be brought together in a school and fellowship which shall make them the brethren of one sacred Household, and where they shall be mutually as willing and anxious to understand and practice their reciprocal duties towards each other, as they are now to understand and insist on their respective rights. When they shall come to meet, as brothers, around a common altar of worship, in the communion of the Catholic Church, then, and not sooner, will they learn to do that willing justice to each other, without strife or envyings, which no laws, and no social organizations, under mere civil authority, can ever teach, secure or enforce. I am not preaching a sermon—that is not my calling; but I am endeavoring to state and insist on an economical truth. I am looking after the means of improving the social condition of mankind, and I happen to find them just where the Church finds and offers the means of their salvation.*

*After these remarks were prepared, the writer saw a notice of the death of the celebrated Chateaubriand, the author of the "Genius of Christianity." Dying as he did at Paris, in the very midst of those awful convulsions through which Society was then passing in that unhappy country, the testimony which that remarkable man left behind him is very striking and instructive, and deserves to be preserved and pondered. I quote from the notice referred to :

"A few minutes before his death M. de Chateaubriand, who had received the sacrament on Sunday, embraced once more the cross with the emotion of a lively faith and firm confidence. One of the expressions which he repeated most frequently of late years was, *that the social questions which agitated nations at present could not be solved without the Bible, without the soul of Christ, whose doctrines and example have denounced selfishness, this gnawing worm of all concord.* Thus M. de Chateaubriand hailed Christ as the Saviour of the world, even in a social point of view, and he loved to call him his King as well as his God."

The question, after all, is, in what is our hope? How shall the advantages of our social position be best secured, the hazards to which we are exposed avoided, and our progress in true felicity advanced? Others may rest their hopes in other things—in a thousand new devices which ingenious men are always ready to invent for the sovereign cure of all political and social ills. For myself I choose to trust first of all to those Appointments and Associations which were ordained of old, by a better wisdom than that of men; and then to Agencies subordinate and auxiliary to them. Society must rest on the Family, on the State, and on the Church, as organizations of divine ordination. The Family must be held sacred; Government must be respected and obeyed, and the Church loved and venerated as a heaven-born mother. Education is the great auxiliary agency to be relied on. But our Educational plans must stand on the right foundation, or incalculable mischief instead of good, may be done. What that right foundation is men will differ about. What it is in the estimation of those who compose this Academical Society is sufficiently shown in the manner in which this Institution has been organized.

*Dis te minorem quōd geris, imperas;
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.*

HOR. CARM. VI. AD ROM.

Let the plan adopted here be carried out, and this example be followed elsewhere as it ought to be, and Education will stand on higher ground in this country than it has ever stood on before. Society is swayed and governed by opinion. We say, let the College stand, every where, by the side of the Church, in its efforts to keep the moral sentiment of the country sound and steady, and we need not concern ourselves much about the rest. Political and social tranquility and felicity will be easily secured, when Faith, Truth and Principle shall have that sway over the minds of men which they ought to have—and which they must have before their social condition will be essentially improved.

*Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.*

HOR. EPIST. III. AD JUL. FLOR.



The True Life.

A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, AUGUST 1, 1849.

BY THE

REV. RALPH HOYT, A. M.

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, NEW YORK.

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1849.



THE TRUE LIFE :

A MEDITATION.

I.

SERENEST spirit of the hallowed lyre,
Sweet soother of all sorrow, come to me !
My laboring thought with utterance inspire ;
Thou muse divine, thy heavenly minstrelsie
I would evoke from every truthful string,
And here a Lay of Life essay to sing.
For I must vigil while all nature sleeps ;
Not self-devoted, but ordained to be
A poor wayfarer o'er life's rugged steeps ;
Its sternest aspects fated still to see ;
To taste its bitter draughts at many a brim ;
And chant, withal, earth's earnest, awful Hymn !

II.

Thou that hast tuned my reed, if tuned it be ;
 If this high prayer to such low dust belong ;
 Ineffable Inspirer ! speak to me
 That I sing not an inharmonious song.
 Speak, to me trembling in thy glory's blaze,
 That singing Life, I also sing thy praise.
 The earth-strung harp but teaches man to weep ;
 Furrows his aching brow before its time ;
 O, give me now the lyre that I shall sweep
 Upon the hills of yon celestial clime ;
 God ! make my spirit like a surging sea,
 Rolling its thundering anthems up to thee !

III.

Such scope I covet, fitly to adore ;
 Such scope, the import of my theme to scan ;
 Ocean of Life ! no swimmer finds a shore ;
 Unfathomable mystery of man !
 So vast, so various, whence, or whither, all
 Shrouded in secrecy as with a pall.
 Dread dissonance of earth ! each life a note
 Swelling the mighty uproar tempest-high ;
 Harmonious voices few, and too remote
 To temper the wild clamor of the sky :
 O for a plunge that ocean to explore ;
 O for a wing that chaos to outsoar !

IV.

Give me to love my fellow ; and in love,
 If with none other grace to chant my strain ;
 Sweet key-note of soft cadences above,
 Sole star of solace in life's night of pain ;
 Chief gem of Eden, fractured in that Fall
 That ruined two fond hearts, and tarnished all !
 Redeemer ! be thy kindly spirit mine ;
 That pearl of paradise to me restore ;
 Pure, fervent, fearless, lasting love ; divine,
 Profound as ocean, broad as sea and shore ;
 While man I sing, free, subject, or supreme,
 O for a soul as ample as the theme !

V.

I see the awful vision of all time ;
 All life since man became a living soul ;
 All change since woman taught him love ; and crime
 And death's dark wave began o'er earth to roll ;
 Stupendous pomp ; far-reaching to that night
 Ere stars were kindled, or the sun gave light.
 Swayed as eternal symphonies impel,
 Chord answering chord, mysterious harps I hear,
 And myriad voices still the anthem swell,
 Pouring grand harmonics from sphere to sphere ;
 Chanting historic the great psalm of Earth
 Since chaos labored with its mighty birth.

VI.

Dread shape ! in terror while constrained I gaze
 The shadows of old ages roll away ;
 The Past is present, and the first of days
 Pours brightly down its new-created ray ;
 Dim, mystic visions aggregate apace,
 And primal earth stands out august in space !
 How wonderful ; Jehovah deigned to will
 And this creation with obedient awe
 Came booming forth the mandate to fulfil,
 From darkness, glory ; from disorder, law !
 So pure, so beautiful, so formed for love,
 It might allure the angels from above.

VII.

Man, the Epitome ! still chiefly he
 The mighty argument of that high song :
 Of His omnipotence who bade him be,
 Sublimest miracle of all the throng
 That at his mandate from the nought of space
 Came forth substantial majesty and grace.
 Materiality, and essence, each
 Its full perfection in his form to find ;
 The universe articulate in his speech,
 All spirit-greatness imaged in his mind.
 Harp on forever, all ye bards above,
 Man still your theme ; and man-creating Love !

VIII.

There swoops, again, in solitude sublime,
 The shattered remnant of that elder world ;
 Like some primeval orb unknown to time,
 Through a wild waste of waters helmless hurled ;
 On, on, careering o'er the vengeful wave ;
 A rebel skeleton, denied a grave.
 Dark, silent, desolate, an outcast globe,
 Blasted beneath the sin-abhorring frown ;
 Shorn of the sunbeam, and the verdant robe ;
 In an unbounded Deluge thus to drown !
 Imponderable Ruin ! can it be
 The morning stars sang sweetly once for thee !

IX.

Ah, must you mourn, ye minstrels of the sky ;
 Through all your strains still sweeps a note of wo,
 As myriad hearts were breaking in one sigh ;
 Now in profoundest octaves moaning low ;
 Up the careering scale now frantic flies,
 Shrieks its sad tale in heaven, and wailing dies.
 Me now instruct ; that justly I discourse
 Those joys and sorrows, your immortal themes ;
 Reveal of each the annals, and the source ;
 And as I listening muse along the streams,
 And o'er the mountains, all my thoughts inspire,
 'll your high burden thrill my lowly lyre.

X.

'Tis evening now, and all the stars again

Like pensive mourners, look lamenting down ;

A sister orb wo-smitten ! and a stain,

How deep and lasting, on its old renown.

What envious hand so impiously could dare,

To mar so mournfully, a world so fair.

Would I might speak to them ; my soul would know

From those high witnesses, so pure and true,

Whence came, and why, the desolating blow

Could leave such deserts where such edens grew ;

Could doom to perish an immortal race,

And earth itself, to fail and have no place.

XI.

O dream of Life ! yet good to ponder o'er

The strange vicissitudes of this low sphere ;

To mark how swiftly from its rock-bound shore

The voyagers set sail and disappear ;

How phantom-like the generations pass ;

Confessing, as they fly, all flesh is grass !

How humbled haughtiness ; how calmed all rage ;

In vain the lance and shield and brazen mail ;

Conquered and conquerors from age to age,

Down the same current gloomily all sail,

The same irrevocable doom to read,

With Goth, and Roman, Hebrew, Greek, and Mede.

XII.

Old Nineveh, of great Aturian Phul ;
 Ecbat'na, Babylon, and Tyre remote ;
 Menuf, and Meròè, that in the dull,
 Far-distant verge of mythic ages float,
 Still gliding down upon the fated way,
 And mote by mote, still crumbling in decay.
 Great shrines of Phtha ; and hundred-gated walls ;
 The pillared temples where old bactrians knelt ;
 The chiselled marble of imperial halls,
 Where Pharoës, Ptolemics, and Cæsars dwelt ;
 Strong fanes of Iuve, piled to meet the sky,
 All, in the wreck of empires, long gone by.

XIII.

Speak, stars, ye nightly mourners, and no more
 In mute amazement wait the coming hour
 That shall earth's wasted excellence restore,
 And give man back his innocence and power.
 Too long your silent sorrow ; soothless grief
 May quench your glory, yet bring no relief.
 Known your sad secret ; mark the fearful word
 Rebellion, traced on every human brow ;
 And oft in scathing tempests hath been heard
 The tale that moves your deep compassion now.
 Yet, to our call ye weeping worlds reply ;
 Man and his Home in ruin ! Tell us why !

XIV.

Great volume of the Word, behold, in thee
 The dark enigma is resolved and clear ;
 But lo, the eye of nature cannot see,
 And ah, the ear, too heavy, cannot hear.
 His paradise how long with wo o'erspread,
 And the immortal dweller, outcast, dead !
 Dead ; yet infatuated not to know
 Essential vigor, beauty, truth, and love
 Fled when he dealt the self-destroying blow,
 And lost the life that cometh from above.
 O Word almighty, the dread bondage break ;
 Awake the sleeper ; bid the dead awake !

XV.

Companion mine, along this devious page,
 Let me a tale discourse to thee awhile,
 May haply much thy curious ear engage,
 And this brief hour right worthily beguile ;
 Yet, as the chronicle unfolds to view,
 Though fancy's record, deem the burden true.
 In sooth, my soul is fain to seek repose,
 And would to thee its lore of years impart ;
 The meditative gatherings disclose
 That miser memory garners in the heart ;
 A tale of death, pride, passion, riches, fame ;
 And virtue tried in love's intensest flame.

XVI.

In a sweet vale, amid a desert waste,
 There dwelt a maiden radiant as light ;
 As a pure angel delicate and chaste ;
 No lovelier form e'er greeted mortal sight ;
 Nor lived she but to bless, and wide to show
 The living joys that truth and love bestow.
 At every fount of knowledge drank she deep ;
 Not crudition's sages so profound ;
 Of things divine could scale the cloudy steep,
 And all the depths of faith and reason sound.
 Yet ever meek, no one desire she knew,
 Save still to be all heavenly and true.

XVII.

Such peerless charms and all-surpassing grace
 That humble vale might not unknown retain ;
 A world were blest to look upon that face,
 And contemplate a heart that knew no stain.
 From hill to hill wide flew the wondrous tale,
 So bright a gem in such a lowly vale.
 Came one and knelt adoring at her shrine ;
 And sooth, a great and seemly suitor he ;
 Could she his prayer and proffered hand decline ?
 Ah, who can know a maiden's mind, perdie !
 Not all unmoved his supplicance she heard,
 Yet gave no hope, save only hope deferred.

XVIII.

Ah, gentle fair, why thus my suit disdain,
 Cried he reproachful, with offended pride ;
 A nobler name in story must I gain ;
 What task performed shall win thee for my bride ?
 Though years attest my studious toil for thee,
 Yet say what more to do ; what more to be.
 Then she, all-pitying, raised a tearful eye,
 And owned the fond emotion of her breast ;
 But, thoughtful, drew a deep, deploring sigh,
 And a strange, startling answer thus expressed ;
 O noble youth, though earth's best gifts are shed
 Around and on thee, thou, alas, art dead !

XIX.

Life's germ from heaven, though on earth the bloom ;
 And seems the flower with full perfection blest ;
 But ah, there's poison in its sweet perfume,
 And spots appear within its snowy breast.
 How could I weep in sootheless, ceaseless grief,
 That life so soon is sere and yellow-leaf.
 Perfidious heart ; so subtle, so debased,
 But for the bitterness in it that springs,
 The tearful history were soon erased,
 And earth-born man would soar on seraph wings.
 Thy nature needs the re-creating sway,
 Of Him who is the Life, the Truth, the Way.

XX.

As starts a dreamer when some hideous shape
 The slumbering sense with sudden terror thrills ;
 So he, with shuddering soul, would fain escape
 Back to the refuge of his native hills.
 But still transfixed he stood in mute dismay,
 Till all like some dread vision passed away.
 Again ere long to conscious thought returned,
 He sighed the import of her words to know ;
 Dead ? while his bosom with such ardor burned ;
 Love, reason, and ambition all a-glow ;
 Yet oh, that word, with such dread meaning fraught,
 And that sweet spirit ; could they be for nought ?

XXI.

Stern lesson ; yet much profit to the soul ;
 Good to be taught the worthlessness of pride ;
 To free the spirit from earth's strong control ;
 And on the sea of sorrow heavenward glide.
 Humility ; the burthened heart's release ;
 Who enters that low portal findeth peace.
 Not fair Avoca's deep sequestered dell,
 Such sweet serenity and rest bestows ;
 Nor winding Arno's bowery banks can tell
 The weary traveller of such repose
 As soothes the soul when humbly it adores ;
 And from above the promised blessing pours.

XXII.

The maiden's bower again he trembling sought,
 And prayed a lover's pure, impassioned prayer ;
 O might he at her feet the truth be taught ;
 Or would she but vouchsafe to tell him where,
 Where might he terminate the doubtful strife,
 And find, if he were dead, the soul's True Life.
 O sweet to see how she inclined her ear ;
 How soon disclosed the true and living way ;
 And ah, how brake his heart the brimming tear,
 That bade him never from her love to stray,
 As forth, elate, with hastening step she trode,
 And showed a temple,—Truth's august abode.

XXIII.

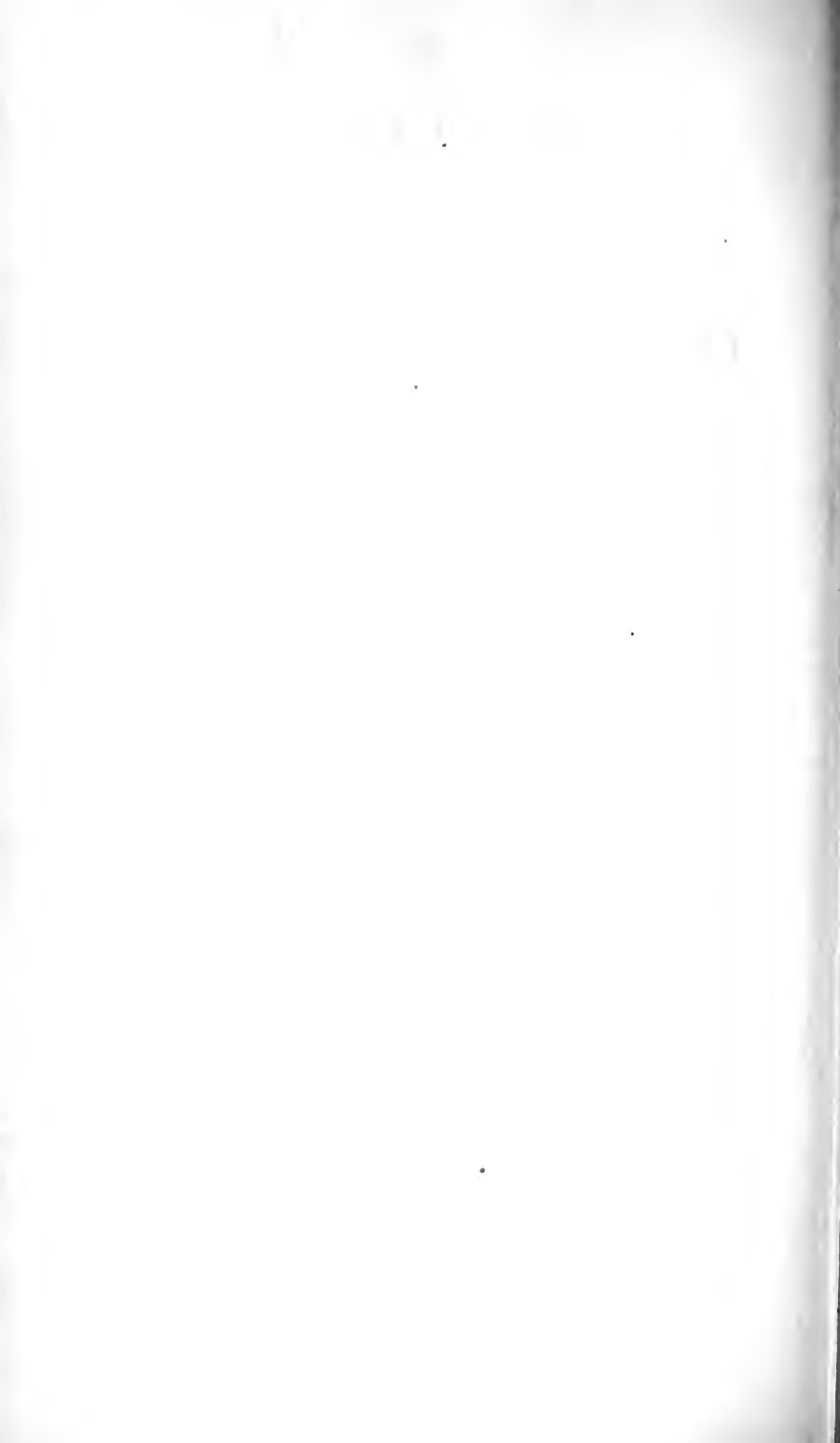
Now onward thou, she cried ; the mountain climb,
 And press for yonder porch with stedfast heart ;
 There enter, and the wisdom of old-time
 Its prophet-voices shall to thee impart ;
 Obey, and lo, thou shalt to life arise,
 And this, my long-sought hand, shall be thy prize.
 Then thitherward a hopeful look he cast,
 Bending his step within a narrow way ;
 And on his joyous pilgrimage he passed,
 Still wending onward all the weary day,
 Till at the portal pausing, lowly there
 He knelt and breathed a penitential prayer.

XXIV.

Deluding world ! yet how the moments roll,
 That still unfold its fanciful disguise,
 And show the sterile winter of the soul ;
 Blight on its blossoms, gloom upon its skies ;
 Its buds of innocence unblown depart,
 Strewing their leaves all withered on the heart.
 Nor Flora's beauty, nor her sweet perfume
 O'er hills, and vales, and woodlands, can restore
 The fallen tree of life its eden bloom ;
 It cannot see the sun it saw before ;
 It cannot its decaying stem renew ;
 Dead ; in the wintry garden where it grew.

XXV.

O Fount of Life ! in thy blest courts how free
 The sacramental stream all-cleansing flows,
 When the benighted wanderer bends the knee,
 And o'er his head the mystic waters close :
 Baptismal Jordan ! and the Spirit-Dove !
 Life, reconciliation, peace and love !
 So knew the pilgrim as the Ghostly shower
 From holy hands descended on his head ;
 Regenerated ! By redeeming power
 Awaked from sleep ; arisen from the dead !
 How flashed the light ! what rapture filled the youth ;
 There, and forever his, were LIFE and TRUTH !



Academic Studies.

AN

INAUGURAL DISCOURSE,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SENATE

OF

Trinity College, Hartford,

ON COMMENCEMENT DAY,

MDCCCLXIX.

BY THE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE CORPORATION.

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TO
THE SENATE,
AND
UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS,
OF
TRINITY COLLEGE,

THIS DISCOURSE

IS INSCRIBED.



INAUGURAL DISCOURSE.

MR. CHANCELLOR,
AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CORPORATION,
OF THE BOARD OF FELLOWS,
AND OF CONVOCATION ;

It has become my office on this, the first of our Collegiate Festivals, which has occurred since the assumption of the duties to which I now stand pledged, to offer to you some thoughts and observations, which shall be connected with one or another of those important subjects which on such an occasion come naturally under review. For though I do not know that our own precedents, absolutely demand this at my hands, yet custom long sanctioned elsewhere, does ; and the dictates of propriety are obviously in agreement with it. My object must be, to avoid on the one hand, all considerations of a nature so merely general, as that their direct and practical bearing could not well be

discerned: and on the other, to escape the temptation of entering into such minuteness of detail, as would perplex the mind, and prevent it from taking a wider range and grappling with great principles. And this so desirable result, I have hoped might be attained, by calling your attention to what in regard to Human Learning, our own College actually proposes to accomplish; by considering the various great divisions and departments of study, with which she concerns herself; by observing the reasons for their adoption, the ends which they are intended to subserve, and the spirit in which they should be conducted. The plan is indeed a simple one, perhaps almost too much so; and yet I see no other way in which I can bring before you the views and principles which it seems needful to set forth.

Adopting, then, the language* of one of the lights of a foreign University, which fortunately with hardly a change, we can adopt, though speaking from a far humbler position, I would say in the beginning, that "The studies of this place, so far as they relate to merely human learning," and so far only at present we propose to speak of them, "divide themselves into three branches.

I. The study of the laws of nature, comprehending all parts of inductive philosophy.

II. The study of ancient and modern languages, and literature; or in other words, of those authentic records which convey to us an account of the feelings, the sentiments and the actions, of men prom-

*Professor Sedgwick, in his "Discourse on the studies of the University." I have slightly changed some portions of the quotation. Its spirit, however, remains untouched.

inent in the most famous empires of the ancient and the modern world. In these works we seek for examples and maxims of prudence, and models of taste.

III. The study of ourselves considered as social and intellectual beings. Under this head, are included ethics, and metaphysics, political philosophy, history, and some other kindred subjects of great complexity, which can be only briefly touched in our academic system, and are to be followed out in the more mature labors of after life."

This ancient and venerable system of instruction, comes into our hands from other times and from far distant generations, bringing with it the sanctions of old experience, and laden with accumulated honors. No one would venture so much as to assert, that it could never admit changes or modifications, or that the proportions of its combined elements must continue without alteration. To say this, would be to forget, what ought never to be forgotten, that the character of a scholar's preparations, the plan of that instruction by which his mind is to be formed and moulded, must receive modifications, and must admit changes, accordant with and regulated by the necessities of the period in which he lives, and the intellectual requirements of those, amongst whom his lot is cast. But while this is fully and freely granted, still the great fact remains, that the elements of all true instruction, continue in all time the same; their combinations may change, their proportions may vary, but they themselves do not. Such is the law of the human mind,

such is the rule of human knowledge. There are here, as every where, ultimate elements beyond which we cannot go, and from which we cannot rid ourselves. And the scheme of instruction which should endeavor to omit them, would only be marked by the presumption of the sciolist, or the fancies of the dreamer. The only question, then, involving any idea of change which can arise in reference to these elements of knowledge, is simply in regard to the proportions in which they are to be combined; and so far as this is a practical question, it will come under our consideration by and bye. At present I must pass to another preliminary consideration of no small moment.

There are two points of view from which, in reference to these general heads of instruction, which have been laid down, and to their development, every college is to be considered. In the one, it will appear to be in advance of the age, and in the other, very far behind it. In the one, it will lead, in the other it will follow. In the one, it will eagerly urge on, in the other, it will as resolutely hold back. And most probably it will more frequently appear in the latter character, than in the former. In times of general mental depression and inactivity, when people slumber on contentedly amid old truths or old errors, as the case may be, instead of reaching on to new positions and new ideas, it is most probable that a College, if it be at all answering the ends of its establishment, will lead, and rouse, and press men onward. In fact, this is illustrated and at the same time proved, by the position of the

Universities in the earlier portion of the Middle Ages.

On the other hand, in times of general mental activity, when minds are up and doing, whether for good or ill matters not here, when all is in rapid movement, when principles are set forth on insufficient grounds, changes introduced for insufficient reasons, and in short, all intellectual movements are characterized by rash advances, hasty generalizations, and ill-considered conclusions, then the College must appear in a different attitude. Then she must restrain, then she must check and even wisely discourage, content meanwhile to bear reproach, and endure opprobrium, and be pointed at in scorn, as antiquated and lagging, as timid and behind the spirit of the age. And this view also finds an illustration in the history of that period to which we have before referred. For it was doubtless in no small degree, the feeling that men of letters were rashly rushing to extremes, as indeed the event shewed they were, which later on in the Middle Ages, arrayed the Universities so strongly against the revival of classical pursuits. It is also illustrated,—and this is much more to our purpose now,—in every part of the civilized world. For what oracular declaration is more common on the lips of self-complacent superficialism, than that the Colleges are all behind the age? In one sense, they assuredly are so, and considering the tendencies of the age, it is fortunate that they are. For at this moment, with all their defects, they constitute the great, and almost the only barrier, against the flood

of crudities in science, and follies in philosophy, which sweeps the world wherever it can find its way. And when they are thrown, if so their guardians shall suffer them to be, into the stream, then it will bear us all on together to a state of intellectual barbarism: where an Encyclopedia will be the *ne plus ultra* of effort or of study.

We take our ground, then, in the outset, on these two principles: that in all time the elements of instruction must remain the same; that the general features of the scheme can admit no essential change: and that in reference to these elements and this scheme, the position of every well-constituted and rightly working College, be its sphere of action large or small, will be either one of urging on, or else of holding back; and that this position will be regulated and determined by the necessities of the case, and the exigencies of the times. This prepares us to approach the consideration of the elements themselves; remembering ever that in using and applying them in the Collegiate curriculum, the object is far less to store with actual knowledge, than to train up to a capacity for storing. So that the measure of a person's progress, who has passed through his undergraduateship, and is proceeding to his first degree, is by no means the amount of facts or even principles, of which he has made himself the master; but rather the condition of his mind, as to spring and saliency, and ability for grappling with great principles, and storing in orderly and useful arrangement all those "manifold knowledges," as Lord Bacon calls them, which it will be the labor of his life to gather and preserve.

In coming now to speak somewhat of the three-fold division of our system of instruction, the very unchangeableness of the main features of the system, do themselves present to us, that compulsory reason for their adoption from which there is no possible escape, and thus preclude the necessity of any farther words.

It might also seem that under any circumstances there would be little need, in our day and in this country, of insisting upon the first division, which comprised the study of the laws of nature, accompanied as they must be, with the pure mathematics; in short, the whole of inductive philosophy. And yet I do not think, that there is no need to insist upon it. Rather I would say, that there is great need. And there are two reasons why this is so; both of which proceed from the disposition of human nature to vibrate between extremes. In the first place, the *inductive method*, has unquestionably been pushed much farther than its great expositor ever designed it should be. The illustrious author of the *Novum Organum*, never intended that the principles laid down by him should be applied beyond the region of the physical world. However he may at times have been led into strong expressions and exaggerated statements, still it was physical science that was uppermost in his mind: and there is most abundant evidence, that he never contemplated the application of his process of induction to Morals or Theology. This application was indeed the natural result of an age, in which every question assumed a theological aspect, but it is not a result for which Bacon is accountable. The effect

however of this misapplication of his principles, of this pushing his induction from the region of the objective into that where the subjective is also found, has been to make many earnest minds suspicious of the very process itself. And we accordingly, at this moment, may find not a few persons, who confounding the use and abuse of this inductive process, hold Bacon responsible for a mistake of his narrow-minded contemporaries and successors; and who thus are led to decry that sound principle, which regulates scientific pursuits, and with it the pursuits themselves. In the next place, owing to the immense development of mechanical agencies which the last quarter of a century has witnessed, and their immediate and wonderful operations in all the intercourse, arrangements and habits of social life, working as they have done to the most brilliant results, an undue degree of importance has undoubtedly been attached to those branches of study which are occupied with their exposition. But is there no danger of a reaction? Are there not symptoms in truth that a reaction has begun? Are there not signs of a school of sickly sentimentalists, who mistake play for work, and dimness for profundity, and a shallow discursiveness for a wide grasp of things; whose favorite topic is the lamentation for these disjointed times; who are forever decrying what they are pleased to term material tendencies, and exalting what they call spiritual; using each word in an utterly perverted sense. For their materialism, is simply the every day common sense of all man-

kind, and their spiritualism is that false and miserable "stuff that dreams are made of," which spends itself in theories of progress, and schemes of perfectibility.

And both these things tend towards one issue, and that issue a most disastrous one. For, leaving all other considerations out of view, is not the effect of scientific pursuits, when entered upon and prosecuted as they should be, most healthful, not only on the mind, but also on the heart? I know indeed that shallow minds may be puffed up with them, and so they will be with any thing whatever: I know that the principles which govern in them may be transferred to other fields of knowledge and of truth to which they do not belong, and that men by attempting to reason in morals and theology, as they do in physical science, may make themselves fools, amid a show of seeming wisdom: I know that minds may linger among them in a low materialistic way, till they themselves become cramped and fettered. And to all this, there is for a reply, the trite old adage, *Abusus non tollit usum*; and it is reply enough. While the habits of patience, humility, and self-control, which these pursuits when rightly followed out, engender, are quite as important in a moral point of view, as they can be in an intellectual; and suggest in connection with intellectual discipline, some of the great and holy ends for which science should be pursued.

It will be observed, that I have all along gone on the supposition, that this branch of study was prosecuted in the right spirit. The very supposi-

tion admits that there may be a wrong one. But here I trust that spirit will never find an entrance. Here I trust, there will ever be an humble reverence ; a patient waiting upon God's unseen workings ; an awful recognition of the solemn truths that nature every where shews forth ; a feeling that she addresses the imagination as well as instructs the reason. "Science then," to use the words of our greatest living Poet,

"Science then,
 Shall be a precious Visitant : and then,
 And only then, be worthy of her name.
 For then her Heart shall kindle : her dull Eye,
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
 Chained to its object in brute slavery :
 But taught with patient interest to watch
 The processes of things, and serve the cause
 Of order and distinctness, not for this,
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,
 Its most illustrious province must be found,
 In furnishing clear guidance, and support
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power."

And thus—

"Whate'er we see,
 Whate'er we feel, by agency direct
 Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
 Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights,
 Of love divine, our intellectual soul."*

In proceeding to comment upon the second branch of our studies, the languages and literature of ancient and of modern times, I must confine myself to a few more prominent points, and leave by

*The Excursion, Book IV.

far the greater portion of the field untouched. And the first question which naturally presents itself, refers to the relative position which is to be assigned respectively, to what are strangely called the dead languages on the one hand, and to those which are termed living on the other. And this question involves with it moreover, the consideration of the whole vexed subject of classical studies.

It seems to me that a great deal of apparent difficulty is removed, by simply observing how much misunderstanding has arisen from the improper use of the word "dead." Just as the word Gothic has been used at times to cast a slur upon that noblest architectural development that the world has ever seen, so has this term "dead," been the occasion and the source of numberless prejudices against the languages of Greece and Rome. For it can cause no wonder, that an age teeming with life and instinct with action, should look coldly upon things whose very appellation seems to remove them far from both. And yet under what circumstances would the term be properly applied? Shall we call a language dead simply because it has ceased to be heard in the mart or the assembly, or the ordinary intercourse of social life? Is a language dead because ledgers are not posted in it, or newspapers printed in it, or diplomatic correspondence carried on by its instrumentality? When its elements, and laws, and whole living form and spirit, enter into the language of every civilized nation under heaven? Are oaks dead when around one or two venerable parent stems, a whole green

and glorious forest has burst into existence? In the name not alone of scholarship, but even of common sense, we protest against such a perversion. "In what a condition should we be, if our connection with the past were snapped, if Greek and Latin were forgotten? What should we think of our own languages? They would appear a mere mass of incoherent caprice, and wanton lawlessness. The several nations of Europe would be in this respect at least, like those tribes of savages who occupy a vast continent, speaking a set of jargons in which scarcely a resemblance can be traced in any two, or a consistency in any one. The various European languages," and I must of course include our own among them, "appear to us obviously connected, mainly because we hold the Latin thread which runs through them; if that were broken, the pearls would soon roll asunder. And the mental connexion of present nations with each other, as well as with the past, would be destroyed. What would this be but a retrograde movement in civilization?*" For be it remembered, at the very instant when the dismembered nations of the Roman Empire, began to come out of their fragmentary states of barbarism, at that very moment, and by that very impulse, classical studies revived, the deep common bond of the foundation language was recurred to. Nor can I count it as anything but a sign of a return to old separations, and elementary nationalities, which must issue in barbarous and even savage individualism, when the use of this

*The Master of Trinity, Cambridge.

common bond is denied; and men with words which they never would have used, and forms which they never would have known but for the languages of Greece and Rome, pronounce them *dead!*

There is no greater error than to imagine that any age can dispense with the intellectual advancement of the ages which preceded it. Least of all can this be done in language, that most delicate and wonderful of all things on which intellectual cultivation can expend itself. Nor can we possibly estimate the importance in view of this fact, that all modern civilized nations have learned the forms and processes of general grammar from common sources, and referred them to a common standard. Let these common sources be abandoned, let this common standard be thrown aside, and what becomes of all those advantages which have resulted to the nations, from a common intellectual training, in the most delicate and deep reaching of all parts of mental cultivation?

And there is another and a higher view of this matter, which should be much insisted on. There has been a philosophy in the world, which happily is rapidly passing away, that among a vast many other crude and debased notions, held that words were mere arbitrary signs of thought, possessing no real connexion with that which they represented. Far different is that stirring and noble view of language, which recognizes the intimate and intrinsic connexion of thought and speech, which, in the words of its greatest expositor, regards speech as a thinking

outwardly projected and manifested, and considers thinking to be an inward speaking, and a never ending dialogue with one's ownself. Indeed, what powers of the mind are there, which are not developed in language? The reason working in its structure, the fancy soaring in its figures, the understanding adjusting its arrangement, surely here is wide and glorious play of intellectual strength. For so it is, to use his noble words to whom I just referred, that "the growth of languages," springing from a divine original, "and shooting forth from epoch to epoch, with all the vast riches of art, does but hold before us as it were a written monument and memorial of the thinking consciousness of our race; assuming as it were a bodily shape, and presenting itself before us, as the common memory of all mankind."* Now who can trace and tell, the ten thousand ways, in which this mighty memory, this history of the universal thinking consciousness, must be connected with the living thoughts of our own age and generation? What are those material changes and commixtures of the earth we tread on, wonderful as they are, and worthy of being reverently studied, what are these, compared with those changes, and shiftings, and commixtures of word-projected thought, in which there live not elements of being which spring up in forms of fair material beauty, but principles of life, which have issued in all those spoken thoughts, those thoughtful words, which adorn the world of man's intelligence? And if this

*Frederick Schlegel.

be so, if there be in language all this deep philosophy, this strong exercise of every mental power, this training of the reason, this working of the fancy, these movements of the understanding, how can a course of study, which proposes to itself to serve the ends of liberal culture and elevated scholarship, allot any other than the first place among the "humanities," to those two languages, which have thus far made all lettered nations one, and every scholar a sharer in the general civilization ?

This, then, I hold to be a sufficient vindication, on deep and elemental grounds, of that position which has always been given to the ancient languages, in well tried courses of liberal studies. A position which here, I trust, will never be infringed, but guarded and kept with jealous care, a venerable *depositum* inherited from illustrious sires, a safe standard and abiding point of great and lofty effort, amid present littleness, and shifting theories, the pet barbarisms of a contracted present. It may suffice here to add, the simple statement, that next in place to these, should stand the study of our mother tongue ; not only because it is our mother tongue, but also because it is the youngest and the noblest of the languages, which have grown up with the growth of modern civilization.

In this brief survey, I have not attempted at all to urge the value of the Literature, which can be reached by classical studies, and by nothing else. It is not that I would be unmindful of it. It is not that I forget, how the proudest triumph of Christian Letters was its appropriation, and subjection

to the Faith's great rulership. It is not that I do not hear the voices of the whole multitude of scholars in all time, whose mighty sound overpowers the petty cavilling of a single generation. But it is simply because I have desired to dwell upon the study of the learned languages as such, and to indicate some reasons, few indeed, but I hope solid and convincing, why, irrespective of their literature, and all its treasures, they should still occupy that high position which thus far they have sustained, in every liberal course of study.

The third division of our academical studies, is one which covers so wide a field, that it must be touched upon in even a more cursory manner, than those which have preceded it. I do not know indeed that more can or need be accomplished here, than to indicate the leading principles which must guide and govern in its subdivisions, and then to say a few words of the modes of instruction in them. History, Metaphysics, Ethics, and Politics, using the latter word in its original and proper sense, and not in its debased and improper one, these are the principal subdivisions, which cover the consideration of man in all his possible conditions and situations, as well as in his actual doings.

Beginning then here, with the actual, that is with History, if it be taught to any real purpose, it must be taught philosophically; and if it be taught philosophically, it must be taught with a constant reference to the Holy Scriptures. Without the key, which they alone afford, History is but a mass of disconnected facts, and purposeless events, the blind

chance medley which admits no explanation, and gives no deep and solemn teaching. In history also, rightly taught on the sound principles set forth by the illustrious Bossuet, and the no less illustrious Frederick Schlegel, must be found the chief, I had almost said the only antidote to some of the most pestilent and intolerant speculations of the day. For he who would meet the dreams of unbroken progress which are floating all around us, he who would contend against that optimism at once pantheistic and atheistic, which finds votaries on every side, he who would expound the true idea of real progress, and vindicate the ways of God in his dealings with our race, where can he take his stand, but amongst the mighty lessons of the past? And here, and only here, as starting from the sad commencement in human history in the fall of man, he sees the nations each with a nation's life, issuing from the troubled elements, and empire after empire, dim expressions of man's deep longings for that which God alone could give, following in rapid and awful march, till the fifth great empire, filling man's need and reforming the world, descends from heaven, and rises amid the ancient wrecks, as the earth itself sprang forth from chaos, here, I say, and only here, can he make successful issue for those mighty truths, which are linked with all our highest destinies, our noblest efforts, our holiest aspirations. Away with that low, unworthy view, which looks upon this study, as the amusement of a vacant hour, or at best the solace of learned leisure. It may be made

no more, but it is a hazardous and a wretched thing to make it so.

And the same general remark must of course apply to the three other subdivisions which have been noted. The object is not here to amuse with fine spun theories, to sharpen with dialectical niceties, or in short, to trifle in any manner or to any degree. But in a true and earnest spirit, as knowing what deep and living things are dealt with, to give in each case the sound and guiding principles, the safe and fixed stand points, which shall furnish beacon lights in the darkness of human doubts, and secure footholds in the deluge of human speculations.

Avoiding in Metaphysics the mere sensualism of the school of Locke, and the wild idealism of Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel, the extremes of utter empiricism and as utter speculation, of the denial of imagination, and its unbridled license, we are to recognize the great fact that the soul does not come into the world a blank, even in the mere matter of acquired knowledge : “ that it has been touched by a celestial hand, and when plunged into the colors which surround it, takes not its tinge by accident but by design, and comes forth covered with a glorious pattern.” That having thus entered on its earthly being, it is not by the senses alone and their experience, that knowledge is acquired ; but that the affections, the moral faculties, the imagination, the reason, the understanding, all have their place ; while some of the very highest truths he ever learns, are reached by an intuition higher

than any reasoning, or received by an exercise of a rational but an undoubting faith.

Avoiding in morals the miserable expediency of the Paleyan school, with all its lessons of time serving selfishness, and its denial of disinterested labor and heroic effort, and avoiding too their impracticable schemes, who from the Christian Revelation with its manifold motives and inducements, would turn back to the heathen idea of the abstract love of virtue, we are to teach the supremacy of well-instructed conscience, the ruling guidance of a moral sense implanted by God himself to "accuse or excuse us," in foreshadowing of his judgment. We are to teach too that it works by manifold motives, in the threefold relation which each man sustains, and cannot work by any one alone: while fear and love, and even self-love in its highest forms, are all admitted as lawful springs of action. No more here than in metaphysics, can we admit the doctrine of the *tabula rasa*, which not only denies innate ideas, but also refuses to acknowledge a moral sense. While the only true starting point for any effective scheme of ethics, must be from the great fact of the fall of man; the only effective line of statement and of teaching must be one, which recognizes the truth that natural religion is completed in the Gospel, in which the earthly things of human ethics are crowned and glorified, with the heavenly things of God's great Revelation. And yet while these divine truths are taken as the substance, the human arrangements, classifications, and skeleton work of the Greek philosophy, may advantageously

be used, in teaching the adjustment of the parts, and the allotments of the frame work.* Not that Aristotle or Plato are to be blindly followed, or parts adopted from them by a rule of individual eclecticism; but that they are to be used and chosen from, in the light of those very principles and truths, and all that knowledge, which they still may help to arrange and systematize.

Avoiding in politics,—still using the word in its abstract and proper sense,—the notion of an original compact made for convenience and safety by a horde of savages, and the idea of a divine right vested in a personal descent, we are to teach that government is just as natural and as necessary a state for man, as the family. That on the self same grounds, it is divine. That it is God's commissioned vicegerent, to execute vengeance, as well as to strive for the reformation of the offender. That it is invested with the most awful prerogatives and guarded by the most fearful sanctions. That under whatever form it may appear, it is that in which the abstract State, works and lives, claiming on every ground, our reverence and our obedience. That its universal principles and laws, are based on the eternal rules of right and truth, and are not subject to the changes and the chances of mens' shifting wills, and varying caprices. In short, by History we strive to form the man of grasp, and foresight, and wide-reaching view: by Metaphysics, the man prepared under a higher guidance to know himself in all his

* See Sewell's Christian Ethics.

complex unity, his oneness of complexity ; by Ethics, the man prepared by the same aid and guidance, to discharge his duties, to himself, his fellows and his God ; and by Politics, the man prepared to play his part as the good and the patriotic citizen, loving liberty, and hating license, and knowing that the truest independence is to be found in dignified obedience to a superior law.

And now to sum up this brief and meagre sketch let me add, that all parts of this course of human learning and liberal study, are to be taught as intimately connected with the whole of future life. It will not do to give the young man the impression, that his college life is as it were, but a parenthesis in his existence, isolated and separated, unconnected with either what precedes or follows it. Not so. It gathers up the acquirements, the powers, the faculties of earlier days, it directs and gives a tone to, these same things, as they stretch onward to maturer life. It gives the keys of knowledge, it teaches how to use them ; and if they who hold them, will not then unlock the vast and glorious treasure-house, the fault is all their own.

One word more, and I have done. In the inspired and beautiful narrative of the Redeemer's birth, we read how there came to worship at His sacred feet, two very different sets of persons, the humble shepherds of Judea, the learned philosophers of eastern lands. They then presented in a touching type, the twofold worship which in all time since, has clustered around the personal Wisdom, who was made for us not sanctification only, but knowledge

also, and who was then a lone and feeble child. That twofold worship was then, and has been since, the adoring submission of cultivated intellects, the simple homage of untaught, trusting souls. Happy he who can offer both! Happy he who gaining human knowledge, still loses not the simplicity of childlike, trusting faith! Behold in this,—and here let me especially speak to those who are ever nearest to my heart, the younger sons of our honored Mother,—behold in this, the spirit, in which all these branches of human learning that I have laid before you, are to be pursued. Let them ever bring us where they brought those wise men of the east, to the feet of Him who is the head of all things, the second person in that glorious Godhead, whose thrice Holy Name adorns and consecrates our home. And when it thus shall bring us, let our hearts still be as trusting and as humble, as those of the meek shepherds who knew not and yet believed. Unless this is so, we shall have learned to little purpose, nay, to none at all. But if it be so, then we shall have found that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. And then when wisdom thus begun on earth, shall be perfected above; when the slow processes of human science shall give place to angelic intuition; when the many languages of earth with their painfully learned combinations, shall be replaced by the one glorious speech of heaven; when the risen body, and the perfected spirit, shall need no wearisome searchings to be understood; when the progressive history of time shall have issued in the ever present

and unchanging eternity ; when moral rules and laws, shall be forgotten by the soul whose very life is untempted unthought of obedience ; when the governments and the rulerships of earth shall be lost in the unending kingdom of our God ; then shall that fear of Him which lay at the foundation of our earthly knowledge, be changed to that unutterable love, which shall crown and complete our heavenly. Our work shall then be done ; our training shall then be completed. Children here however long we live, then at last, then only, shall we be truly men.



COURSE OF STUDY
ACCORDING TO THE STATUTES OF
TRINITY COLLEGE.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

ADVENT TERM. Xenophon's Anabasis.
Livy, with writing Latin.
Algebra.
English Translations and Readings.

LENT TERM. Xenophon's Anabasis, with writing of Greek.
The Odes of Horace, with Latin Prosody and
writing Latin.
Plane Geometry.
English Translations and Readings.

TRINITY TERM. Herodotus, with writing of Greek.
The Epistles and Satires of Horace, with writing
of Latin.
Solid Geometry.
Lowth's English Grammar; English Composition,
and Declamation.

On Monday mornings throughout the year, a lesson in the Greek Testament from the Gospels.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

ADVENT TERM. Xenophon's Memorabilia.
Cicero de Senectute, de Amicitia, &c.
Trigonometry.

LENT TERM. Homer, with Greek Prosody.
Conic Sections.
Juvenal ; Terence.

TRINITY TERM. Homer ; Aristophanes.
Tacitus.
Natural Philosophy.
Elements of Rhetoric and Logic.

Writing of Greek and Latin ; English Composition ; Reading and Declamation, throughout the year. Also, on Monday mornings recitations in the Greek Testament ; Acts of the Apostles.

JUNIOR YEAR.

ADVENT TERM. French.
 Natural Philosophy.
 Tacitus continued. Thucydides.
 Lectures on Literature.

LENT TERM. Greek Tragedies.
 Rhetoric, with Lectures on Literature and on the
 English Language.
 Optics.

TRINITY TERM. Logic and Intellectual Philosophy.
 Portions of Aristotle's Ethics, and of Plato.
 Astronomy begun.

French is continued at the option of the student, throughout the year, as a voluntary study. On Monday mornings, recitations in the Greek Testament, the Epistles to the Romans and Colossians. Exercises in writing French; English Compositions; Forensic Debates and Declamations through the year; and exercises in writing Greek and Latin.

SENIOR YEAR.

ADVENT TERM. Moral Philosophy.

History ; Lectures and references.

Astronomy concluded ; Lectures on Electricity and Magnetism.

LENT TERM. Butler's Analogy.

Law of Nations and Political Science.

Lectures on Law.

Chemistry.

Lectures on History concluded.

TRINITY TERM. Schlegel's History of Literature ; with Lectures.
Meteorology.

Lectures on Galvanism.

Hebrew.

Lectures on Botany and Anatomy.

Lectures on English Literature.

French continued, with Latin or Greek as voluntary studies.
Greek Testament on Monday mornings, Epistle to the Hebrews
and Epistles of St. John. Debates ; Original Declamations ; Eng-
lish Composition ; and Exercises in writing Greek and Latin.

The Influence of Thought.

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

NEW-YORK ALPHA

OF THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

DELIVERED AT UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY,

JULY 22, 1851,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D.,

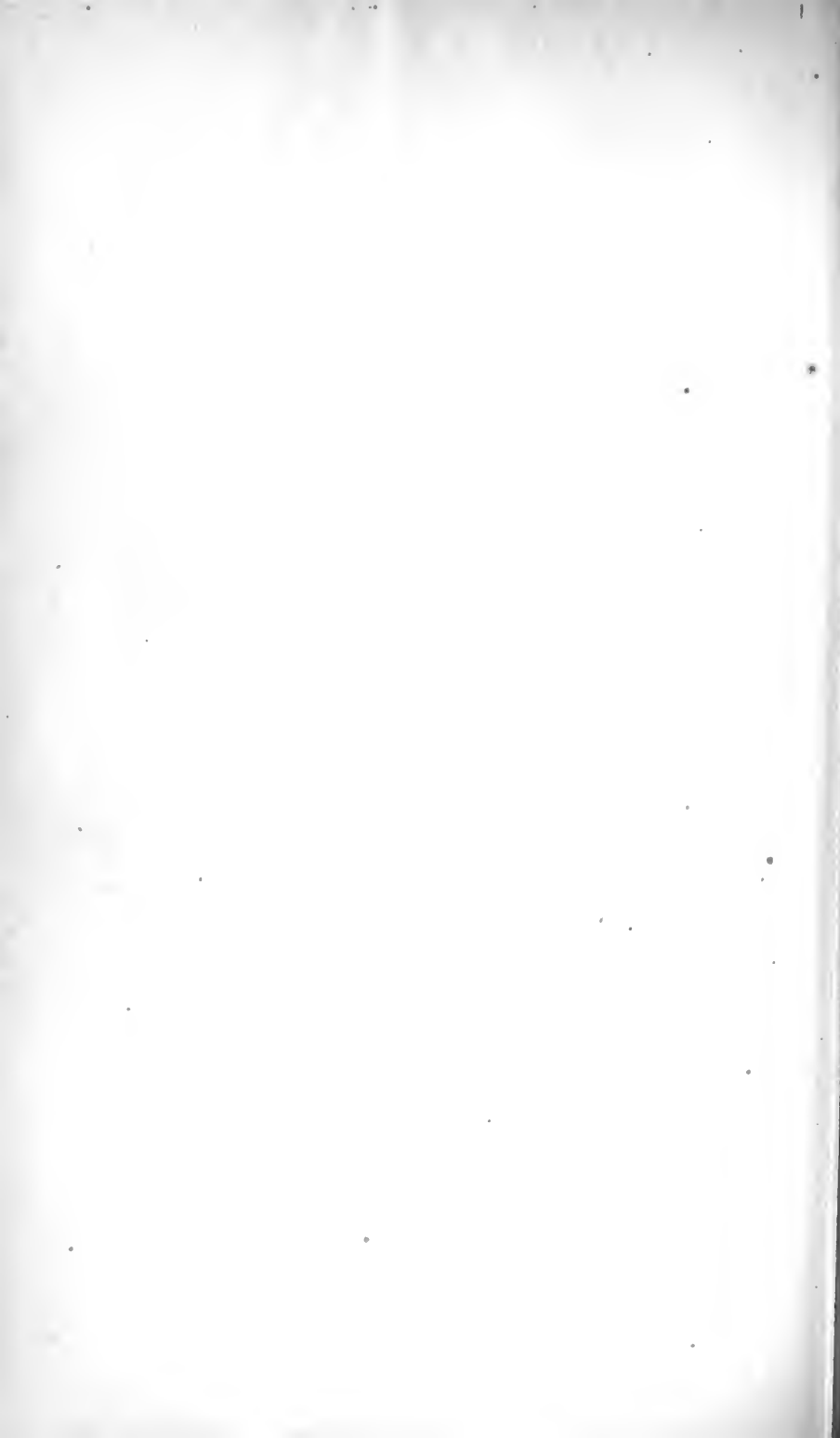
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ORATION.

THE present is one of those choice occasions, when men of study and action come together, to discuss no question of politics, to re-affirm no theological dogma, to agitate no specific reform, to encourage no metaphysical collision, but simply to cherish their common brotherhood of thought and affection. It is the calm hour of armistice, we have grounded our weapons, "our bugles sing truce": the conservative and the progressive, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the sensationalist and the idealist, have retired under the olive shade, to allow the generous instincts of the soul a brief season of enjoyment. Forces, that a while ago stood arrayed in steel, confronting each other with deadly glance, now lovingly recall the teachings of their common Alma Mater; and the fierce polemic feels almost grateful that his well-loaded petard, which he thought would produce such destruction amongst his foes, has after all proved so innocuous, and he smiles grimly to see that those, whom he then expected to annihilate, still live unharmed, unalienated, and even unconscious of his ferocious intent. Our better nature vindicates itself,

and the monarchs of the forest come forth from the tangled rushes of controversy into day-light, where they can see eye to eye, and learn lessons of forbearance and charity, before they retire to the fens again.

It is, therefore, not a time for the utterance of exclusive truths, but rather of such as are inclusive and comprehensive; not for the microscopic scrutiny of minute points, but for the use of that broad object-glass, which reflects at once the whole orb of truth. Instead of attempting to resolve nebulous specks, we would sweep the horizon, and see whither the known systems are tending. It is not an easy task that we propose, for it is more difficult to deal in generals than in particulars, unless we are content with a reiteration of bald truisms, which no one doubts, because they interest no one. We have no new facts and no new theories to present, our material is only the common property of all who know and think: the chess-men are furnished to our hand, and you are familiar with every piece on the board; but we will just watch the movements of these kings and castles, these knights and bishops, and these humbler pawns, and see what game they play.

The childhood, the adolescence, and the maturity of society are marked by three characteristics: the first by the absolute reign of power, the second by the defined rule of prerogative, and the third by the conditional control of influence.

In the beginning, the strong seize upon the weak, and by superior force compel their obedience, for

good or for evil. The ablest man becomes a tyrant, or sovereign prince, as the word originally signified ; and weaker mortals lie under him, or become his subjects. The title of king, in its old Saxon form, is in this connection peculiarly significant ; whether it means one who *kens*, or knows, or one who *can*, or is able. The sword is the primitive emblem of justice, and of whatever pertains to government. All duty and all discipline begin with simple submission ; and this submission is rendered, because it is inevitable.

The dominance of power passes over in a natural way into that of prerogative. Strength, whether of body or mind, cannot be transmitted from generation to generation ; and as the original ruler desires to preserve within his own family the results of his prowess, he must do it by investing his descendants with hereditary privileges. The first Baron is simply the most barbarous barbarian, the titles being in fact synonymous, and both, as their common root indicates, signifying strength. But, in time, the original thought of the word is lost, and it becomes the general and peculiar title of nobility ; no elevation in rank being complete without its barony. The general deference yielded to prerogative betokens an advance in civilization : and the presumption is that those who are born to rule, will receive some sort of education to fit them for their station ; while, if there were no such hereditary rulers, there would be no education whatever in any class of society. But this condition of things cannot become permanent, with-

out supposing the people at large to remain uninformed and stationary. If the idea of general progress be allowed, there must come a period when the dominion of mere prerogative will cease. And whenever by the will of society, an old dynasty is superseded and a new family called to the throne, it is a virtual proclamation that the era of *influence* has commenced.

This is the social condition towards which the world now culminates. The general distribution of intelligence renders it inevitable, not only that mankind shall be delivered from the compulsion of brute force, but also from the dominion of absolute prerogative. Thenceforth truth becomes the sovereign, ruling *jure divino*. Character rises superior to title, and society emerges into manhood.

All other forms of power are now beginning to yield before the dominion of influence. The present is rather a formative, than a final state; it is as much an age of process, as of result. It is difficult for us to become self-conscious that in respect of the grand problems of thought, this is a transitionary and not a final period. No doubt every age has supposed that it had attained that result in the great, essential truths of philosophy, upon which all the future would establish itself: each era of thought has at the time been considered final. The Greek, the Roman, the Schoolman, the Protestant Reformer, all imagined that they left nothing to be learned in the way of general principle. New facts might be discovered,

but they would all fall under the established order and arrangement. And yet we move forward in a plane which carries everything on *pari passu*, and the old era gives place to the new, either with a crash, as the frozen ocean broke up when the warm sun of the Reformation dawned, or more quietly as now. Truth is eternal, but man is not infinite; and he can discern eternal truth, only as his faculty of vision is cultured. The most primitive and important truths are as subject to this condition as any other; and perhaps somewhat more, because of their grandeur and simplicity. For it is not the simplest truths which we understand most readily and thoroughly; and it is a blessed thing that we may receive such truths in their practical uses, without understanding them. It is these which tax our intellectual faculties most rigidly; and why should it not be so, when we consider that they are the aliment upon which the soul is to feed eternally. It is no argument against the stability and simplicity of truth, to say that it is revealed to us gradually and by fragments; it is only an argument against the completeness of our faculties. The world has been learning, ever since it was created; now, I ask, is the lesson completed, is the task done, may we close our books, and go to our play? Has the last era of thought passed: in ethics and philosophy, have we nothing more to learn? So a proud age would be glad to believe: on the one hand, it is affirmed that Pope Clement, or Innocent, or Pius,

has, by Divine commission, completed the code and stamped it with the fisherman's seal: on the other, that Luther, or Calvin, or Cranmer, by Divine illumination, has reached the end of knowledge, and numbered all the degrees of doctrine. Meanwhile, both the Papal and the Protestant craft drift away from their old moorings, not by removing the anchor, but by relaxing the cable, whether, as with the former, the sails are furled, or as with the latter, all sail is set.

In looking at the present condition of society, we observe that where the light of positive revelation has never penetrated, no nation has yet passed beyond the stage of adolescence, few beyond that of infancy; and still further, in those regions, there are no existing symptoms of any natural tendencies towards improvement. There is not a solitary exception to this rule: for, wherever out of the domain of Christendom, there is any appearance of progress, it is attributable to the fact that the popular religion reflects to some extent the principles of revelation, as the purer parts of the Koran were stolen from the Bible.

In all that we now have to say, we recognize an inspired system of truth as the base of all true progress; furnishing all its elements and stimulating all its activity. He who spake as never man spake, gave to our race all the material out of which the most complete condition of society the world will ever see, is to be constructed. The fixed and abso-

lute character of Christianity is, however, not at all inconsistent with the theory of gradual, human development, marked by a succession of distinct epochs; and the indications of the times force upon us the conviction that we are now verging towards a new intellectual era, the characteristics of which will be as vital and important as were those of the Reformation.

We infer this from the condition of practical art, of theoretic science, and of abstract thought. The specific bearing of these three species of influence, we shall now endeavor to indicate.

Those who see only what lies outside of them, and care only for material results, regard the mechanical improvements of the age as the crown of its highest glory. And here, indeed, there is much to excite our admiration. The wildest dreams of magic are now reduced to practical reality. The old Genii of Arabia, if they should re-appear upon the earth, would find their occupation gone. We can build lustrous palaces of crystal, covering acres, almost in a single night. We can furnish those palaces with decorations, more varied and more valuable than were ever dreamed of in Persian fable. Swift as the wind we can carry burdens, under which the old Titans would have groaned with anguish. We can send messages through space so rapidly as to put back the flight of time. We invoke the elements, not by subtle charms, but by the compulsion of science, and they become our obedient servants.

The physical results of mechanical invention, we are at present concerned with, only as they bear upon the future intellectual and moral condition of society. It is not in the fact that they make our clothing cheaper, and food more plentiful, and journeying more expeditious, and enlarge the sphere of our sensuous enjoyments, that the main significance of these improvements consists. The gradual transferring to machinery of the labor heretofore wrought by hand, is not intended by Providence to leave the race in idle enjoyment; for then a complete civilization would be only a return to the inanity of barbarism; but it provides for the first, indispensable condition of general mental culture, which is that there shall be time for such culture. It also involves the second, important condition of the general elevation of humanity, which is a certain degree of physical comfort in order to the free operation of the mind. This last result is at present more palpable than the former, for there has never been a time in which there was a more general demand for labor than now; but, in this respect, there must come an abatement, and every new machine is one step towards it. And after the period arrives, as it certainly will, when rocks are drilled and mountains levelled, with scarcely an effort of the human hand; when the farmer will sit quietly under the shadow of the tree, while his steam-plough opens the furrow; when the only real operatives to be found in our factories will be made of wood and iron; it cannot be that man is

destined to relapse into the torpor of the brute, who finds his clothing growing on his back, and his food spontaneously springing up by his side. He will still have work to do; and it will pay him, not with meats and drinks, but with angels' food.

So of the strange and almost miraculous improvements in travelling which distinguish our age; it is not of so much consequence that we are enabled thus to promote our comfort and save time, unless the time be worth saving. But there are great, moral results dependent upon these increasing facilities for locomotion, which it requires an effort adequately to comprehend. The influences induced by the contact and fusion of different races of men, whether through emigration or conquest, have been more conspicuous and efficient than any other agencies in the past history of the world. The invigoration of tropical effeminaey by the descent of the brawny children of the north, and the refinement of Gothic barbarism by contact with the civilization of the conquered foe, is the germ of modern thought and enterprize. At the present moment, this rule holds universally: those nations which now exert the widest influence, are all the product of mixed races, while those which lie dormant and altogether unfelt in the world, are such as have kept their blood and their thoughts untainted by contact with foreign admixture. It required the original Briton, the Roman, the Saxon, and the Norman, to make the modern Englishman: what result is to be evolved in

our land, where it is evident that every European race will combine and coalesce,—what the future American is to be, will be seen hereafter. The fusion of races has heretofore been produced mainly through the stern processes of war: hereafter this result, so essential to the general welfare of humanity, will flow from science, commerce, and peaceful colonization.

Again, practical science is gradually removing certain great evils, once thought inevitable, and which were actually indispensable, to save man from greater evils. In the earlier stages of society, war was supposed to be the natural employment of the race; and, as we have already intimated, it has been one of the most prominent agents in shaping the destiny of the world. But, for all the good that it does, it demands a terrible price: in all respects, it is the most costly benefactor we could employ. It always seems, at the time, to take more than it gives; and its trumpet-blast, which perhaps may herald a resurrection, sounds like the doom of the world. In the progress of things, it becomes evil, and only evil. Humanity cries out against it; social finance cyphers out a balance against it; merchants trembling for their gains protest against it; morality on a loftier key denounces it; and then science comes forward, to make it impossible. She does this, by reducing the art of war to a simple process of calculation, so that it can be worked out on paper, instead of being fought out by brute strength. Our

restricted limits forbid us from attempting to describe the important bearings of universal peace upon the general culture of thought and the social elevation of the race.

Another result of practical science is, that it opens the way for healthy rivalries amongst the nations of the earth, thus superseding those which are unhealthy and destructive. At this hour, there is a conclave in session in the grand metropolis of the world, more indicative and influential, than any which ever met in solemn state to feed the pride of kings, or satisfy the greed of polemics. It is the œcumenical council of art: it is a great thought made tangible, and does more honor to the Prince who conceived it, than if he had subjugated by arms every nation that is there represented. It is well styled an Exposition; and it is a Prophecy too. It indicates the future, as well as interprets the present. It is the first in a great series of such expositions, in which men of all kindreds and tongues and languages will come together, not to kill each other, or anathematise each other, but each to learn of all the rest and carry home the general product. America will have her exposition; and we may all meet again in old Bagdad, whither the tribes once went up, in the days of oriental glory.

The progress of physical science, in its speculative form, has an important bearing upon the intellectual indications of the age. This species of study has been considered antagonistic to that which is æsthetic and spiritual. Men of science have been too

generally liable to the charge of indifference and even hostility to those truths which bear upon the condition of the soul; while the theologian has been ignorant and therefore careless of the facts of science. The effort which has now been commenced to harmonize the unquestionable verities of both, is one of the most profound indications of the times.

Science, when it knew but little, was proud, confident and skeptical; and often aimed her shafts against that which is most precious and vital to the simple believer. She arrayed the facts of nature against the doctrines of revelation, even against the intuitive aspirations of the soul, and dismissed Providence from the universe. Phenomena which had been attributed to the direct intervention of Supreme Power, she resolved into the workings of law; and the timid trembled for their faith, forgetting that a law is not a final cause. Had science then retreated, faith might seem to have triumphed; but it would have been a perilous victory. It is not, however, in science, which lives only by induction, or on-going, to retreat; and as she advances, the apparent antagonisms are gradually reconciled, and faith takes courage. Science, indeed, reveals many difficulties; but in time she may detect their solution. Because she begins to advance in certain directions, where it had been supposed no progress could be made, it is at first imagined that she can thus proceed without limit; but in this very onward movement she detects at last the termini, beyond which, by her own demon-

stration, no further progress can be made ; and then faith resumes the sceptre again, to reign more absolutely and intelligently than before. In the beginning, science aims a death-blow at dogmas, which she ends with vindicating against the possibility of cavil. She brings a limited array of facts to disprove great truths upon which the soul of man had for ages reposed ; and then, when she has multiplied her facts, it is found that they all combine to confirm these very truths. She discloses facts which look so much like freaks of nature, the blind play of frivolous chance, that our confidence in the method and wisdom of Providence is disturbed ; and then she finds out other facts, which reduce them all within the range of a complete and most beautiful arrangement. She shows us, for instance, that the tiny drop of water holds a multitude of living beings, glistening with gold and vermillion, all invisible to the naked eye ; that the lump of silicious clay is an aggregate of flinty shields, once the armor of a living creature, exquisitely marked with their generic devices, by which these minute organisms may be classified into their species ; and the mind which always craves to know the use of things, asks painfully, why has so much beauty and skill been lavished upon such creatures as these ? What place do they hold in the great order of nature ? We had supposed it to be a universal law, that the lesser always serve the greater : what relation has this invisible world to the visible ? Science at last detects the answer, and shows us that

the very existence of this great earth is dependant upon these its most insignificant inhabitants: that, in process of time, the globe would become resolved into attenuated air, were it not that the gaseous particles, into which the solid structure is continually dissolving, are arrested and transformed into the myriad animalculæ which swarm the sea and the dry land, returning to the earth in their decay and absorption all the substance it had lost; the very rocks becoming disintegrated and exhaled, then entering into the organisms of life, thus rescued again and restored to their original condition. From this, we learn a lesson of Divine wisdom, which strengthens our faith, and bows down the soul in reverence.

It is not only true that there is now the beginning of a reconciliation between physical and spiritual science, the induction of facts serving to verify that which previously rested either upon intuition or revelation, but we still further observe that the process of thought which science makes inevitable, also serves as a corrective and restraint to those who dwell in the more abstract region of thought and speculation. Here, again, in the beginning, there is the appearance of antagonism; the man, who deals only with facts and phenomena lying outside of him, may insist upon the application of the same laws and processes to the solution of spiritual problems. By which he measures the forces of nature and analyses her material. He calls for the same

distinct and orderly classification, for the same species of demonstration, for the same harmony of discordances, for the same sharp-lined logic, for the same fixed and unalterable conclusions. In all which he ignores the subject-matter with which he has to deal, and has only to carry out his effort, to comprehend spiritual things within the laws of matter, far enough, and he will detect his error. He will find that here his premises change with his stand-point; these higher truths of the soul varying their angles and shifting their hues, as he moves around them; that the moral qualities of these truths are so blended that no prism can resolve them into distinct and separate rays; that the laws of rigid logic break down under the effort to enclose and limit spiritual things; that the terminology of moral science is unlike that of physical science, and cannot have the same fixedness and certainty; that the same words convey different meanings to different minds; that the real thought which they represent varies according to the condition of the soul to which it is addressed; and so the highest propositions with which we have to deal cannot be illustrated by diagrams or resolved by arithmetic. Science may measure the distance of the stars and weigh them in its balance; but it has no instruments by which it can define the orbit of spiritual truth, and gauge the dimensions of bodies revolving there.

But while it is learning this lesson, which it is certain to do if its progress be not checked by its own

pride or by the fears of the believer, it also renders some service to the party with whom it seems to be in collision.

There was a time when the citadel of theology stood impregnable ; the warder on the watch-tower looked out at even-tide and saw no hostile banner, heard no sound but the low wailing of the breeze as it swept over the level moor that stretched in dreary solitude to the horizon. The old towers grew gray, and the draw-bridge rusted in its socket, and swords and shields hung upon the walls unused, and the defenders of the faith dozed quietly in shady nooks, or occasionally refreshed themselves with some harmless, domestic tournament, in which they fought with laths and defended their heads with osiers. The few rebellious spirits, who might incline to give them trouble, lay chained in subterranean dungeons, where their energies were carefully reduced by judicious diet and depletion. Meanwhile, for want of care, the ancient walls began to crumble, and the foundations grew insecure, so that at last some of the poor prisoners below saw day-light gleaming through the stones and lifted up their heads in hope. And soon the level moor, which for ages had slept so solitary, bristled with armed men : science and theology, ignorant of their real brotherhood, now stood arrayed in battle. For a time it seemed to be a desperate case with the defenders of the faith, for the old weapons which they used could poorly cope with the improved artillery of modern science. The

three-angled syllogisms, which they hurled from the walls, broke in the air and fell innocuous. The Aristotelian arrows, which they shot with vigorous arm, rebounded and wounded themselves. They found that they must have more efficient armor; and the enemy helped them to the pattern.

Science has taught theology to be somewhat less dogmatic, and more analytic: to rely less upon unauthenticated authority, and to verify its assertions more carefully: in all which it will be seen in the end to have done a sound theology no harm.

The infallible dogmas of the dark ages are in some quarters as pertinaciously affirmed as ever; but they are now defended by modes of argument which would once have conducted the orthodox disputant to the stake. The processes of thought, which science makes inevitable, compel us to admissions which are fatal to our dogmas if essentially unsound; and may oblige us to re-construct them, even if essentially true.

For there is no truth which is not affected by the prevailing laws of thought; inasmuch as nothing becomes a truth to us, except through the processes of thought. The abstract truth is a fixed and real entity, not at all dependent for its existence upon our discerning it; just as the world with all its glorious prospects exists as really in the blackest midnight as it does in the clearest noonday; but we see it according to the condition of the atmosphere.

Now in turning the age backward, it is easy enough to see how the progress of science has affected the dogmatic opinions of former ages; but it is more difficult to perceive its actual effect upon our own opinions to-day. An age is rarely self-conscious of the most vital, intellectual changes through which it is passing. We see that the shadow upon the dial-plate has moved since the morning, but we do not see it move: it moves, however, none the less certainly for all that. God made the earth to revolve, and to carry every thing with it in its revolution: He made our minds to be active, and activity supposes—no change in truth, the sun stands still—but eternal progress in the discernment of truth. “I count not myself to have apprehended,” said a great Apostle: weaker men than he, and men blessed with no special inspiration, have said, “I count myself to have apprehended,” and so they cease to use their faculties, and retire upon their capital.

We have thus imperceptibly glided into the more direct consideration of the existing conditions of abstract thought. And here we may remark, there never was a time when a real thought had such general formative power as now. In ancient days, there were men shut up in cloisters who, in their solitude, were visited by grand conceptions, and they eliminated great thoughts, which if the world had only known, they would not willingly have let die. But there was no medium of communication between these solitary cells and the world without: the

thought conceived could not be uttered, and so it was buried with its author.

Now, the thought immediately becomes a word, and that word, spoken or written, almost instantly attains a universal presence, flying faster than the wind; and if it have true vitality, it becomes re-productive every where, bearing fruit after its kind: it quickens other thoughts, and shapes their form; it modifies opinion, influences action, changes usage, and so enters into all the outward processes of social life. For a real thought is the most real of all things; it has more power than any other thing; it outlasts all other things; man is only what his thought makes him, his destiny is only what his thought makes it, and all which he does with his hands is only the giving form to what his thought created. Men of action, as they are called, sometimes look disdainfully upon those who give themselves up to mere thought; whereas thought is action, in its highest and truest form: wood and iron, properly adjusted and impelled, can do no more in the way of exterior activity than man can do by the tightest straining of his muscles: but wood and iron cannot think, and therefore they actually *do* nothing.

There are some styles of thought, now in operation, which are destined to exert a powerful and permanent influence upon the general condition of society. We have seen how the practical results of art are preparing the way for a rapid and wide diffusion of some species of influence; we have seen how

speculative science is modifying the processes of thought, not only opening new channels for its flow, but also throwing up banks along the margin of ancient currents of thought, to regulate their movement: now we come to our main question,—What is the style of thought, from which the greatest results are to be expected?

It may seem as though we were opening our answer with a very obvious truism, when we say that the thought which impresses itself upon society, must be real, and not fictitious. And yet when we consider how much is uttered, the whole merit of which consists in the collocation of well-sounding words, and the arrangement of certain stale beauties of diction, and the more or less vigorous repetition of old formulas—dried preparations, which once perhaps had pliancy and greenness—and how much is expected from this species of effort; in any case, how highly it is praised for its soundness and “tried excellence:” when we consider how large a business some great men do upon a very small capital, and that perhaps borrowed from others who could poorly afford to make the loan; when we consider how extensively words are used as the substitute for thought, and how reluctant many men are to give him a fair hearing who brings any thing to their notice which is not already familiar and patent to the whole world; it might appear as though it were the popular verdict that the last problem had been solved, the progress of real thought may now be stayed, and the mind

sink to its repose. The business of making sentences, weaving the old, common stock of thought into new patterns, may be harmless enough and in some quarters popular enough, although nothing is produced but flimsy and fantastic webs: but after all, this is not the work which the age demands of us. There are not a few, who will ask, when we come professing to instruct them, what substantial truth have you to give us? What do your words signify? Do you yourself comprehend what you say? Is what you utter that which you have found to be true in your own inward experience, or is it merely what has been told you by others, and do you state it only upon their warrant? Have you any personal right in the truths which you utter? Do you know that they mean any thing? The man who cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, may win for himself a temporary reputation, because he may be artful in the use of words; but he really dies with the sound he utters. The world take no knowledge of him, after the noise is over. He was a pleasant instrument and discoursed sweet music; but he was only an instrument. Or rather, he is a conduit, through which other men's thoughts flow; it is found out, after a while, that purer water may be had at the fountain, and then he is dispensed with and put aside as an inconvenience. This must be the fate of all who are of no real value. Poets and orators, inflated to unnatural size by the breath of other men's thoughts, must soon collapse and wither away.

They seem to fill a large space, while they live ; but when they die, a very small grave will hold them and their works, which immediately follow them, when they rest from their unserviceable labors.

It was the custom of the old New-England divines to estimate men, "according to the amount of *being* that is in them:" the phraseology well expresses what we mean by real thought,—it is the amount of being in the thought which determines its amount of influence. Every new thought at first comes to us as a stranger, and must be questioned and tested, before it can be allowed the freedom of the land, and it is very certain to be rudely treated by those who regard every new comer as an impostor ; but if the thought be a fact and not a fiction, if it have a good share of actual being, it will find entertainment and a home.

A real thought is that which is generated by some real mental process ; and by one test it may be distinguished from the mere show or shadow of thought, it quickens the mind upon which it falls, generates there other thoughts, and thus perpetuates itself in an unlimited progeny. We may admire words, which convey no such living influence, we may wonder at the art by which they are so ingeniously constructed : but they stir no new pulsation of the soul ; while, on the other hand, it is possible that the most abstract thought, clothed in the most naked language, may warm the blood like a war-trumpet. There are minds, whose touch is electric, it is an era in exist-

ence when we first come within reach of their power, they introduce us into new worlds, they clothe the heavens with brighter drapery, they give strength to our feeble knees, and brace our vacillating will, and clarify our vision, and sanctify our depraved affections, and make us better, as we become wiser men. At the breath of their words, the cords of the soul give out unwonted music, thought swells into the melody of emotion, becomes transmuted into feeling, and the whole intellectual being trembles under the enchantment. Problems, which distracted and agonized us, assume a clear and lustrous meaning: the mind enlarges its boundaries, encloses what was once foreign, harmonizes what was once discordant, grapples with difficulties which it once feared to encounter, and settles down at last immoveably upon the eternal foundations of absolute truth.

It is the men who produce these effects that are to shape the thoughts of other men and so control the destinies of the race.

We next remark, that the most influential style of thought, now current, is that which is inclusive and comprehensive, and not that which is bounded off by the rigid lines of party exclusiveness. It is indeed true, that schools and parties in philosophy, theology and every thing else, were never more numerous or belligerent than now. Nothing goes unchallenged. No absurdity so crude but some will be found to affirm it: no truth so solemn but some will be found to deny it. The collision and attrition

of different substances generates uncomfortable heat, and yet this very heat may produce a fusion of those substances. There are some phenomena attendant upon the discussions of the day, which indicate the possibility of such a result. Those primary questions which lie at the base of all intellectual differences, are more carefully scrutinized than formerly; such as, the relation of language to thought; the plastic and changing character of words; the influence of temperament upon opinion; the fact that the same truth is seen in a variety of aspects, according to the angle from which it is viewed; the impossibility of exhausting the whole meaning of any great truth by any dogmatic definitions in which we endeavor to enclose it; the necessity of adjusting our modes of argument to the subject-matter with which we have to deal; these, and such like points, cannot be candidly considered without materially affecting all systems of opinion. And, in the moment that men of different names and parties are more anxious to discover points of agreement than of difference, and are willing to substitute intelligent definition for vague and savage protest, the world may begin to hope for peace.

Now there are men who, in the spirit of a generous eclecticism, are engaged in gathering up the products of past thought and in the comparison of contending dogmas, to see if there be any ground of reconciliation. Starting with the presumption that no merely human systems are infallible, and few

entirely false, it is observed that the most discordant schools in time gravitate towards each other, in virtue of the mutual attraction of those essential truths which they hold in common.

It is observed that no merely human system has held to its moorings through any number of successive centuries; that human interpretations of divine truth change with the fluctuations of philosophy, so that even the infallibility of Rome is not the same infallibility that it was a thousand years ago, and the Calvinism of the day is not the exact Calvinism of the Reformation.

We do not mean to say that those men are most likely to leave their mark upon society, who, looking at the history of opinions in this respect, jump to the conclusion, that all systems are alike true and alike false, and so settle down upon the principle of indifference. To say that one thing is as good as another, is to say that nothing is really good for any thing. Where systems palpably contradict each other, it is evidence that there is something wrong in one, if there be any thing right in the other. That pseudo-eclecticism which devours every thing and digests nothing, gives no nourishment to the soul. A true comprehensiveness does not include absurdities and lies in the same bundle with truths, but it discriminates between truth and error every where, and rejects the lie even when it is found in the best company. It may even seem to be more rigid than any other mode of thought, as in fact it is, because

it applies its poison-test indiscriminately, and will not allow the fairest show of good to pass unquestioned. It seems to be liberal, because it gives the suspected system, arraigned for error, a fair hearing, while in this it is only just.

The current philosophy of the age is, in a measure, the result of contending systems: induction and intuition, idealism and realism, physiology and psychology, have fought their battles, and the end has been a compromise, as it must of necessity be; because, while each is vulnerable, each is also in some respects invincible. True eclecticism was not possible, until these collisions had occurred; it is not yet altogether possible, because the contest is not yet over. But the day begins to dawn, and those men will have the advantage of us, who are up early in the morning to see the day-break. It is their voice we shall hear sounding from the mountain-top, when the cry comes up from the valleys, "Watchmen, what of the night?" They wait for the light, and wait with their eyes open; and they will have much to tell the rest of the world, who slumber till the meridian.

We may next remark, more generally, that the style of thought which is to be felt, must accord with the life of the age. We have seen how science furrows out channels, in which it compels the current of speculation to flow. By mechanical contrivances, the stream may for a while be made to run in other directions; but men will soon tire of working these machines.

This, however, is not all. There is also a certain species of thought, the inevitable result of what may be called the atmospheric influences of the age, which exists almost every where in a latent form; and the man who gives embodiment to this thought, thus bringing it within the range of consciousness and observation, is he who most effectually moves us. To re-produce what has been produced before and done its work; to re-argue questions, which have been already disposed of, or proved to be incapable of solution; to revive speculations, which have no bearing upon any existing necessity; is only to re-plant a tree whose roots are dead. Here and there minds are found, born out of due time, who live entirely in the past. Their constant cry is, "learn of the past!" but they will not allow us to read the lesson through, and reduce it to any practical purpose. A strange sight is revealed in this nineteenth century. There may be seen a company of men, in antique attire, marching doggedly back into the marshes of the middle ages, to pitch their tents in that uncertain soil, which no drainage can render habitable. Manners and morals, dogmas and institutions, which belonged to the infancy of society, they would engraft upon its maturity. We are called to sit down and play with toys, and lisp our words lamely, that thus we may revive the purity and simplicity of childhood. We must believe once more in hobgoblins, to restore the supremacy of faith over reason. The world has little to apprehend from that

quarter. These self-sacrificing men throw themselves into the stream, to arrest its onward current; which meeting with this obstruction, only whirls for a moment and gurgles, and then flows on as before.

But this sad caricature must not be allowed to bring true conservatism and intelligent reverence for the past into disrepute. There is a conservative instinct which belongs to the age, as much as does the spirit of progress. It never was more needed than now; for a heavy balance wheel is indispensable, when the machine moves rapidly.

True conservatism and true progress differ mainly in this: the former looks round to see how it can invest the treasure which it inherits from the past most safely, the latter to see how that treasure may be invested most profitably. The one is content to bequeath to posterity only what it has received from antiquity; the other would transmit it to his children with usury. Now in seeking for large gains, we are always in danger of losing our capital; and the caution of conservatism is needed to make us vigilant.

There is a destructive school of reformers, who would pull down comfortable mansions, because their original plan was not perfect, and build anew, even though the family meanwhile go houseless: the conservative stands by to plead for shelter, and so that that he only allow of gradual and necessary repair, he does a good work. We have radicals at either pole; but neither represent the great, leading ten-

dencies of thought. The moderates will have the day. Obliged by their principles to balance opposites, they may seem to falter, while others rush by them; but they pause, only to gird their loins.

When, therefore, we affirm that the thoughts which are to move the world, must run in the grooves of the age, we do not give our verdict in favor either of a reckless progress, or of an effete conservatism. We only say that there are modes of thought and subjects of thought, peculiar to our own times, which must be regarded by him who would exert his powers to any great purpose. These modes and subjects are neither divorced from the past, nor shut off from the future. They direct themselves to the real necessities of living men; to the solution of moral problems which distract their minds, to the relief of physical evils which torture their bodies. The popular interest in questions that once absorbed attention, when it was supposed that the endurance of evil and blind submission to dogma was the chief end of man, is dying out, and no possible effort can revive it. The general tone of that species of literature which the mass of men read, proves that it is so. General councils to settle the forms of doctrine have ceased to meet; but we have council upon council, and decree upon decree, foolish and wise, aiming at the amelioration of humanity. At such a time as this, it is natural that we should fear lest the old foundations of truth should be removed; but it will not suffice that we more vociferously reiterate our for-

mulas, we must evolve the exact truth which these embody and show men that they cannot live without it. We must define our terms, listen patiently to objections, and waive incongruous argument. Vigorous attack must be met with vigorous defence: not with cries and wailings. The friends of truth must show themselves able foes to error; or their friendship may cost the truth more than it is worth. The law of adaptation must be regarded, if we would do the good cause any service. We must remember that the modes of warfare have changed: the old battering-ram, worked by a thousand men, was a less dangerous engine than the modern shell, which as though self-propelled, sails so quietly through the air and lays itself within the trenches. Science is the great foe to faith; faith must enlist science in her service, to repel that foe. The battle is not always to the strong, for there is a Divinity above who sometimes vindicates his own cause by super-human means: but that Divinity would have us use whatever strength we have, and not imagine that indolence is trust. The ablest logic, the profoundest learning, the keenest wit, are all now in demand; for logic and learning and wit are all arrayed against the right. Philosophy and song are both in compact with the Powers of evil; and while the latter soothes us to slumber, the former drops poison in the ear. The sappers and miners are at work; decoy-lights gleam from the towers; the wells are poisoned; swords are forged with untempered steel; the secret

watch-word is communicated to the enemy; the gates are opened clandestinely; the foe fights in ambush; all this must be considered, if we would save the citadel. Most evidently it is not a time to fight with the ghosts of the departed; we have living foes to meet, and we had better try to make ghosts of them. The thought which is to mould the times, must be adapted to the times; the language intelligible; the illustration pertinent; the end aimed at real; and the argument irrefragable.

One further consideration we have to offer: the most effective thought will be that which springs from the inspiration of holiness. It is great truth that we want, and this is not earth-born, but comes from beyond the clouds. It is the most vital and indispensable condition of such thought, that the mind be put into the true attitude for its reception. The soul must be so purged and polished, that its surface will reflect the stars. It is through inspiration, the in-breathing of holy thoughts, that the world has learned its choicest lessons. "The inspiration of the Lord giveth understanding." The thoughts that have not been in some sense inspired, have soon expired, breathed themselves into air and been scattered. Who reads the old, infidel books? The very skeptic of the day abjures them, probably because he thinks that he can write better; but he must be content in time to share their fate. John Bunyan, "the inspired tinker," is read, while Hobbes, and Shaftesbury, and Collins, and Woolston, and Tindall,

and Morgan, sleep quietly in dust ; “ashes to ashes,” has long since been said over their works. Many a brilliant effort of modern skepticism, whose scintillations charm the multitude, is doomed to as speedy an extinction. For a moment, the gorgeous coruscation lights up the horizon with its artificial fire and obliterates the stars ; but, after the short blaze is over, the old planets are found in their places, shining calmly as before. The human race have no interest in seeing those great truths, upon which their choicest hopes rest, blotted out of being : they exist for the soul, and the soul exists for them, and this affinity is not to be readily broken. The world is always conservative of those truths, except when under some temporary delirium, and the whole race never go mad altogether. Whatever doctrine or institution is essential to the welfare of mankind, will assert its right to live ; and the world will in the end be most grateful to those who have done lowliest homage to that divinely-given truth.

And now, in conclusion, we ask,—What will be the prominent characteristics of the intellectual era towards which we are tending ? Our answer must be given almost in a word.

There will be a fairer adjustment of the relations existing between form and substance, language and thought, dogma and spirit. There will be no further merging of the thing signified in the sign, nor any unwise divorce of the substance from the sign. One man will no longer stand for the form, as though it

were all : while another rejects it, as though it were nothing. It will be seen that forms are not things ; and yet that all things have form. Thus one great occasion of contest will be removed : for thus far the want of agreement as to the relation of signs to substance, has filled the earth with violence.

There will also be a clearer recognition of the mutual relations of all branches of science, and of their essential harmony. The physical world will then be regarded as a grand symbol of the spiritual. The voices of nature and of revelation will sound in unison. Every thing will then be vocal of God. "The heavens will declare His glory, and the firmament show forth His handy-work." Sense will become spiritualized : form, color, sound, the rolling landscape, the gorgeous cloud, the awful thunder, will be joined with dogma and doctrine, to inform and elevate the soul.

There will also be a gradual assimilation of all those elements, dwelling in various systems, which are essentially harmonious. Fragmentary truths will coalesce : half-truths, hemispheres of truth, will be welded together, to make one, complete sphere ; which thus rounded and balanced, will move on peacefully in its fit orbit.

Thus there will be induced an approximation towards universal agreement in essentials, and the world will behold a true developement of catholic unity. To say that this is impossible, is to declare, either that there is no such thing as fixed and abso-

lute truth, or that the mind possesses no faculties by which that truth can be authenticated, notwithstanding the fact that God has specially and authoritatively revealed it. Now, all truth is of God, and has the impress of his immutableness : the human mind is of God, and submitting to the necessary conditions, it may be made to reflect that immutable truth. It was created for the true and not for the false ; and though it is so sadly deranged by sin, that it often prefers the false, it has never lost its intellectual perception of the difference between right and wrong. God has never taken away this faculty from us ; and when the hour comes that all men are willing to use that gift honestly, the earth will rejoice. Before the race can be made to do right, they must learn to think right ; conviction precedes action.

It is the vocation of those whom I address to-day to evolve and set forward the truth. This is the high function to which you are called : may the Author of all truth give you the strength and the courage which you need in the discharge of this momentous duty.

The right and the duty of forming Independent,
Individual Opinions.

AN ADDRESS,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 30th, 1851:

BY THE HON. LEVI WOODBURY, LL. D.
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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NOTE.

It may be proper to state, that this Address was pronounced, only a few weeks previous to the death of its lamented Author; which occurred before the Manuscript was committed to the press.

ADDRESS.

THIS OCCASION is full of interest from two general considerations. One is connected with the welfare of the youthful scholar, who is about to leave these classic shades for the turmoil and responsibilities of the busy world, and the other with the character, affection and hopes of the College, anxious as his *Alma Mater*, that he shall succeed well in his new career, and reflect honor on her watchful labors to fit him for usefulness in the thorny paths of life. May neither be disappointed.

And to justify some hopes that I may prove successful in the attempt to make a few suggestions appropriate to both, allow me to dwell for a short time on a topic not unimportant to any of us. It is independence of thought. It is on the right and the duty of forming independent, individual opinions.

When young men enter on the dusty arena of business, and leave behind the recitation hall and lecture-room, where they have been taught by others more experienced and learned, a new theatre is opened to them. They are soon to be looked up to as teachers themselves in different spheres. They and those of their generation are soon to rule rather than be ruled. They will constitute the Young America of the closing half of the nineteenth century, and are destined

to lead and not follow the drowsy hum of the rest of the world. If, then, they would reflect back honor on their past instructors, they must have formed, or must forthwith form, in many respects, independent, individual opinions on most of the vital affairs in which they expect to be actors, or they will be unable to take a decided stand in exigencies, and leave their foot-prints on history, making some useful impression on the age in which they live, and contributing in some degree to its progress and glory.

Without possessing such opinions, they will often be misled in the fogs which envelope mortals, and will peradventure be lost among the quicksands of life, which they have not the pilot firmness, if they have the pilot skill, to avoid. Without possessing and exercising such opinions, they are likely also to bring discredit on themselves and the College which has educated them, rather than to enable her, feeling a just pride in her sons, to exclaim like the Roman Matron—*“these are my jewels.”* It would show that they have not learned one of the most important lessons in life—to think for themselves, to reason, to discriminate and decide for themselves. Disregarding this, education is often but scattered Sybilline leaves, or if an accumulation of knowledge, it is without system in its arrangement, or skill in its employment. It may be the acquisition of tools, but it is without instruction for their use; means, without the courage and habit to promote the desired ends; power, without the ability to wield it; and a life doomed to servility to others, and to doubts which it has not the custom or daring to remove; it can neither untie nor cut them. Instead of meeting occasionally with Gordian knots, such a person will find the highways of life strewed with them, and the unfortunate imbe-

cile will become as much disgraced in his career as he is slavish and stripped of some of the highest attributes of humanity. With no manly independence of thought, rather than being looked up to as a guide, he will be a mere cross-road post without a guide-board. He is not a whole *bona fide* man; he is but little better than an ape. His opinions are not his own, but borrowed or pirated. He wears only second-hand clothes. His influence in society and public affairs is no more than that of a weatherecock, which turns just as it is blowed upon from elsewhere. He is the victim of the perverseness of any one, bows to an *ipse dixit* instead of a reason, and swears daily to the words of some master in religion or philosophy without any due examination. Many men thus pass their lives with few or no fixed opinions of their own, and are as dependent on others as is the ivy on the wall or tree to which it clings. Uncertain opinions, too, are apt to mystify, and hence uncertain or ambiguous words are not to be scattered among the people, but what is clear, decided and independent. It is not the *ignis fatuus* or meteor which can be confided in by the tempest-tost mariner, but the firm and towering light-house. Uncertain or vague principles, likewise, if held up for obedience, might, like Caligula's laws, as well be hung so high as not to be at all readable by the masses. Again, the habit of forming independent, individual opinions, affects and improves the whole character no less than the views entertained on particular questions. Each learns thus to discriminate well, rather than yield uncalculating submission. By experience, each thus becomes more competent to judge, and will judge for himself, thus acquiring more decision of character, like the Howards and Frys, no less than the Luthers or Cæsars; like

the Robert Halls and John Knoxes, and the Ledyards, as well as the Wellingtons and Jacksons. This sometimes degenerates into rashness or cruelty, and leads to what is visionary ; but it is not designed to do these, or to encourage knighterrantry and fighting wind-mills, nor that worst of all employments, racing over Alps to conquer worlds and devastate, rather than improve or reform. In such ill-judged enterprizes, some of these energies have been developed, but at the same time wretchedly perverted, and have by this abuse, by their want of virtuous motive and useful aims, more cursed than blessed mankind. But well directed, well influenced, these independent, intelligent exertions will not despise or neglect efforts for good in the humblest spheres, on topics the least showy, if beneficial, or with associates however lowly and unanimated with worldly ambition. It is nobility of aim and not of station which inspires it, and its cardinal object is, not to rush headlong into every new and daring object, or break down existing institutions, but to improve what has been established, and act with judgment and discretion, though firmly ; not to conclude at once that all which is old is rotten or corrupt, and like Southey and Coleridge, start in a career believing almost every thing worm-eaten, mouldy, and a canker at its heart. They may feel warmly, yet act prudently. Each person of this temperament feels that he has a heart and a head, and uses them, it may be with enthusiasm at times, but still discreetly. Like Catholic Mary of England, such are likely to possess strong feelings, and have some *Culais* or other *engraved on their hearts*, as she said they would find on hers when she died. This ardent habit of mind can also alone impart confidence in one's own course and opinions, and thus beget self-posses-

sion in moral danger. Knowing that our opinions have been carefully analyzed and deliberately formed, we can dare to trust to them at the stake and amidst the tortures of the Inquisition. We have then some firm Pilots in life, and feel the confidence in them which is felt in marine pilots amidst the tempests of the ocean, or when several at the wheel and as many more at the helm in a Canadian steamer, plunge down the perilous rapids of the St. Lawrence, where a want of like judgment and simultaneous movement in the whole, as if there were a single eye and single arm, would be likely to end in the inevitable destruction of all on the cascades and whirlpools and rocks through which they dash so madly. There is another result of much weight. The habit of forming independent, individual opinions on most matters, enables the martyr spirit, under all kinds of rebuffs and persecution, never to falter or faint, *but "bear bravely up,"* and if driven to the wall, cause bigots and "tyrants to fall with every blow." It is not of the rose-water school in any thing. You know where to find such people in an emergency almost as well as you know in mathematics that two and two make four, because they act firmly under a fixed and certain set of principles. You know when to rely on them for the good and useful, and also when you cannot rely on them for the trifling, the frivolous, or the false. Friends in need in private life and in public, the anchors of safety and hope, they may perish in a cause, undermined by the artifices of demagogues or cloven down by brutal power, yet they will never betray it, never falter, never despair. Men of this class are the persons who leave their marks on the age in which they live, whether in religion or jurisprudence, politics or literature. They cast a bright light over a shadowy earth, rather than

become the mere shadows of others. Such make reforms, and do not leave every thing bound in cast iron, as they find it, or like the stiffened, fresh-looking corpses after a generation frozen in Arctic ice, or like the relics in the *lava* which ran over Pompeii, preserving for many centuries even household furniture as unaltered as the pyramids. Such, too, draw out the whole powers of nature in every thing around, and hasten onward every great and glorious work, daily imparting new energies and daily striking out new lights. By this independent course alone, Progress or improvement is attainable, which seems a beneficent design of Providence. For mere vital succession, in man or any thing else, would be in many respects philosophically unmeaning and apparently useless; and, of necessity, for any thing to be stationary or retrograde in existence would reflect on the infinite wisdom which formed it; for then, all this lower creation would move in a circle rather than onward or upward, and we should see our path bordered with sepulchres and the ashes of past generations. It requires no more proof that it is the duty of all to form opinions and exercise them in an independent manner, when the opposite course is so derogatory, and when each man is accountable for the due exercise of all his talents, and is not permitted therefore to lay aside these talents in a napkin, nor to pervert them by crime, nor smother them by the weeds of neglect.

A word or two on one other consideration, which, on this subject, appeals to the heart as well as head of young scholars just launching on the ocean of practical life. They are watched over by angel guards. Grateful returns are due to these, rather than servility to a censorious world that dogs

their footsteps with envy and backbiting. Strive then not to defeat the just expectations of teachers here, and much more of the beloved at the family fireside and altar, who have watched over your youthful education, and offered so many prayers and tears for your success. That pale mother yonder, who has cheered you onward; that anxious father, who has endured so many privations for your assistance; that sister with hectic cheek; that fond brother, so full of confidence and sympathy; all will otherwise be doomed to disappointment and anguish, and you will prove not only ungrateful to them, but unfaithful to the cause of literature, and your more elevated and hope-inspiring position in society.

Without dwelling longer on the reasons why independent, individual opinion exercises so decided an influence both on private and public character, and becomes so imperative a right and duty for us all, I trust you will excuse me for occupying your attention a short time longer in considering some of the affairs of life which demand it most peculiarly. The duty of independence of opinion in matters of literature, and especially of criticism, perhaps deserves the first attention in such a place, and before such an audience. Without it no just discrimination can exist as to the preference of one branch of study over another, or of the true ground on which it ought to rest. Belles Lettres, or Science, or Philosophy, may rule the hour with a sort of ephemeral power, and be followed together, or successively, as whim or chance shall dictate, but not with profit or distinction, unless private judgment is sternly exercised in relation to them. And the selection of one author in any department over another can never, without this, be made with advantage, and no inde-

pendent opinion, no severe sentence on incapacity or ignorance, no feeling of condemnation if the guilty are allowed to escape, no firmness or trust in one's convictions, no discretion to guide others or be useful to one's self can often exist. These qualities, duly exercised, will enable real merit to occupy its elevated and deserved niche in the temple of fame, while the dunces shall sink to theirs, and not, cuckoo-like, as fabled, live by hatching the eggs of other birds. This course alone can prevent the triumph of mere adventitious circumstances over true genius, wealth over merit, or rank over humility, troops of friends over the friendless, influence and position in social life over him whose fate is bound to "some cold patron or a jail." So without such private judgment, well cultivated and persisted in, no metaphysical truth can be successfully explored; no Lockes formed to give to the understanding its due vigor; no Sydneys and Russells trained to vindicate with pen, as well as tongue and life, political rights; no Galileo to insist that the world moves, and, though consigned to a dungeon for this, to insist that *it still moves*; and in truth no Copernicus to develop the true revolutions of the solar system amidst superstition, incredulity and popular prejudice dogging him to his tomb. In this way alone can most errors be made to tremble like Belshazzar and his wassail nobles when seeing the blazing handwriting on the wall. Thus can the idols of false philosophy, as well as false religion and false government, be overturned, and the unnatural images of a bad taste in literature be torn from their dusty picture frames. What but such a habit can probe the character in literature of every nation, and at every stage in its progress? and boldly teach us what should be imitated and what shunned? and embolden us to read,

with an almost supernatural tongue, the soul of a people in their fine arts, and especially in their painting and poetry? We can thus see with almost apocalyptic eye, most of the mysteries of races, climates, "skyey influences," and religions, if their literary tastes gush out with the ardor and boldness of independent, individual feeling. Without resolute independence of thought on literature, where would have been the Bentleys, and Johnsons, and Scaligers, and Neibuhrs, and Jeffries? Where sound taste, instead of Della Cruscan frippery? Where honest censure, in place of adulation and sycophancy? Without these, too, in the individuals who read and decide on literary merit, what is public opinion worth on literary men or literary works? A thousand echoes of one servile friend are still nothing but echoes. A thousand nothings added together make no more in weight than one nothing. And when the whole commonwealth of letters, or a majority of it, is made up of imitations, Daguerreotype copies, indiscriminate censure or applause, its decrees should possess little influence; and sound literature and sound scholarship are likely often to suffer for it whole generations. The right to individual opinion must also exist in the great Republic of letters, or literary society is made to degenerate into a despotism, and the standard of merit is degraded, and the just influence of the educated portions of the community is lessened. In matters of criticism and scholarship, also, mankind are too apt in modern times to give disproportionate weight to what is merely ancient, following in confiding credulity many things merely because they have existed, and not because, after independent scrutiny, they are found to be best. But such a scrutiny may satisfy us that many things now supposed to be wrong in

literature or science are right, and some now deemed right are really wrong. The more modern opinions are, however, the more likely to be right, as they are formed in the manhood of the world, rather than in its cradle or inexperienced infancy. They are formed, too, after a fuller discussion through many ages, and after the superiority of many of their views has been tested in a thousand battle-fields of the master minds in successive ages. Again, to judge what is right in literature, by the exercise of individual opinion, it is not enough to garner up the past, to amass facts, but we must think on them, think fearlessly; we must use them as helps to something higher, stepping-stones to what may advance the hopes of humanity in escaping more and more from the dominion of error. Independent scrutiny may, in this way, emancipate us from many slavish opinions as to the intelligence of certain ages, and schools of philosophy, and distinguished luminaries in the history of the world: and while some are found to be types and exponents of their times, a few, like Socrates and Bacon, are in advance of them, and, unfortunately, others are as much behind their times as some of the drones in the cloisters of St. Omer's. On the same theory, the duty of private judgment in all things will teach us to discriminate in the same individual: and if we think with Lord Coke on law, not to agree with him or his age as to witchcraft or intolerance; or, thinking with Lord Bacon in philosophy, or Sir Matthew Hale in religion, not to coincide with them or their generations in other things which seem manifestly erroneous and superstitious.

In the next place, a word or two on independence of thought in matters of government. Its exercise there is

vital to the preservation of Public Liberty. In a country so free and self-governed as ours, it must be the right and duty, no less than glory of all, to form their own opinions on most matters of political importance, and it is indispensable to the continuance of our Republican system. But, as a general principle, without reference to forms of government, the obligation to think with independence, and, where not tied up by prior obligations, to act with independence in government, as in literature, is paramount. It is manifest that, otherwise, the widest door is flung open to despotism; and the great cement of the social system will cease to be a common bond of union; while no uniform guide in principle can exist for preserving law and liberty and order. This is the true general principle, but error often results from not noticing established exceptions. Man, till capable, by years of discretion and knowledge, to judge for himself in matters of government, may well acquiesce in what he finds established in the family or the State. The rashness, inexperience, and enthusiasm of youth, however mingled with many excellencies, have been found, the world over and in all time, to justify making it an era in life for learning and discipline, rather than judging. But afterwards, become mature, it possesses the right, and it is rendered a duty, to think and even act for itself, independently, when not within the territory and institutions of others, and when not restrained by previous obligations. The patriarchal authority can not reasonably govern longer; and it belongs to manhood not only to form independent opinions for itself, but, if imperfectly educated, to acquire more knowledge, and exercise it wisely in correcting them. The right of a man, as a man, bearing God's image on earth, to think and act freely for himself,

when not under prior obligations, is as clear, as a general principle, as it is to see or hear for himself, or eat for himself. By no moral or political claim, independent of contract, or naked power, can government interfere with my sentiments while unexpressed, or not used so as to endanger or injure others. It might better select the fashion of my coat, or the female I must wed for weal or woe. And society possesses no more right to persecute me for this in the "more moderate forms" of social ostracism, political outlawry, or Popish bulls, than with the Bastile, or the Inquisition. Hence it is notorious, that in *this Republic, opinions*, both in law and in point of fact, have, as a general position, a right to be free as air; and that freedom of speech or fair discussion is also guaranteed to all by the Constitution itself. But on this are some very salutary limitations, often disregarded, though sacred as the rights themselves. They are such as regard to the decorum of not being blasphemous, as respect to the privileges of others so as not to slander or libel them, and as conformity to the public peace by not disturbing it with exhortations to violence and crime. But some insist that still further limitations are necessary. They set up some divine control as to government, some right divine to rule or think for others. But acquiescing in this as much and no more, as to own the hand of Deity in every thing, where is the revelation for government communicated? We have no Institutes of Menu, like the Hindoos, for directions in civil as well as religious matters; no particular political code supposed to be written by the finger of God himself, the Mosaic one as to Government not being deemed binding on us, and agreed to be followed by our Puritan Fathers only till they could devise "something better." Who,

in the next place, is authorized to regulate this subject in the absence of divine interposition? And, though it is urged that the doctrine that all may and should investigate is too dangerous in its consequences to be adopted, yet who is empowered to exclude or admit any one class, or one profession? And who is to fix the exact standard of knowledge or ignorance which shall qualify or disfranchise? Grant some may err, as many do when the will is free; but this is incident to humanity, and every one is as much bound to investigate, so as not to err if possible, as he is bound to investigate at all; and he will often form an opinion in exigencies that he must and should in many respects trust to others better qualified than himself. But he can not do this thoughtlessly, or without examining and seeing it to be right, as an independent and just conclusion in the crisis which is upon him. The danger of committing many errors by the exercise of independence of thought, is frequently magnified. It is comparatively small, where the degree of intelligence and morals exist which are proper in all society; where the choice is for one's self and those most near and dear to him; where they are to bear its evils as well as reap its benefits; and where government, once established, is to be obeyed explicitly till altered. Without such obedience, government would prove a mockery. And how can any right of independent thinking, excuse one from acting as he has deliberately engaged? How can conscientious scruples or any supposed higher law interpose and absolve afterwards? The time to start these is when the engagements to obey are made in the fundamental compacts, or, in adopting them. These compacts to obey majorities should not be made without first consulting conscience, or some higher law, to see

that obedience is right and ought to be exacted to the extent promised; or if made in haste or by inadvertence, and some of the parties feel unwilling to enforce them longer—though it is a truism that some natural rights are renounced in government—then it is manifestly their duty to withdraw, if the majority assents, and form new compacts of Government elsewhere, accompanied by kindred associates; to go out like the ten tribes of Israel, or Madoc of Wales, rather than remain and repudiate their own engagements to obey, or resist by force what has peacefully been stipulated and should be peacefully performed. These allusions to conscience are not that, in my view, it is to be slighted, or, as Sir Pertinax McSycophant said, “is not a Parliamentary word,” but that it is to be informed well, timed well, and applied well. The limitations on rights, and particularly those which have been imposed by ourselves, are to be scrupulously observed, or we also violate, often, our own conscientious obligations to God, no less than to Government and Society. Obedience to these obligations is the duty of performing one’s contracts, the duty of fidelity to our oaths, the duty of truth, living, active truth, as well as truth theoretically. Those are in reality possessed of liberty, whom the *truth thus makes free, and all are slaves beside*. I say nothing here of the great right of private opinion to attempt a revolution in some oppressive exigencies, as when political privileges have been grossly violated in some great essentials, and no other remedy exists; but I speak of the rights and duties of subjects in the ordinary administration of the laws, and in governments which the citizens themselves have made or adopted, and can peacefully change at the ballot boxes. Without some such fixed rules in government, not amenable

to violence, nor to be nullified by independent opinion short of a majority, miserable anarchy will control every thing, and the community would be in a condition little short of piracy.

But the right of independent opinion in forming political compacts is still more dear and vital, when we look to the influence of this individual opinion on PUBLIC OPINION, that supposed mistress of the world. What is public opinion composed of but private opinions? What is the voice of any whole people in any one government or community, but the aggregate or balance of the voices of each collected, like the result of a vote in an election made up from the separate ballots of each citizen? Hence, if the private opinions are in many respects not independent, or wrong, so must be public opinion. The mountain will consist most of clay or silex, as the particles of each may predominate. Is this public opinion, then, sometimes wrong, and if so, is it to be obeyed politically? And how can it, when erroneous, be corrected better as to government, than by informing and improving individual opinions? I am one of those who think that public opinion on many topics, as well as government, has been often wrong. Thus though public opinion required Socrates to be persecuted and to drink the hemlock; though public opinion nailed our SAVIOUR to the Cross; though public opinion burned Rogers and Crammer at the stake; though public opinion has hung myriads for witchcraft; though public opinion may once have been that the blood did not circulate, that the earth was flat, and water and air had no one common ingredient, that the power which moved a smoke-jack could not move tons across mountains and oceans, or the lightning be used to convey intelligence

almost instantaneously over continents, yet it was manifestly erroneous then, however powerful. Indeed, what is the revolution in religion, government, literature and fashion, which characterizes every age, but a proof that public opinion before was wrong, or is then wrong. And if we do not concede it was in most cases before wrong, we admit that little or no progress is made in the world for the better, and that the human race, in its powers and hopes, instead of travelling upward, is moving backward, or at the best only in a circle. In short that the voice of the people was the voice of God, unless in its strength, when saints and martyrs have been sacrificed; when statesmen and patriots the most pure have fallen on the scaffold or under the ferocious guillotine; when philosophers and philanthropists and heroes have been driven into exile or dungeons; and when it sanctions, as now in Oriental and African despotisms, such superstitions and tyranny as prevail, most who now exercise an independent and enlightened individual opinion must disbelieve. The voice of the people—*vox populi*—is not, then, always right in a moral or philosophical view. It may not be *vox Dei*, except in political power, in having a claim for the time being to obedience in Government. This last it has. It is our duty, then, to bow to the supremacy of public opinion in laws, till changed or corrected by reason, information, experience. The bayonet, or disobedience, is not the true mode generally for reforming these errors in public opinion, *but reason left free to combat* them; private opinions being made more enlightened, moral, and pervading, and when thus improved, swelling into a majority. It is thus manifest as to public opinion, that for the time being, what it establishes in government and legislation within the

Constitution, must be obeyed in ordinary cases. It is the majority of individual opinions which will thus rule; which should give color and character to public opinion; and which, as right or wrong, independent or servile, make a heaven or hell of much on earth.

Our forefathers, in the exercise of private judgment in their fatherland, differed on great principles of faith as well as government, from the majority; but still obeying the latter till they withdrew, or suffering the penalty, they quietly sought greater indulgence in their own particular views in a wilderness. They persevered for ages in their private opinions on all which is important to the individual, or society, till in the end public opinion grew stronger and better, and till were thus wrought out the great monuments of them that stand and point to heaven every where before and around us. They were not infallible. In some respects they seem at first to have emulated the errors of their persecutors. But whatever other motives or causes may have mingled and aided, this independent course of action predominated, and impelled the whole; and the result is that there the great deed stands—an empire won—a Republic established, beyond, in some respects, all Greek or Roman example. Not merely a new world discovered of earth, trees, beasts of prey, savages, such as broke on the gaze of Columbus, but a new world of principles, a form of religion if not in some respects new, yet now established and secured by new guards of toleration and freedom of conscience, and a new arena for popular rights and public liberty, opened to the whole of mankind. Not for lawless violence, not for crime and anarchy, but here, thank God, the public opinion that has been durably followed, and can long safely be relied on,

has been authorized or derived from the individual, independent opinions of the great and good of all ages; the individual opinions which have stood the test and scrutiny of time, and the *second, sober thoughts* of the intelligent and honest among us, rather than the mere impulses of passions or fanaticism, and the miserable forthcomings of lying oracles, or Rochester knockings.

But the most prominent subject on which independent, individual opinion should be exercised, is religion. The topic is a most delicate one. But in my view, in relation to notions on it, so interwoven, and so momentous in life as in death, it is as much a duty, as a general rule, to form them independently, as it is to follow them with firmness. Whether through evil or good report, in the quiet valley or busy mart of commerce, at the stake, the hearth, or the altar, religion being an affair between the individual and his God, woe to the man who uses force, or mere authority, or corruption, to divert an accountable being from due exertions to investigate for himself, and select with independence, the creed which his conscience and judgment, after full inquiry, shall decide to be right. Amid a chaos of opinions, truth must exist in some of them, and if existing, should be followed. For how can man be punished hereafter for not believing and pursuing the truth, if truth does not exist, or he is not capable and bound, by proper exertions of an independent mind, to discover and follow it? He is not obliged to take a leap in the dark for eternity; to form an individual opinion by mere caprice, or usage, or even by a conscience unenlightened and unaided by reason or education. But he is bound to test all things, and hold fast to that which is right. With such guides as education and good morals,

which, as before observed, should exist in all societies, and connected with all religions and governments, this independent, individual opinion is less likely to end in error than truth, and need not inspire apprehensions or doubts concerning its results. Yet some danger attends it. Individual opinion, when independent, it is admitted, is more likely to be unbelieving and rebellious, than when governed by others. But this is one of the evils, which, like inundations or tornadoes in the physical world, are incident to the possession of the beneficent elements of water and air. Nor can any untoward incident which may arise from it, be so evil in the world, as the despotism, bigotry, iron oppression, and wretched slavery that would result from opposite doctrines. But even the occasional mischiefs from the indulgence by all in such free and independent judgment, are often over-estimated. The evil is chiefly confined to inexperience and ignorance, and, as they are removed, ceases. Each individual feels, also, a greater interest in having a good religion, when it is chosen by himself, and known to be his own for time, if not eternity. He has, too, for a guide always, the promptings of that divinity within, which enables him to distinguish generally the right from the wrong when brought in contrast. Puffendorf says, "there is a natural rectitude in man's understanding, a power to discriminate what is best from the worst, which will aid him in emergencies." Hence each is likely to form a wiser selection, if making bold and honest efforts, and especially when aided, as before suggested, and as all should be, by suitable education and good morals. Each is also inclined to love the beauty and usefulness of the good, rather than the deformity of evil, and soon acquires many rules of action from experience; and as he

will hardly prefer long a right hand glove for the left hand, or bitter poisons to rich and luscious fruits, so he will ere long prefer a living, fruitful faith to sophistry or dead works.

But there are some exceptions to these general views in favor of independence in choosing a religion. When all personal exertions fail to attain satisfactory results, and doubt overshadows the truth, then judgment may well think it safer to yield in some things to authority, where the latter is better informed. Particularly, then, may the immature mind yield to parental control and influence. But beyond this, then, may the individual, cramped in time and opportunity, properly confide more in others who possess longer experience and deeper research on this particular subject. Hence, in such an emergency, the theologian might and will have, as he generally deserves, more respect to his views on what was or was not revelation, than the blacksmith, or as the surgeon might better be trusted to amputate a limb, than the lawyer. However my reason approves of independent, individual opinions, and a course of life to form and act them out on all important subjects, yet far from me be the thought not to yield due reverence to the good and great in all ages, and to their deliberate opinions. Nobly they toiled for it—richly they deserve it—freely shall they receive it. But while for these reasons, and on some subjects, and in some periods of life, and in some peculiar exigencies heretofore alluded to, I would, in cases of much doubt, adopt their views, as least likely to mislead on matters which they had devoted their lives to understand, yet even then, the individual is responsible for trying himself to decide correctly, under all the lights which can be obtained; and then it is his duty to investigate, and not act blindfolded. Then he

must independently adopt the views of others as far as he goes in that direction, and then such views become his own, not by dictation or force, but the fullest examination which he is able to make with his limited faculties and straitened means.

When matured in years, and when full responsibility is exacted from man as to opinions and conduct in all secular concerns, why should he not be held accountable, both here and hereafter, for faithfully forming a correct private judgment in religion, so far as he is able? If he is not free then to choose, Deity would be treated as the author of his errors; and far would it be from an All-Wise Providence to make him free to choose, and at the same time, not bound and able of himself to choose correctly. Man has duties in this no less momentous than his rights, and he is not to take his religion dependently and quietly from a majority, or from mere political or ecclesiastical dictation. Had this been done by our ancestors, we should still be heathens, and worshipping idols as degradingly as they are worshipped now in much of Asia, or were on the banks of the Thames and Isis when the venerable Bede, in his history of England, began its simple annals of the first conversions from Paganism; or we should be indulging in principles of heathen faith existing among some of the Aborigines here, whom our learned inquirer into the mythology of the Indians and their religious opinions—Schoolcraft—considers as regarding the Great Spirit not to be a judge of their evil deeds, nor rewarding the good hereafter for a noble career in life; and that they worship a spirit of evil no less than one of good, and indulge in all the vagaries of demonology. Well, therefore, might a higher intelligence and civilization be

anxious to lay the foundations of a more elevated system of faith everywhere, by encouraging an independent inquiry into what was best and truest. In deciding on a topic so vital, no matter where our lot is cast, from the balmy groves of the South to the icy drifts of the North; in poverty or affluence; high in rank or lowly, the same duty is required. And, with the exceptions before named, we may well be rebels against any assumed authority to control us there by creeds, or councils, or bulls of denunciation, or dungeons, or death. Hence, bold inquiry, and the defiance of reason to error, has made a Luther, a Calvin, a Chalmers, and a Socrates in every age. Still some of them may have gone too far. Calvin may have burned Servetus; yet he has made Geneva immortal. Socrates was convicted by the Athenians for introducing "new divinities of his own," and this on the same spot where St. Paul, four hundred years after, was accused as "a setter forth of strange Gods." But there is some limitation even in this. Let the individual mind, after full search and consideration, conclude that there is a revealed will, delivered by God to man, whether on tables of stone, or through Prophets and Evangelists, or amidst the thunders of Sinai, then independent research halts. And then the duty of obedience, rather than further examination, begins. Then neither reason nor faith seem to require the exercise of reasoning further, except to put a fair construction on the records and doctrines which are revealed. Then faith lifts her telescopic eye to heaven, and confides in the purity and truth of all which Deity has proclaimed as our guide, however incomprehensible parts of it may be to our imperfect faculties. Then are room and the right to trust in others by faith, and in all its marvels

and brightened hopes. A mightier than man then speaks. Such an one points the way. A superhuman power justly claims authority to regulate the mortal. Faith takes reason by the hand and leads her heavenward, when her own purblind vision falters; and the believer, like honest Bunyan, thus makes a safe progress in his pilgrimage through the most thorny paths of this rugged life. No temple of reason is then to be raised in hostility, and no Goddess of Reason should shake our confidence in what comes from lips clearly inspired. Subordinate, but nearly allied, is the revealed will of God in our natures, and in all beneath, around, and above us, speaking *sermons in stones, tongues in trees*, and instruction in every thing. When lessons come from Him, or His wonderful works, whether plants, or shells, or the wayside flower, the mammoth or insect, the thunder gust or the zephyr, it becomes us to receive them with reverence, and obedience to all they so strongly teach. We may do this without a surrender of due independence. They are "echoes from the world of matter." Indeed, they are "elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand, scripture authentic, uncorrupt by man." We can take heed to their lessons consistently with Christian faith, looking to their marvellous formations and character; and to do it effectually, we need not, as whole nations have done, make deities of many plants, or animals, and people the very air and water and earth with spiritual myriads, and convert even the sun into a God, with daily eye watching over and controlling all.

Without entering farther on this occasion upon the duty of an independent private judgment in religious matters, it is obvious that such duty is correlative to the *right* to private judgment on them. It is this right that our fathers-

became exiles to maintain ; a right whose security, in some parts of Europe, it has cost oceans of tears to support, and a right, being the true essence of liberty of conscience, that is worthy the blood which has been poured out in its defence, and the sacrifices and toils of martyrs to uphold it. Of what use, too, would be all this idolized liberty of conscience, if we were not bound to exercise it, and from all creeds carefully to select what seems the best, taking care, as before suggested, not to question what has manifestly been revealed to man by God himself? Because, from the very nature of such a case, the revealed will of our Omnipotent and Omniscient Judge must control all our own views, being so much higher and wiser and holier. But where revelation does not exist, or restrain, however daring and dangerous it may seem to some, all must exercise independence of inquiry, and if not thus harmonizing in the end, all may still agree in great essentials ; such as faith in the Bible as revealed, faith in Christianity, faith in a resurrection and eternity. What is Protestantism itself but a claim to this right of private judgment and action on such subjects? What, indeed, have been its religious wars for centuries of carnage, but to protest against penalties and force in matters of religion, and maintain and secure this sacred right when invaded by persecution?

In conclusion, it will be seen that we consider this duty of private judgment, as intimated in the early part of our Address, to extend more or less to every thing, and as exercised, and exercised well or ill, to cast a healthy or sickly hue over all the character and all the affairs of life. Independence of thought gives a different hue to life. It is, in short, felt in manners as in morals ; in habits as in opinions ;

in public as in private life; at the fire-side as at the altar; and without it life is usually a milk and water career, with as little of usefulness as of honor. Our little bark may move its little round, but it will never cross oceans to improve the world. We have eyes, but use those of others; ears, but listen with the ears of our neighbors—taste with their palates, talk with their tongues, feel with their nerves.

To come out from this dull routine, we must break down supine acquiescence in every thing around us, without examination by and for one's self. The eccentricities of mind and opinion, and the wildness of untrammelled discussion, which burst forth in the world where all is free in opinion, are sometimes provoking, and often discourage hopes of future improvement. But looked at philosophically, and through a series of ages, they are the sources of much improvement; they strike out new lights in the arts, and in legislation and government, and are frequently the CHIEF INDICATIONS THAT THE WORLD MOVES.

AN
HISTORICAL ADDRESS,
PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE
HOUSE OF CONVOCATION
OF
TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 30th, 1851:

ON OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF THAT INSTITUTION.

BY THE REV. E. E. BEARDSLEY, M. A.,
RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW-HAVEN.

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ADDRESS.

WE have come up hither to celebrate the twenty-fifth annual Commencement of TRINITY COLLEGE. That some additional importance might be given to this festival by the gathering together of facts connected with its origin, and that new zeal might thereby be awakened for the advancement of the best interests of the Institution, the duty was imposed upon me at the last annual meeting of the House of Convocation, to prepare a brief historical Address. In the accomplishment of the honorable duty thus assigned me, (which I consented to attempt at the latest moment,) I have found myself laboring under a double disadvantage.

TRINITY COLLEGE has no antiquity. It wants the charm of venerable associations. The ivy has not been creeping so long upon its walls as to give them the complexion of age, nor have the steps which conduct to its entrances been worn by the feet of successive generations of scholars. There are no extraordinary statutes preserved in its archives to mark the usages of a less enlightened period—no obsolete systems of College discipline and College manners—contrasting ludicrously with the gentler regulations and freer etiquette of the times in which we live. There are no treasures “laid up in old historic rolls,” to be opened as the necessity requires;

no traditions and anecdotes, from the fund of which one may draw material to relieve the dullness of his Discourse, and give emphasis and variety to the facts which he presents.

Intimately connected with this disadvantage, is another. The immediate agents in procuring the charter of Trinity College, and they who have contributed most largely to make up its history are still living, and it is not a little perilous to speak of their exertions and character with that freedom and fullness which the occasion seems to demand. We undertake a nice and delicate business, if we attempt the narration of events associated with men who are yet upon the stage of being. For the most part, it is believed to be soon enough to scrutinize narrowly the policy of the presiding officers of Academic institutions, when time has mellowed our prejudices and experience corrected our mistakes;—soon enough to write critically the history of scholars, when they have closed their labors and gone to their rest and reward. But embarrassing as these disadvantages have been, we are not without hope, that the Address which we have prepared will possess in your eyes an interest and a value. Though we have had both authentic records and the testimonies of the living to draw from, it has cost us more care to ensure accuracy than was at first anticipated.

I have said that Trinity College lacks the charm of venerable associations—but there is a link in its history, reaching back more than half a century. For efforts which looked towards the establishment of a second College in Connecticut, were put forth full *thirty* years before they were crowned with success. This second College was the conception of men who were not unmindful of the prejudices of early education. They imagined that they saw the danger of

training their sons in Academic halls where religious tests were exacted of the officers of instruction, or where these officers owed allegiance to a faith in many important respects different from their own. When Dean Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, returned to his native land, having failed in the object for which he came to this western world, his example, and the gift of his books and of his lands in Rhode-Island to Yale College were not lost to the cause of sound learning and Christian education. His correspondence with Dr. Johnson, of Stratford, shows him to have been a man of large and liberal views. In a letter addressed to that learned Divine and noble champion of the Church, dated July 25th, 1751—just a century ago—he says, “I am glad to find by Mr. Clap’s letter and the specimens of literature enclosed in his packet, that learning continues to make a progress in Yale College, and hope that virtue and Christian charity may keep pace with it.” Whether *Christian charity* did keep pace with it, we will leave you to determine by the citation of a few facts bearing upon the history of that period. Nearly all the clergy of the Episcopal Church who manifested a very decided friendliness to the welfare of the Institution at New Haven, graduated before its first Jubilee. About the time of the erection of King’s (now Columbia) College, in the city of New York, with Dr. Johnson at its head, there seems to have been a change working in the minds of Churehmen. Was this change the result of legislation, or was it accidental? President Woolsey, in the Historical Discourse which he delivered before the Alumni of Yale College at the last annual Commencement, speaking of President Clap’s administration, says: “the most characteristic measure of this period was the appointment of a Pro-

fessor of Theology, and the establishment of a separate religious society and church in the College." And again, alluding to the act of the Trustees imposing a test upon the officers of instruction—"the aim of which was to maintain in their soundness the faith and church theory of the Puritans"; he adds—"I can find no evidence from the College records that this test was applied for a number of years; but am not disposed to think that it became obsolete. However this was, in 1753, when the project for establishing a professor of Divinity was on foot, a new resolution of the Fellows required that members of their own body, with the President, the Professor of Divinity and Tutors, should give their assent to the Westminster Catechism and Confession of Faith, and should renounce all doctrines and principles contrary thereto, and pass through such an examination as the Corporation should order. This new provision for securing orthodoxy was quite unacceptable to a number of educated persons in the Colony, and was one of the causes why President Clap was held in disesteem."

It appears by reference to the Triennial Catalogue, that during the administration of President Clap, which covered a period of nearly *thirty* years, the number of graduates who became Episcopal clergymen was scarcely greater, than the number during the administration of his predecessor, which covered less than half the same period. The parishes in the mean time were multiplied in Connecticut, from various causes, and especially from the influence of Whitefield's preaching, and were scattered along the shore of the Sound, from Greenwich to Norwich, and far up among the hills and valleys of the interior.

It may be said that King's College in New York drew off some students, but the steady and even rapid increase of

Episcopalians—*ceteris paribus*—should have kept the number good. We believe that we may trace the diminution in a great measure to the want of that *Christian charity* which Dean Berkeley expressed the hope might keep pace with the progress of learning. We can forgive the rigorous enactments of a period when there was but one way of thinking in the Colony, and when it was the fault of the times to take a narrow view of the rights of conscience and of Christian liberty. We can almost forgive—for we are persuaded that no one will defend them, looking back from the point of time on which we stand—we can almost forgive those penal laws, dictated in a spirit of undiscovered intolerance, and designed for the manifest perpetuity of the Puritan faith. But after the number of Episcopal families had very largely increased in the Colony, and after a Parish had been organized in New Haven, and a Missionary of the Venerable “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts” had been stationed there, it would seem that out of respect for their wishes, and out of gratitude to Clergymen of the Church of England for important services and benefactions, some relaxation of the rigor of these laws should have appeared, at least so far as not to fine Episcopal students for preferring their own mode of worship on *every* Lord’s day,* and not to require the classes through the whole term of their College life, to recite the Westminster Confession of

* The fine for absence from the College Chapel on Sundays was *four pence*—but Episcopal students were allowed to attend their own Church on Communion Sundays. Professor Kingsley, in a note to me bearing upon this law, says—“When Archbishop Secker published in a pamphlet that there was a College in New England, (undoubtedly meaning Yale College) where an Episcopal student was fined for going on a Sunday to hear his own father preach;—the fact probably was, and I heard it so explained many years ago, that the student was absent from the Chapel, was reported by the monitor, and fined for absence—the reason of his absence being unknown to the College Faculty. You will not understand me as defending the law which required at that time under the above penalty, all students to attend worship in the College Chapel—except Episcopal students on Communion Sundays.”

Faith, received and approved by the Churches in the Colony, together with Wollebius' Theology or Dr. Ames' Medulla and Cases of Conscience. It was, then, the continuance in force of rigorous enactments, and the adoption of new measures to guard the orthodoxy of the land, which opened the eyes of Churchmen to the necessity for an Institution more favorable to their views, or rather less dangerous to the religious predilections of their sons. The war of the Revolution operated disastrously upon the prosperity of the Church, and broke up our Parishes in many places. But after civil liberty had been secured, and the Colonies separated from the mother country, the time was come for the Church, deprived of "nursing care and protection" from abroad, to rely upon her own resources. And what could be done effectually towards increasing the scattered ranks of her ministry, except she threw off the shackles of Puritanism, and became independent in the matter of Collegiate education? Hence it was one of the earliest movements of Bishop Seabury and his Clergy, after the Revolution, to plant a Seminary of classic learning in this Diocese. The Institution at Cheshire owes its origin to a resolution adopted by them in 1792, and for a series of years it served, in some measure, the double purpose of a preparatory school and a university. In 1801, having obtained bequests and donations to the amount of about \$3000, its managers preferred a petition to the General Assembly, "praying that they might be constituted and made a body politic and corporate, by the name of the Trustees of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut." The act of incorporation was passed—but it does not seem to have come up to the full intention of the founders, for, three years afterwards, in accordance with a vote of the Diocesan Convention,

the Board of Trustees petitioned the General Assembly for a charter, empowering them to confer degrees in the arts, divinity and law, and to enjoy all other privileges usually granted to Colleges. This petition was refused, and we find them instructed to continue their importunity, by the following preamble and resolution, entered upon the Diocesan Journal for 1810 :

“WHEREAS doubts have arisen whether the Trustees of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut, which was established at Cheshire by this Convention in the year 1796, are invested with the power of conferring upon the students the degree and testimonials of literary proficiency usually granted at Colleges; and whereas the great objects contemplated by the Convention cannot be accomplished unless the Trustees are authorized to confer such degrees; therefore

Resolved, That the Trustees of said Academy be requested to prefer a petition to the next General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, with all the powers, privileges and immunities of a College.”

The application, urged with such sanction, was supported by a large majority in one branch of the Legislature—but the Council or Senate opposed to the action of the lower House a full negative, and thus defeated the Charter. In 1811, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, understanding that the establishment of a second College in Connecticut, under the auspices of Episcopalians, was contemplated, expressed their entire approbation of the measure, and their earnest wishes for its success. At that time, there was not a College in the Union under the direct care and superintendence of the Church—not even Columbia in New York—and if reliance can be placed upon the truth

of history, some cautious measures had been taken to keep in other hands the control of existing Institutions. Another application to the General Assembly for a Charter followed, and was rejected by both branches of the same—thereby showing no gain to the Church in Legislative influence.* During the vacancy in the Episcopate from the death of Bishop Jarvis, all effort to secure the long-cherished object was suspended—but the clergy kept it in view, and would have resumed it immediately after the consecration of the present venerated and beloved Diocesan, had not the location of the General Theological Seminary at New Haven, drawn off their thoughts and support. The return of that Institution to New York was the signal for fresh exertions, and fortunately the intervening period of their quiet had witnessed important political changes—such as the adoption of the State Constitution, and the consequent breaking down of the reigning dynasty—changes which undoubtedly prepared the way for more liberal legislation. In 1823, the petition of Episcopalians, setting forth “the expediency of attempting to establish another Collegiate Institution in this State,” and urging their claims to have the direction of its administration, was presented to the Legislature, and a charmed political name, rather than the name of the first Bishop of the Diocese, inserted, we suppose, in the Bill for a Charter, that nothing might be done to peril its passage. The Charter was granted, taking effect from the time when

* In the author's History of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut, there is a slight anachronism. Speaking of the applications to the General Assembly for a Charter, it is said—“Thus disappointed in the attainment of their object, and losing a portion of the funds by the failure of the Eagle Bank, the Trustees ceased their importunity,” &c. The failure of the Eagle Bank was subsequent to the chartering of the College. See the “Petition” in the Appendix for an effort of the memorialists to secure to the College a portion of the funds of the Academy at Cheshire;—proposing in this way to carry out the original intention of some of the benefactors.

§30,000 should be subscribed as an endowment, and the event was welcomed in this city, where the Legislature was holding its session, with demonstrations of great rejoicing. Though given upon the prayer of Episcopalians, and contemplating their management, the Charter, as the petitioners wished, required that the College should be conducted on the broad principles of religious liberty.* It contained a provision, prohibiting the Trustees from passing any ordinance or by-law that should make the religious tenets of any officer or student in the College a test or qualification of employment or admission. And here it may be observed that up to the very day before the petition for this Charter was presented to the Legislature, the statute of Yale College in reference to tests—modified upon the accession of Dr. Stiles to the Presidency, from consent to the Westminster Catechism and Confession of Faith into an assent to the Saybrook Platform—was still in force. That day, at a special meeting of the corporation, held in the city of Hartford, the obnoxious test-law was repealed. There are those who think the time was thus critically chosen for its repeal, that an influence might be brought to bear upon the minds of the liberal Legislature, touching the petition for a second College. But let this pass without further remark. No sooner was this Charter granted, than its friends, who had been so long contending with the evils of popular prejudice, were now compelled to contend with the evils of poverty and other discouraging causes. The amount necessary to secure the provisions of the Charter was, indeed, over-subscribed, for within one year from its date, about *Fifty Thousand* Dollars were raised by private

* See Appendix.

subscription for an endowment. This noble subscription was obtained by offering to the larger towns the privilege of fair and laudable competition for its location, and Hartford, never wanting in public spirit and generous outlays, gained the victory over her sister cities. The erection of the College buildings was commenced in June, 1824, and the business of instruction in September of the same year. But the funds subscribed were barely adequate to this beginning. The Trustees had already deputed one of their number to visit England, and solicit donations towards the supply of a Library and Philosophical apparatus. He carried with him an Address or general letter of introduction, officially signed, and directed to the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Church of England. It does not appear to have been the original intention to give much publicity to the object of this mission—but on the arrival of the agent, he found himself in the way of other applications from this country for similar aid, and he was induced to print the letter, together with a statement of his own, setting forth the necessities of the Church here and the more important facts in regard to the condition of the two oldest New England Colleges. The agent returned to this country, with the donations which he had received, soon enough to be a conspicuous and fearless actor in that war of pamphlets which arose from “Considerations suggested by the establishment of a second College in Connecticut.”* It was claimed to be uncalled for by the interests of literature. After the zealous endeavors which had been used in various sections of the State to prevent the subscription papers from being filled up, in order that the

*This was the title of the first anonymous pamphlet, which was replied to anonymously, and then a rejoinder followed.

Charter might be secured, it was perhaps to be expected that other attempts would be made to interfere with its success—but these attempts were carried quite too far, when it was represented that two large and respectable Institutions could not exist together in so small a territory—that this College could only rise into distinction and usefulness by depressing Yale in the same ratio—that the tendency of its establishment would be to dissipate our strength and divide one prosperous university into two weak and languishing seminaries, and thus to “*lower the standard of literary attainments*, while the total expense of education to the State was augmented.” Events have proved that fears of this sort were wholly groundless. No College in the Union has had a higher reputation for the thoroughness of its course and the scholarship of its Faculty than Trinity. So far from having the effect to reduce the numbers at Yale College, these numbers have actually increased, and as to diverting the patronage of the Church, while I write, there are some *seventy-five* students seeking an education at that ancient seat of learning, who have come from Episcopal families, or from families having preferences for the Episcopal mode of worship. Nor is this all. Midway between the two capitals of the State, a third Collegiate Institution* has been erected and endowed by private and State beneficence, for the benefit of a denomination of Christians, not disposed until recently to pay very profound respect to an educated ministry. Opposition, based on reasoning which has proved thus fallacious, could not prevail. The College survived it, and it did not sicken and die when the State afterwards refused to feed it

* The Wesleyan University at Middletown, under the control of the Methodists.

with a title of the bounty which had been bestowed upon the venerable sister. Its first President was he who scarcely needed a formal vote to be placed in that office. He was the Bishop of the Diocese, and had been charged with the presentation of the petition to the Honorable Legislature. He had watched its progress with solicitude, and witnessed its success with delight. Long experience in Academic discipline had made him acquainted with the responsibilities of the office, and for *seven* years he filled it with a wisdom which the *seventy-nine* graduates of that period will never cease to remember. He was withdrawn from the administration at the instance of the Diocese, when the cares of the Episcopate were increasing with the increase of the Church, and claiming his undivided time and attention. His "Farewell Address"—delivered to the students upon the occasion of retiring from the Presidency, opens with a passage rich in tender associations:

"The time is at hand when I am to retire from the immediate charge of this Institution. It is an event which I cannot contemplate without some emotion. Having made the first movements for the establishment of the College—having been engaged with great solicitude in all the measures for procuring its Charter; for raising the funds for its endowment; for framing the laws for its organization and government;—having presided over the instruction and discipline which has been dispensed in it, from its origin to the present time, it is naturally to be expected that my feelings should be strongly identified with its interests and its prospects."

Upon the retirement of Bishop Brownell from the Presi-

dency, the choice for a successor fell upon the Rev. Dr. WHEATON, another fast friend to the Institution, and one who could say in reference to its earlier trials—

Quorum pars magna fui.

But hardly had one lustrum passed away before he vacated the Presidential chair, and removed to New Orleans that he might accept the Rectorship of Christ Church in that city. During his administration, which ended in 1837, the financial condition of the College was greatly improved. Through the indefatigable exertions of the President, the Hobart Professorship of Belles Lettres and Oratory was instituted, and endowed with funds to the amount of \$20,000—contributed by friends in the Diocese of New York. The Seabury Professorship was also commenced, and large additions were made to the general funds of the Institution—so that when he withdrew from its charge, he had laid the foundation for a system of judicious endowments, which his own private benefactions, subsequently yet unostentatiously bestowed, have helped to foster.*

Frequent changes in the Presidency of a College are always to be avoided, because always injurious to its prosperity. Care should be taken to select for that office men who are fitted to its responsibilities and duties by experience and attainment, and then none but the best reasons should be allowed to produce a dissolution of the connexion. The Trustees resolved at length to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Wheaton, with one who, though he

*The grounds about the College are beautiful by nature—but from the first, great attention was paid to their improvement by the planting of hedges, shrubbery and trees. An eye seems to have been turned to the moral influence of such things, in the elevation and refinement of taste and manners. Dr. Wheaton deserves many thanks for what he did in this way.

had gained no celebrity in the Church, had yet proved himself eminently successful in one department of the College. Thus they chose their own Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—the Rev. SILAS TOTTEN, D. D. His faithful Presidency extended beyond a decade of years, the most remarkable features of which relate to the internal organization and condition of the College, and to the erection of Brownell Hall in 1845.* That same year, also, an act of the Legislature was passed, permitting an important change in the name and style of the Institution—a change which we hope in God will “attest forever the faith of its founders, and their zeal for the perpetual glory and honor of the ONE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY.” If it be true that he who first turned the minds of his Clergy to the establishment of a Seminary for education on the principles of the Church, did foresee, with dim and fearful vision, that the time would come when this very doctrine would be extensively corrupted and denied in New England, then it had been no greater mark of veneration for his memory to give the College his own name than to give it a title which represented the glorious doctrine in whose defence he wished it to be understood that to the last, he lifted up his voice. Long may this Institution send forth sons trained to resist the advancement of a heresy so subversive of the whole truth of God, as the denial in their proper and Scriptural acceptance of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Long may she be a stranger to the spirit of reckless religious speculation—a stranger to all that teaching and ensnaring philosophy which does but wrap the

* The Seabury Professorship was filled up during the administration of Dr. Totten, and besides the funds contributed to the erection of Brownell Hall, sums requisite to the endowment of several Scholarships were subscribed in the Diocese of Connecticut.

soul in scepticism, and prepare the way for a complete surrender of the "faith once delivered to the Saints."

While Dr. Totten occupied the Presidential chair, the Trustees enacted certain statutes, "committing the superintendence of the course of study and discipline to a Board of Fellows," and empowering specified members of the *Senatus Academicus*, as the House of Convocation, to assemble under their own rules, and to consult and advise for the interests and benefit of the College. Time enough has not been given to these changes to reap from them much advantage. They were modeled after the English Universities.

"There has been, as we trust, revived among us," said he who had the honor of pronouncing the first Address before the House of Convocation,* "something of the old and true principle of the University. Not, indeed, in its ancient form, nor in precisely the ancient mode of its expression. For it may and often does chauce that a principle shall express itself in diverse outward forms in different ages, while yet in itself it remains unchanged. Indeed, no external organizations or forms within which principles are enshrined—save only those which, being of divine appointment, are adapted to every age, and not to be changed by man—can be expected to remain precisely the same, generation after generation, and age after age. For they exist in a world whose social and intellectual relations are continually changing; and by those very changes, demanding corresponding changes in those external modes by which unchanging principles are brought to bear and do their work, whether on individuals or on masses of our race."

* Rev. Dr. Williams, President of the College.

The changes referred to in this passage were designed, among other things, to retain the graduates in closer connexion with their *Alma Mater*, by giving them a definite and fractional participation in its management. We have great faith in any policy which tends to secure to the College the abiding interest and affections of the Alumni. Hence one fact, discovered in searching the records for the material of this Address, has greatly surprised us. *Twenty-eight* years have rolled away since the charter was granted, and of the Trustees who originally composed the Board, but *three*, setting aside the Chancellor, have survived all change, and retained their places as members of the Corporation. The surprising fact is, that until this day,* not a solitary Alumnus has been selected to fill any one of the several vacancies which have thus, from time to time, occurred.

But upon the resignation of Dr. Totten, it was a subject of thankfulness and joy among the Alumni of the Institution, that one of their own number was invited to take his responsibilities and carry on the work of Christian education. I shall not be trenching upon the sacred prerogatives of private and personal history, if I mention an interesting circumstance associated with the office thus bestowed. The fourth President of Yale College, counting the Rectorate of Samuel Andrew, was the Rev. Elisha Williams, of Newington—"a man of splendor," says Dr. Stiles in his Diary, "who filled his chair with great usefulness and power for thirteen years," and then resigned it, devoting himself with singular versatility of talent, to legislation, jurisprudence, the army, and lastly to mercantile pursuits. Tradition represents him to

* At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in the morning of the day when this Address was delivered, the author was elected a member of the Corporation.

have been a sturdy defender of the Puritan faith, as well as a good hater of Episcopacy, and it is not improbable that he was elected to the office of President with an eye to the astounding and painful defection of Dr. Cutler and his associates.

The fourth President of Trinity College has the blood of Rector Williams flowing in his veins, though he wants the Baptismal name of his kinsman. He has broken away in peacefulness and love from the ranks of the Pilgrims, and been placed in an important position of the Church, to guard and foster those distinctive religious principles which his renowned and "splendid" ancestor was so zealous to oppose and repress. Aye—more! while years were gathering upon *him* whom we all delight to honor, and "around whose venerable presence cluster, for so many of us, the deepest, holiest memories of all our lives, the memories of vows uttered on earth and registered in heaven";—while years were gathering upon *him* a weight of infirmities insupportable with the full cares of the Episcopate, he called in kindness for some one upon whose shoulders he might lay a portion of his responsibilities and his duties; and thereupon the Diocese, with almost entire unanimity, elected to the office of a Bishop in the Church of the living God, the Reverend, the President of Trinity College.*

Here I might close my Address, and leave to the future historian the recital of much that is unbecoming now to utter. But before I conclude, let me direct your attention to one important object which the establishment of the College was designed to promote, and which, thanks be to

* The Rev. Dr. Williams was elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut, June 11, 1851.

God, it has promoted in an eminent degree. I refer to the education and training of young men for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church—to say nothing about the zealous and intelligent laymen who have here passed through their course of Collegiate instruction. When Dr. Wheaton visited England to solicit friendly assistance from the Church in that realm, he set forth in his published statement the following among other facts.

“The number of organized Episcopal congregations in the States falls but little short of *six hundred*, while the Clergymen engaged in actual parochial duty, do not at present exceed half that number. It is pleasing to record the gradual extinction of those inveterate prejudices against Episcopacy, which distinguished the first settlers of the country, especially in those parts where the Church has been advantageously made known by her more intelligent ministers. The candid and moderate, belonging to the various sects, appalled at the enormous strides of heresy, are visibly becoming more reconciled to the Church, whose temperate doctrines, consistent government and edifying mode of worship, present a common ground of union not to be found within the pale of any of the classes of Dissenters, (that is, Sectarrians.) Nothing, indeed, seems to be wanting to a general extension of the Episcopal Church, but a body of zealous, well-educated Clergy far more numerous than, with her present advantages, it is possible for her to possess.”

This was said, you will remember, *twenty-seven* years ago, and within that period, Trinity College has educated more than *one-third* as many Clergymen as were then engaged in actual parochial duty. They have radiated in all directions of our country, and carried with them an influence which is

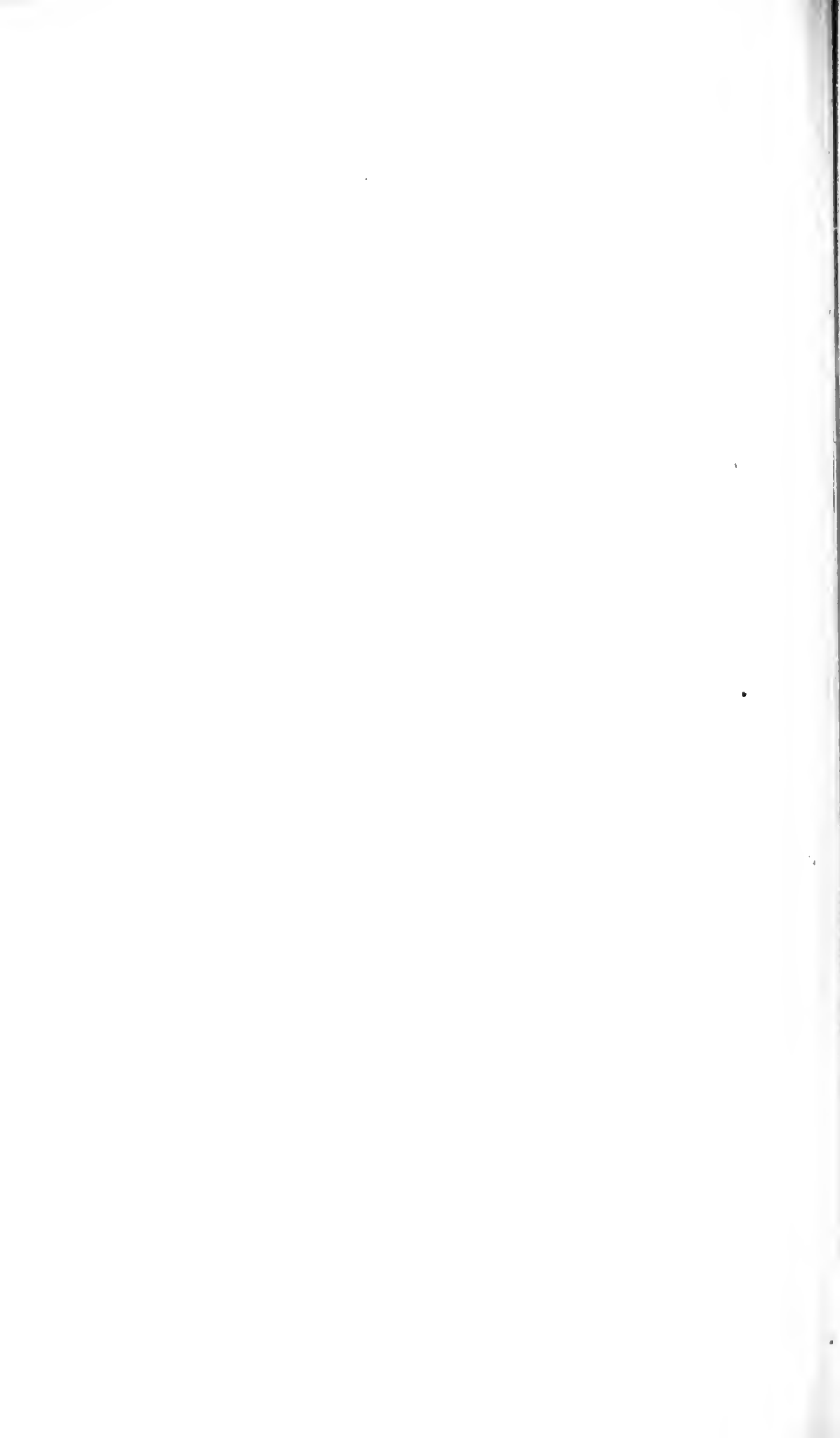
not only impressing itself upon the minds of men for the good of the Church, but which will, we trust, in due season, reflect back upon the Institution where they were trained to become Christian scholars. The originator of our Mission to China was a graduate of Trinity College*; though God in His inscrutable Providence was pleased to lay upon him so early the hand of disease and death, that he was debarred the privilege of beginning the work which his zealous heart had projected. The first pioneer of the Church in the broad territory which lies on the Gulf of Mexico beyond the Mississippi river, and which has since become an integral part of the Union, was a graduate of Trinity College†—who, two years ago, with failing health, left his lone post of duty, just soon enough to reach the green hills of his native land and die. But I must not make a Missionary argument in a literary address. I was desirous of showing that in one important respect the College has done for the Church what its founders and friends predicted and prayed that it would do. It has increased the ranks of her ministry. It has educated for the clerical profession a number nearly equal to the aggregate of students who received their *diplomas* from Yale College in the first *twenty-five* years of her existence. Having done, therefore, so much for education in the Church, need we be impatient for the rest? Need we really be disheartened, if, year by year, the College Calendar shows a list not numerous; if, for the next generation, no throng of pupils shall gather within these walls such as may crowd the benches of older seats of learning? Numbers are not the

* The Rev. Augustus Foster Lyde, who died in Philade'phia, soon after his ordination.

† Rev. Caleb S. Ives, Missionary at Matagorda, Texas, who died in Vermont.

certain test of academic efficiency, nor will they always come at the bidding of scholarship and the best privileges of literature. O be content, each friend of Trinity College, to say in reference to its prosperity—"because of the house of the Lord our God"—because of the service rendered and yet to be rendered to the Church—"I will seek to do thee good." The more venerable Institutions of the land have their thousands of living Alumni, on whom they may call for succor in times of emergency, of poverty and peril. I look for more than proportionate aid from kindred sources. I look along the lines of futurity, and I seem to see the wealth of the Church in New England coming up with a *holocaust* to be laid on the altar of this Institution—an Institution, as its motto imports, created alike for the good of the Church, and of the land: PRO ECCLESIA ET PATRIA. I seem to hear, taken upon the lips of grateful scholars and sent forward through all time, the names of noble benefactors, who, in winding up the stewardship of life, have not failed to remember the just claims of Christian Education, and so, with cheerful munificence, have directed the endowment of new and needed Professorships. I seem to see the sons of Trinity—each one in his sphere of life, be it humble or be it exalted—vieing with the zealous Alumni of an honored sister in ministries of good to mankind; resisting with a firm front the advance of error and the showings of a spirit more liberal than the spirit of Christianity; seeking as one of the truest ends of learning, the inculcation of holiness and benevolence; and guarding in all honorable and legitimate ways, that body of Christ which is the Church; which holds the faith once delivered to the Saints, and which promises blessings to the children of the righteous in far distant gen-

erations. God grant that these visions may be realized, and when the century has closed, and you and I have closed the activities of human life, may that other race of men who shall come up here to celebrate the return of this anniversary, be all that we could desire—THE HONEST, EARNEST, UNCOMPROMISING ADVOCATES OF TRUE RELIGION, SOUND LITERATURE AND WISE GOVERNMENT.



APPENDIX.

Petition

FOR THE INCORPORATION OF

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

“To the Honorable, the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, to be holden at Hartford on the first Wednesday in May; 1823.

“WE the undersigned, convinced of the expediency of attempting to establish another Collegiate Institution in this State, and entertaining the belief that such an Institution would meet with a liberal patronage, beg leave respectfully to submit our wishes and views to the consideration of your honorable body.

“We are aware of the great benefits which have resulted to this State, and to the general interests of Literature, from the important Literary Institution at New Haven, and we have no wish to lessen its future usefulness by our present application.

“We are members of the Protestant Episcopal Church; a denomination of Christians considerable for their numbers and resources in our country; and we beg leave to represent, that while all other religious denominations in the Union have their Universities and Colleges under their influence and direction, there is not a single Institution of this kind under the special patronage and guardianship of Episcopalians. It cannot be doubted but that such an Institution will be established, in some part of our country, at no distant period; and we are desirous that the State of Connecticut shall have the benefit of its location.

“As Episcopalians, we do not ask for any exclusive privileges, but we desire to be placed on the same footing with other denominations of Christians.

“Though a parent may not be over-solicitous to have his children educated in a servile acquiescence with his peculiar religious views, yet he will be reluctant to place them in situations where they will be likely to acquire a strong bias against his own principles. If it should be thought expedient to establish a new College, your memorialists are desirous that it should be conducted on broad principles of religious toleration, and that Christianity should be exhibited in it, as it is in the Gospel—unincumbered with metaphysical subtilities, and unimpaired by any false liberality, or refined explanations, which would divest it of some of its fairest characteristics.

“When we consider the rapid increase of the population of this country, and the growing demand for the facilities of public education, it is manifest that the present provisions for this object are becoming inadequate. Accordingly, we see our sister States, with a wise policy, encouraging the erection of new Seminaries within their limits, for the purpose of securing to themselves the benefits which naturally flow from them. Should the inhabitants of the South and the West continue to rely chiefly on the Colleges of New England, for the education of their sons, as it seems likely they will do, it surely ought to be the policy, as it is, unquestionably, the interest of Connecticut, to multiply attractions of a literary nature. Perhaps the present College in this State already numbers as many pupils as can either be instructed, or governed to advantage, in one Institution. But however this may be, we are persuaded that if your Honors should think fit to grant our present request, funds, to a considerable amount, would be raised, which otherwise would not be appropriated to the support of literature at all, or would be devoted to the endowment of a College in some other part of the Union.

“When compared with some of her sister States, Connecticut possesses but a moderate extent of territory, limited resources, and a circumscribed population; but she may easily become pre-eminent, by the number and importance of her literary institutions. Recommended by the general intelligence of her citizens, moderate habits, cheapness of living, and ease of access, it only requires that she should extend and foster her *Literary Institutions*, to attract the youth from every part of our country;—to acquire an influence and importance in the Union, which her physical resources deny to her;—to become the seat of science and literature—the *Athens of our Republic*.

“Your memorialists conclude, with humbly praying this Honorable General Assembly to grant them an Act of Incorporation for a College, with power to confer the usual literary honors;—to be placed in either of the Cities of Hartford, Middletown or New Haven, according to the discretion of the Trustees, who may be appointed by your honorable body: which act of Incorporation

shall take effect whenever Funds shall be raised for the endowment of the Institution, to the amount of *Thirty Thousand Dollars*, and not before. And your memorialists further pray, that the said Trustees may have leave to appropriate to the endowment of the Institution, such portion of the Funds of the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire, or the income thereof, as in their discretion they may think expedient, provided the consent of the Trustees of said Academy be first obtained, and that no portion of the Funds contributed by the inhabitants of Cheshire be removed.

“And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.”

Circular Letter accompanying the Petition.

“NEW HAVEN, March 20, 1823.

“SIR—The Committee appointed to prepare a Memorial to the Legislature of this State, for the incorporation of a new College, have attended to that duty, and herewith forward you a copy of the same, which you are requested to circulate for subscription, through your Parish. Similar copies have been forwarded to every Parish in the Diocese, and it is expected that they will be signed by all the Episcopal Clergy, and by every male Episcopalian, of lawful age. If any thing should prevent you from attending to this business personally, in your Parish, the Committee will rely upon your procuring some other proper person to perform the duty. After the signatures are obtained, it is requested that the Memorials be returned to Charles Sigourney, Esq., Hartford. It is desirable that they should be in his hands by the *first* day of the session of the Legislature, and if no earlier private opportunity should offer, the Representatives from the several towns will afford very suitable means of conveyance.

“With great respect,

“Your obedient Servant,

“J. C. BROWNELL, *Chairman of the Committee.*”

Charter

OF

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

WHEREAS sundry inhabitants of this State, of the denomination of Christians called The Protestant Episcopal Church, have represented, by their petition addressed to the General Assembly, that great advantages would accrue to the State, as well as to the general interests of literature and science, by establishing within the State another Collegiate Institution, therefore,

Resolved by this Assembly, That Thomas C. Brownell, Harry Crosswell, Elijah Boardman, Samuel W. Johnson, Birdsey G. Noble, Samuel Merwin, Nathaniel S. Wheaton, Elisha Cushman, Charles Sigourney, Thomas Macdonough, Richard Adams, David Watkinson, Ebenezer Young, Jonathan Starr, Jr., Nathan Smith, John Thompson Peters, Asa Chapman, Elias Perkins, John S. Peters, and Luther Loomis, and their successors be, and the same hereby are constituted a body politic and corporate for ever, by the name of the "TRUSTEES OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE," and by that name shall and may have continual succession hereafter, and shall be able in law to sue and be sued, implead and be impleaded, answer and be answered unto, defend and be defended, in all courts and places whatsoever, and may have a common seal, and may change and alter the same at their pleasure; and also shall be able in law to take by purchase, gift, grant, devise, or in any other manner, and to hold any real and personal estate whatsoever; *Provided always,* That the clear yearly value of the real estate to be so acquired, shall not exceed the sum of fifteen thousand dollars; and also that they and their successors shall have power to give, grant, bargain, sell, convey, or otherwise dispose of, all or any part of the said real and personal estate, as to them shall seem best for the interest of said College.

II. *Resolved,* That the said Trustees and their successors shall forever hereafter have full power and authority to direct and manage the Funds for the benefit of the Institution, and also to prescribe and direct the course of study, and the discipline to be observed in the said College; and also to elect from their own number or otherwise, a Board or Committee, to be called the Fellows of the

College, to whom they may commit the superintendance of the course of study and discipline; and also to select and appoint a President of the said College, and such Professor or Professors, Tutor or Tutors, to assist the President in the government and education of the Students belonging to the said College, and such other officer or officers as to the said Trustees shall seem meet, all of whom shall hold their office during the pleasure of the Trustees; *Provided always*, That no President shall be dismissed by the Trustees, without cause previously stated to him in writing, and a full opportunity allowed him for his defence, and by the concurrence of at least two-thirds of the Trustees; and *Provided further*, That no Professor, Tutor, or other assistant officer shall be eligible to the office of a Trustee.

III. *Resolved*, That any five of the said Trustees, lawfully convened as hereinafter directed, shall be a quorum for the dispatch of all business, except for the disposal of real estate, or for the choice of a President, or for the election of Trustees, for either of which purposes, there shall be at least a majority of the whole number of Trustees.

IV. *Resolved*, That the President of the College shall always be, ex-officio, a member of the Board of Trustees, and Chairman or President of the same, and that a Secretary of the Board shall be elected by the Trustees, to hold his office during their pleasure.

V. *Resolved*, That the said Trustees shall have power to increase their number from time to time, at their discretion, to the number of twenty-four; and they shall also have power, by a majority of votes of the members present, to elect and appoint, upon the death, removal out of the State, or other vacancy of the place or places of any Trustee or Trustees, other or others in his or their places or stead, as often as such vacancy shall happen; and also to make and declare vacant the seat of any Trustee who shall absent himself for any term of two years, or from any four successive meetings duly notified; and they shall also have power to meet from time to time upon their own adjournment, and so often as they shall be summoned by their Chairman or President, or in his absence, by the Senior Trustee, whose Seniority shall be accounted according to the order in which the said Trustees are named in this act, and shall be elected hereafter; *Provided always*, That the said Chairman, or President, or the Senior Trustee, shall not summon a meeting of the Corporation, unless required thereto in writing, by three of the members; and *Provided also*, That he cause notice of the time and place of the said meeting to be given in such manner as the Trustees shall in their By-Laws prescribe.

VI. *Resolved*, That the said Trustees and their successors shall have power and authority to grant all such literary Honors and Degrees as are usually granted by any University, College, or Seminary of learning in this State, or in the United States; and in

testimony of such grant, to give suitable Diplomas, under their seal and the signatures of the President and Secretary of the Board, which Diplomas shall entitle the possessors respectively to all the immunities and privileges which, either by usage or by statute are allowed to possessors of similar Diplomas from any other University, College or Seminary of learning.

VII. *Resolved*, That the said Trustees and their successors shall have full power and authority to make all ordinances and By-Laws which to them shall seem expedient, for carrying into effect the designs of their Institution; *Provided always*, that such ordinances or By-Laws shall not make the religious tenets of any person a condition of admission to any privilege in the said College, and that no President or Professor, or other officer shall be made ineligible for or by reason of any religious tenet that he may profess, or be compelled, by any By-Law or otherwise, to subscribe to any religious test whatsoever; and *Provided also*, That none of the By-Laws as aforesaid shall be inconsistent with the Constitution and Laws of this State, or with the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

VIII. *Resolved*, That the Funds which may at any time belong to the Institution now incorporated, shall enjoy the like exemptions from taxation, and the Institution itself, and its officers, shall enjoy the same privileges and exemptions, as have already been granted, or may hereafter be granted to Yale College, its officers, and its Funds.

IX. *Resolved*, That whenever Funds shall be contributed or secured to the said College, to the amount of Thirty Thousand Dollars, and not before, the Trustees may proceed to organize and establish the said College in such town in this State as they shall judge most expedient.

Change of Name.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of Washington College, held at Hartford, on the 8th day of May, A. D. 1845, the following Resolution was passed:

Resolved, That it is expedient that the name of "Washington College" should be changed to that of "TRINITY COLLEGE."

Hon. Isaac Toucey, Hon. William W. Boardman, and Thomas Belknap, Esq., were appointed a Committee to present a memorial to the Legislature of Connecticut, praying that the corporate name of the College may be changed accordingly. The memorial was presented, and the General Assembly, then in session at Hartford, passed the following

RESOLUTION,

(Which was approved by the Governor, May 24th, 1845.)

Upon the memorial of the Trustees of Washington College; showing that there are sundry other Colleges in the United States bearing the name of Washington College, praying for a change in their corporate name, &c. :—

Resolved by this Assembly, That the name of said Corporation be changed to that of The Trustees of TRINITY COLLEGE; and that all grants, devises and bequests heretofore made or that shall hereafter be made to said Corporation by its former name, shall be deemed good and valid as if made to said College by its present corporate name.



Conservatism; its true signification, and
appropriate office.

AN ADDRESS,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 28th, 1852.

BY THE
REV. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, M. A.,
RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, NORWICH.

Published by order of Convocation.

HARTFORD:
S. HANMER & CO.—CALENDAR PRESS.
1852.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD
HEREIN MENTIONED,
THIS ADDRESS
IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.



ADDRESS.

MR. DEAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF CONVOCATION :

I trust it will not be deemed inappropriate to this occasion, nor as casting an unwelcome shadow upon the festive and congratulatory spirit of our re-union, if, at the threshold of another topic, I pause one moment to speak of the dead. Nearly a year has elapsed since the whole country was summoned to deplore the sudden and untimely demise of a distinguished man. Long eminent in the councils of State, and at the time of his departure, occupying a high judicial post, it was admitted on every hand that the Republic had sustained a loss; and it may not have escaped your recollection, gentlemen, that the tributes then paid to the memory of LEVI WOODBURY, ascribed to him, in his several capacities as citizen, legislator and jurist, some of those more exalted traits and endowments which stamp greatness upon character.

Had he, however, been less conspicuous among his countrymen, and enjoyed fewer claims to the suffrages of their respect and admiration, we, at least, could hardly wish to be absolved from making honorable mention of one, who, in obedience to our call, parted from the severer duties of his lofty station, and came hither, even with the shadow of death

upon him, to offer us the counsels of his wisdom and experience. We cannot forget that his last intellectual effort was made in this presence, and upon this platform. We cannot forget that the last public utterance of his voice, already enfeebled by disease, was heard within the bosom of our fraternity, or that he went hence from this hallowed place to the bed of suffering, and shortly to the repose and silence of his grave.

Whatever other or prouder memorials may enshrine his memory or be reared above his turf—Gentlemen of Convocation, I speak the sentiment of your hearts—we gladly cherish the recollection of his virtues, and with the greetings of this anniversary, we mingle those expressions of veneration and regret which his character, and the closing circumstances of his life, might justly inspire. Nor should the admonition be altogether lost upon us, and you will pardon me if, in one word, I venture to remind you, that while the fountains of human knowledge are ever fresh, and their wholesome waters are destined, as we trust, to flow onward beneath these academic shades, to remote generations, we who now live shall soon fail to return hither, and our fellowship here at this season shall speedily be at an end, or transferred rather, as we should hope, to that world where “tongues have ceased in a more perfect communion, and where, in the access of eternal light, knowledge hath vanished away.”

So long as we survive, however, no thought of change or dissolution should lead us aside from the practical duties and responsibilities which surround us. The tokens of decay should not affright us. The warnings of death should not palsy heart or hand. The anticipations of a spiritual state

should not divert us from the realities of this, and happy are we if, like the distinguished gentleman who last addressed us from this place, or like the learned Jarvis, wasting amid the labors of his study, or the saintly Crosswell, smitten at the altar of his God, or the faithful Henshaw, falling in the discharge of his apostleship, even while our winding sheet is preparing, we are wakeful at our post, and earnestly at work.

Impressed with this conviction, let us pass from all saddening reflections to a topic which stands connected with the manifest tendencies of the age, and which, in its bearing and application, is not foreign to any allotment of life, or sphere of duty. We propose, then, to speak of *Conservatism; its true signification, and appropriate office*. It is a subject, as you will readily perceive, altogether too extensive to be overtaken within the limits imposed by this occasion, and I shall accordingly attempt nothing more than a partial survey of its leading principles, and the enunciation of a few thoughts which are most naturally suggested.

I presume that no prejudice is more firmly seated in the popular mind, than that which regards Conservatism as the enemy of progress. Nor is it an uncommon propensity of the popular mind, quick and apprehensive as it usually is, to overpass the absolute signification of a term, as well as the legitimate operation of a principle, and take refuge in a vague and erroneous idea. Where strong feeling is enlisted; where hopes and expectations are exaggerated into fixed opinions and glowing prophecies, the intrusion of a doubt, the suggestion of a difficulty, are almost inevitably construed either into indifference or opposition. There is a shock even when a slight obstruction meets the headlong torrent; there

is a recoil when the humblest barrier resists the current of the mighty wind ; so is there power in a moderating word, or a whispered misgiving, to revolt the feverish spirit of an age like this, and turn it aside in alienation and distrust. And were we to embody the most prevalent conception of the term we are about to discuss, or were we to define it according to the phantom shapes of evil and impracticability which it lifts before the eye of thousands on every hand, we should present Conservatism to you under the image of an iceberg in the Southern Ocean, or a tomb in a garden of roses ; a thing incongruous with the times, and out of place ; an element of buried ages proudly assuming the dictatorship of a new world, and a more hopeful era. In law, it would seem to present itself as the very spirit of endless delay ; the death's head of precedents, and engrossments, and repetitions, and antiquated forms. In theology, it would wear "the sternness of adamantine orthodoxy" ; inexorable, prescriptive, dogmatic ; clinging to platforms with a vampire grasp ; riveting itself to creeds and formularies with an unyielding tenacity ; bearing about the mummy case of patristic lore, and shaking the Levitical rod in the face of the people. In medicine, it would claim the immemorial right of using a language of unintelligible signs, for the benefit of the druggist and the grave digger. In legislation, it would array itself in the trailing robes of official dignity, and decorous reserve ; touching the republican pulse with a stiff and icy finger ; prescribing the nostrums of expediency for deadly maladies in the body politic ; protecting liberty by contradicting its spirit, and overbearing the strongest impulses of its life with sage abstractions, and portentous warnings of danger to the Constitution and the Union. So,

too, in the department of letters and science, thus misconstrued, Conservatism would occupy the place of censor, grim, hypercritical, and petulant. It would stand aghast at the rising attitude of human thought, and thrust its pruning hook angrily into the topmost branches of speculation and exuberant fancy. It would fasten a Gorgon eye upon every fresh theory and every new fact; turning the lecture room and the laboratory into a Council of Ten, before which modern heresiarchs and innovators were to be dragged, for the operation of the thumb-screw and the rack.

Such a statement, we confess, may be liable to the charge of exaggeration; and it may be that we misapprehend the popular sentiment; but whence are we to gather the idea which ardent and unthinking minds affix to a term, if not from the development of that idea in action and unconscious expression; and guided by these criteria, I do not hesitate to re-affirm, that no word in the vocabulary carries with it a misconception so wide-spread, or so fatal to its true meaning and intent, as the word before us. This, gentlemen, is not the place to test our assertion, but were any one of us wrapped in the folds of some dreamy and ecstatic system, or borne upon the tide, and pledged to the issues, of some desperate movement, or merged in some central whirlpool of interest and emotion, we should then, instantly, discover how slight a discrimination was allowed, between the spirit of caution and reserve, and that of the fiercest opposition. It is natural that it should be so: nay, looking at the constitution of the human mind, it is inevitable. When an idea has taken possession of a man or a class of men, desires instantly succeed, demanding its extension and establishment. The glow of a new discovery is felt. The fire of

a new revelation is kindled. The glow is not to be cooled; the fire is not to be quenched. As surely as an idea exists with much intensity, so surely it longs to be diffused. It must multiply adherents, and go abroad to alter or ameliorate, and hence, seldom has a quickening thought entered the mind of man in any age, which did not almost immediately give birth to the supposed necessity of a mission, and never was a mission undertaken which did not lead to secret and morbid repinings, or force from the lips of irritated and indignant champions, the thunders of rebuke at a world so passive, and sluggish, and blind. This is the agony of reform: the sea of tribulation which new truths and theories must cross, and it is not wonderful, therefore, if, amid the throes of disappointment and disgust, sound judgment, with its cool scrutiny and patient decisions, and incredulity with its stare, and scepticism with its laugh, were regarded alike as the tokens of hostility. Indeed there are conditions of mental excitement, when scorn is far less annoying than silence. There are both truths and falsehoods on foot at this moment which court denunciation, and lie in wait for it at every corner, while they hold in exceeding dread the paralyzing effect of sufferance and unconcern.

And now, since in the infirmity of man's nature I have found one apology for those antipathies which cluster around the popular idea of Conservatism—let me not fail to mention another and a stronger. The idea is linked to the worst associations in the past. It is overlaid with the memory of enormous wrongs. It retains the odious scent of proscription, and tyranny, and blood. But why should Conservatism be branded with this reproach? Why should this term be loaded like a scape-goat with the atrocities of other times?

It was not to preserve truth, but to crush it ; it was not to guide thought with a careful hand, but to hurl it backward into the abyss of midnight, that despots made it treason to think, and ecclesiastics made it death to speak. This was not Conservatism ; it was senseless bigotry, and under this more appropriate name we are prepared to accept, and re-iterate to the last echo any denunciation which may be levelled at it. We know full well, and we can add nothing to your information on this point, gentlemen, that through long periods, stretching like deserts upon the face of history, a most destructive principle held sway ; and it held a sway, we are to remember, as powerful under systems which were devised to promote the interests of states and individuals, as under tyrannies which were erected to destroy them. I know not where we shall find a heavier yoke placed upon the activities of thought and opinion, than in some of the commonwealths of ancient Greece. The worst elements of a destructive Conservatism, if you please so to call it, may be found in the laws of Lyeurgus. The object of those laws was the protection of the people. *Εὐταξία* was written upon the whole code, but their tendency and effect was to bring the people under a universal restraint, and reduce them to the condition of domestic animals, kept in comfort and luxury perhaps ; educated, refined, and yet slaves. The citizen was regarded as no better than an appendage to the state. The state absorbed his individuality : it left him with no control over his personal rights and daily concerns ; it bound him to one spot ; it cramped his intellectual freedom ; thought for him ; felt for him ; acted for him, and all under the cover of securing his highest welfare, and it would be idle for me to express the abhorrence which such a system

of mental and moral outrage should awaken. If it was Conservatism, as has been asserted, then, also, it was a curse, for with all the accessories of material civilization, it brought an overwhelming pressure upon all genius, and all thought. Kindred to this policy was that which in later times laid an iron hand upon the inventive faculty. Then to originate was a crime, and to move one hair's breadth from the track of ages towards a new principle, was to invite a remorseless persecution. For this cause the book of Copernicus was burned, and Galileo condemned to the vaults of the Inquisition. Papal bigotry had decreed midnight. The sun was not to rise. The alphabet of knowledge was to be conned everlastingly. This same narrow prejudice led a Bishop and Chancellor of England* to thank God that he had never yet been the author of any one new thing, and so on even to more recent centuries, nay even to the recollection of living men, neglect and scorn have dogged the footsteps of discovery. It is a thrice-told tale, that the advances of truth have been resisted, step by step, and the noblest inspirations of her throbbing heart stifled, by impediments which jealousy and selfishness have thrown upon her path. Vain and worse than vain is the concealment of the fact, that human nature stands dishonored by its guilty league with ignorance, and its readiness to repel blessings, moral, physical, intellectual; blessings now as indispensable to man's comfort and his elevation, as the atmosphere to his life, which nevertheless have been born amid sneers, and baptized at the fountains of bitterness and unbelief. We

* "Brother of Winchester," said Cranmer to Lord Chancellor Gardyner, "You like not any thing new unless you be yourself the author of it."

"Your Grace wrongeth me," replied Gardyner; "I have never been author yet of any one new thing, for which I thank my God."—*CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS*, Vol. ii. cap. 40, p. 51.

are not to count it a strange thing, therefore, that a word or a principle associated with such memories should long continue to endure the penalty of its frightful perversion.

But, gentlemen, we who would judge rightly are not to disown this word on the score of its misuse; or the grand idea of which it is the symbol, on the charge of its misdirection. As well might we repudiate the term democracy, because we liked not altogether the democracy of Athens, or cast off the name of our confederacy, because we disowned that abomination of desolations set up in the temple of freedom by republican France, falsely so called. Instead of discarding, we will endeavor to reclaim. If Conservatism has been committed to false issues, and made the instrument of destruction and outrage, we will not imitate the spirit which forced it to such uses. It is a principle which cannot be surrendered. It is an agent of unmeasured beneficence to man, and when clothed with its legitimate attributes, and assigned to its proper offices, its effectual working is beyond all comparison more salutary upon the age, better calculated to serve the grand behests of truth, whether in religion, or legislation, or science, than any other influence that can be named.

Apart, then, from all existing prejudices, let us regard sound Conservatism in its fitting light. It has a meaning. What is it? I accept the definition of a great lexicographer. *It is the desire and the effort to preserve established truth.* And if this indeed be the fair sense of the term, what could be more Catholic or comprehensive. It is not to preserve old truth, or new truth, as such, but all truth. So far from being limited to periods, whether remote, or present, or to come, it acts through all time as the guardian of truth. It

is in union with all legitimate progress from the beginning onward, even to the measure of eternity. Not confined to one department, it has to do with all. *Truth* is the object of its concern, and its care, whether embodied in homely and practical forms, or mingling with æsthetic tastes, or enthroned upon the eminences of metaphysical and spiritual science. It is a principle diverse from dogmatism or a dainty eclecticism, for its province is to recognize truth and own it, under all its conditions, whether it beams forth in crystal transparency, or is obscured and hidden by awkward expression—whether it is colossal in its breadth and grandeur, or is unhappily entangled in the webs of human speculation.

But I return to the definition. The property of Conservatism is not passive. A desire and an effort belong to it. Its duty is something more than that of a janitor waiting lazily at the gates of truth, protecting old guests, and receiving new comers. It is rather that of a judge, sitting in the vestibule of her temple, serene of aspect, but inexorably severe in scrutiny and decision. And, if I might continue the metaphor, I should say that there is no trace of a frown upon his brow, to discourage or repel, but an awful repose dwells there, like the shadow of a sublime trust, and an unmeasurable responsibility. Behind him, in the open courts and solemn recesses of that majestic abode, are the gathered forms of truth, admitted there one after another, “through the ages all along”; a mighty concourse of distinct and well-established principles; not altogether free, it may be, from the stain or distortion of human contact, nor beyond the reach of a higher finish and development, but sterling and imperishable, dwelling together in harmony, and bathed

in that divine light which streams through the resplendent dome, from the One Source of all truth, the mind of God. Before him stands an expectant throng of applicants, seeking admission for some favorite thought or pregnant discovery. Here are those who approach in the modesty of true science, and there, those who are trumpeting the praises of their idol. Some ask no more than a patient audience, and a fair adjudication, and others, as if delay were to be a world-wide disaster, would, if unrestrained, rush headlong into the holy place, and trampling down all accepted forms of truth, bear their wretched counterfeit to the highest seat of honor. If Conservatism, therefore, is a pains-taking quality, and is to act as judge and arbiter, it has a stupendous work in hand. Truth already established, is of course within its keeping, but it has another and more laborious task in the encounter, and the trial of those fresher and intenser forms, which press upon its notice. It must not be despotic. It must not be timorous. Not one living verity must be denied access to the enclosure. Not one specious falsehood must be allowed to touch its threshold.

But still again, I refer to our definition. The end of Conservatism is the preservation of truth. In order to this, is it required that truth should be forever tied up to its original or accidental relations? We think not. There are truths which can never again be put to their first uses. The occasion which called them forth, or the age which could gracefully appropriate them, have passed away; and if they are to stand pledged to their first connections, then also they stand chained to a body of death; as valueless, though as beautiful, as the ivy which flings its soft fringes over the decay of some old monastic pile. There is a dead past, no

more to be quickened or reproduced; but the truths which once dwelt in its bosom, and gave it vitality, are not dead; they are not to be confined or entombed with the body which they have ceased to animate. They live. They cannot perish. They should not be smothered in the catacombs of the past; and we claim, therefore, for Conservatism a disintegrating and moulding power, which shall seize and adapt them to the shifting postures of life and thought. This is to secure their truest preservation. This is to retain the freshness of their life. This is to give them an honorable, because a useful perpetuity. For what is truth worth to this or any age, when it is presented in shapes so angular and old-fashioned as to be out of harmony with all surrounding things? What useful or practical end can it accomplish when it comes sheathed in its primitive husks, or so bedizened and stiff in its antiquated attire, as to provoke the wonder and the ridicule of all beholders. Unquestionably there are elements of truth which cannot thus be dislodged from their original conditions. Of such we say freely, the old is better. They cannot be improved, or wrought into combinations which shall give them greater vigor or effect. There are, for instance, lines and proportions of beauty in ancient art and mediæval architecture, which body forth truth to perfection, and which, with all our attempts at imitation, are unapproached. There are models of skill and manifestations of power, which we do well never to lose sight of—striving, however vainly, to divine their secret. There are thoughts which can never be deposited in richer caskets; principles which can never be tabernacled in more accurate formulas; histories and treatises which can never be shrined in purer language. These are to abide forever. They are to be cher-

ished and studied with a reverential spirit, not so much because they are ancient, as because they are admirable, and satisfy the universal mind. A sound Conservatism will guard them well, and hold them forth to the eye of this and every age. But not so with what is grotesque and extravagant; not so with what is cumbrous and unwieldy; not so with those envelopments of truth, which, instead of expressing, greatly obscure it. These and such as these, will not be retained, through a blind veneration for the past. Nor will they be scornfully rejected, but gradually and wisely conformed to the actual interests and demands of living men. And herein, if I may venture to repeat the declaration, herein consists the most exalted exercise of Conservatism, the moulding and harmonizing of all truth, however old, or rude in its attire, so as to make it useful and effective *now*, within this passing hour of time. And in saying this, let me pointedly disclaim any especial idolatry for the present. We are not disposed to magnify it above measure. With all its goodly signs, and sure tokens of advancement, we see something of its folly, and know that many of its vaunted "activities" might rather be regarded as the antics and contortions of ungovernable phrenzy. And for this very reason, if for no other, we maintain that all truth of all time should, with a wise discretion, be pressed into its service, and so as to find the widest currency. The coins of the antiquarian may enjoy a very graceful accommodation upon the shelves of his cabinet. They may be impressed with many a strange and curious device. They may have the ring of the true metal—but except to himself and kindred virtuosi, they are worthless. They must pass to the hand of the mint-master, and be stamped with another

er image and superscription, before they can reach the channels of a wholesome circulation. The tastes of the antiquarian, however, need not be disturbed. For one, we would protect and honor them. His store of curiosities need not be despoiled—for the mines of earth can furnish the virgin ore, in quantities more than sufficient to tempt the rapacity and corrupt the heart of a money-loving world. But the virgin ore of truth is not so abounding; its freshly-opened veins are not so prolific as to allow that any portion of its solid metal, however cankered or antique, should be sequestered, and made the plaything of modern amateurs. It is too rare and precious a substance to be preserved in the shape of relics; too vital and energizing to be labeled, and laid aside in cases; too divine and immortal to be imprisoned in well-arranged alcoves. The world requires it; requires it all. She requires it for practical uses in ten thousand spheres of effort, mental and material. She requires it for the productive power of skill and handicraft; for the formation of thought and opinion, for the cultivation of taste, for the expansion of law, for the direction of beneficence, for the advancement of sound learning and philosophy; nay, for every humble and every lofty interest which may conduce to the happiness and elevation of mankind; and we are strongly persuaded, that so far as truth is withheld or cramped, or in any way made impracticable, so far will brawny hands and fiery spirits be multiplied to work out falsehood and error, upon the anvils of impiety.

Now it may be thought from this rapid analysis of the term Conservatism, that we are disposed to contradict its most obvious principle, and regard it only as the servant, or at most, the guiding element of modern energy and

reform. It may be said that its real dignity is sacrificed, when, stepping down from its pedestal, it seeks to preserve old truth, by adapting it to the spirit and circumstances of a new age, and furthermore, it may be alleged that in making it thus subservient to what is actual and practical, we overlook a large class of sentiments and emotions which have been accustomed to rely upon its protection. We are not conscious of any such misuse or degradation of the term; for we shall be the last to concede the point, that in making truth available or useful, Conservatism is violated in one principle, or its dignity impaired, or its aim made hostile to any lawful passion of the human soul.

There is a Conservatism which may be thus jealous of truth; fearful of its contact and affiliation with the universal mind. It is the element which sometimes dwells, as we have seen, in false and pernicious systems. The Conservatism which would fix the bounds of progress by an unchangeable decree, and legalize tyranny by ascribing to it the last touch of perfection. The representative of such a principle may be found in Paul Sarpe, of Venice, whose dying exclamation over the constitution of that atrocious republic was, *Esto perpetua*.* Such a principle is heavy laden with its own execration. But we are speaking of a sound and rational Conservatism. It is stable, but is not opposed to action and movement. It is the friend of order, but is not convulsed at the thought of change. In a word, confident in the immortality of truth, it has no fear that it will be too widely diffused, or accommodate itself too flexi-

* We cast no reproach upon "Father Paul." His patriotism was unquestioned, and his aspirations for the glory of his country were kindled by an honest spirit; and yet, content with the horrid phantom of liberty, he would have honored it with an apotheosis.

bly to the processes of society or the changes of civilization, or be vulgarized and debased by taking its way through the common avenues of life and experience. And if I might bring before you a representative of this generous principle, I would mention the name of that master spirit in the realm of science, Sir John Herschel. I think it will be admitted that he occupies a seat sufficiently high to secure him against the accusation of radicalism. I think it will be confessed, that no man of this or any age might more consistently wrap himself in the disdain of a lofty exclusiveness, and stand aloof from his fellow-men in the dignity and isolation of an autocrat, than he. So much the more cordially do we yield him the ascription of honor; for we feel that his good sense is equal to his genius, nay, a prime quality of it, and that his enlargement of soul bears a due proportion to his intellectual pre-eminence, when we see him turning away from the stars; coming forth and descending from the penetralia of the Infinite, that he may bless the humblest votary of knowledge, and spread through the world the inspiration and the fruit of his marvellous discoveries.

In a discourse upon "The influence of science on the well-being and progress of society," he utters the following sentiments. "Let those who enjoy the highest advantages of intellectual culture, be careful to secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonor and wretchedness. The truth itself demands this at their hands, as well as the necessities of men; for knowledge can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few. It is not like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. There is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may receive accession, or so free from error, but

that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions ; and those, therefore, who admire and love knowledge for its own sake, should strive to make its elements accessible to all, were it only that they may be more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality, which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow. But to this end it is necessary that it should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft or a mystery. Science, of course, like every thing else, has its own peculiar terms, and, so to speak, its idioms of language, and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish ; but every thing that tends to clothe it in a strange and repulsive garb, and especially, every thing, that, to keep up an appearance of superiority among its professors over the rest of mankind, assumes an unnecessary guise of obscurity or profundity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is deliberately to reject the light which the natural, unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles. The whole tendency of empiricism is to bury itself in mystic phrases ; but the delight of true science is, to lay itself open to inquiry ; to make the road to its conclusions broad and beaten. Its whole aim is to prune away all technical mystery ; to illuminate every dark recess, and to invite the closest scrutiny of eager minds."

Such sentiments, gentlemen, will commend themselves to your approbation. You perceive their drift. They bestow

dignity upon truth by the very confidence which they breathe in its power to stand the ordeal of universal diffusion. They encourage such diffusion, not only for the preservation of truth, but for its improvement, and this we hold to be the very essence of a just Conservatism.

I pass for one moment to the other objection which was named, to wit, that this interpretation of the principle must operate unfavorably upon certain instincts and emotions which are natural to man, which, also, are noble and elevating, such as veneration for antiquity, and those poetical sentiments which are enkindled by its decay and desolation, and leave them to become extinct, in the bosom of a plodding, common-place world. There may be a certain measure of force in this complaint, at least I have known it to be urged with considerable gravity by men who appeared to think that there should be an entire surrender of the past to the contemplative faculty. Nor would I consciously overlook the fact, that human culture involves something more than an acquaintance with the reality of things. The wide realm of utility is not the only empire of the soul. Action and availability are not the only sources of its life or its joy; and that mode of existence is lamentably false, which leaning earthward forever, allows no play to the subtle tastes, and diviner susceptibilities of our nature. But where, after all, is the conflict between the principle we have stated, and the most refined enjoyment of the ideal, the universal and the remote.

"Nihil sine ætate est, omnia tempus expectant."

Neither the monuments of the past, nor its venerable associations, are annihilated, because the truths once lodged in them have become the common property of the world, and

are turned to better account. I know not that Nineveh has been deprived of its mysterious charm by the researches of Layard. I have yet to learn that the crumbling memorials of Grecian art and literature are less likely to awaken reverence, because the spirit of both survives to quicken living souls, in numbers which no man can number. The bones of Plato and Sophocles are not disinterred; the scenes which they hallowed are not defiled, because, this day, the whole world is better for the wisdom and the beauty they left behind. Rome is none the less magnificent in her ruins; the spells of her enchantment are none the less powerful, because the elements of her manners and her laws are distributed among all the civilized nations of the earth. We take the ground that the more the past is incorporated with the present, so much the more will it be honored and revered. The more the spirit of its truth is gathered up, the more it is sifted and wrought over into fresher forms of life and action, so much the more will its sources be consecrated; so much the more will pilgrim feet turn aside to visit its tombs and temples; so much the more will its gigantic fragments evoke the inmost soul of imagination, and eloquence, and passionate song. It is sometimes remarked in the same querulous temper, that because we have not the visible remains of antiquity in our midst, therefore the spirit of poetry must deal with homely themes, and trail her celestial garments in the dust. We are forced to deny the assumption. It is false. The past is with us—all that is imperishable about it is here. If a narrow Conservatism has ever attempted to arrest its transmigration, it has failed most signally. We repeat it, the past is here. As for its ruins, time claims them, and as for ourselves, we have nei-

ther room nor occasion for them ; but its residuum, gentlemen, that is an everlasting possession, and the joy of many generations. It lies within this epoch. It has a home upon the shores of this continent. If its tokens are demanded, I point to engines, and forges, and spindles, and looms. If its vitality is questioned, I challenge the designation of a commodity or a luxury in the whole range of modern economies, which bears not some relation to the past. If its ethical and intellectual presence is denied, I affirm it to be every where, the staple of all morals and all mind. It interpenetrates the whole of life and effort, and whether it be through the media of classic fable and history, or old philosophies, or sublime epics, or undying oratory ; whether its lessons are gathered from Memnon and the Pyramids, or from Zanthean marbles ; whether from Pagan mysteries, or Christian art—the past is with us, by the wayside, in the workshop ; on the mountain of vision, and in the vale of industry ; helping us to fashion our own antiquity, and secure for ourselves a more exalted name, and a nobler ministry of good.

We say, therefore, to the poet who mourns over the practical element in these times, that it is the very embodiment of the past. If there be not enough in the common sources of inspiration to satisfy him ; if the varied aspects of nature around him ; if the stars and golden clouds of evening, and the smile of infancy, and the gentle eye of woman—"if the visions of glory, and dreams of love, and hopes of heaven" which visit this earth, leave him impoverished ; then super-added to all such themes, he has this new world transfigured with the light and the glory of the old,—he has more to kindle and replenish his poetic fire than Homer had ; more

than Dante or Tasso; more than Milton; for all their treasures are at his feet, and the spoils of centuries beside. We perceive, therefore, that a wise Conservatism has been, and we feel that in a far greater measure should continue to be, the vigilant guardian of the past; not merely preserving it, but subordinating it, and *blending the essence of things that are not, with the substance of things that are.*

Gentlemen, I shall greatly add to the imperfections of this address, if, before bringing it to a close, I omit to reduce the general principle we have considered to one or two of its more definite applications.

The first of these to which I would briefly call your attention, shall be the most important.

Hitherto, I have purposely omitted any direct allusion to that divine structure, which, being the keeper and dispenser of our Faith, is therefore dear to us all, as the life of our souls. Nor shall I presume, at this moment, to rank the CHURCH OF GOD with those systems of earthly origin which may be, and continually are, accommodated to the fluctuations of our social and intellectual being. She is from eternity above, and has within her bosom an element of preservation and continuity which does not depend upon any accident of time for its life or power. She has mysteries which far transcend the approaches of sense or intellect; lying in a region "which no man hath seen, or can see." She has truths, and doctrines, and sacraments, which are intended for man's implicit acceptance, and eternal salvation; not for his criticism, and not for the exercise of his fallible judgment. And accordingly, while her office upon earth is to preserve truth, and diffuse it to the saving of the soul, she maintains through all periods, and in the face of all

change, a reserve which repels intrusion, and shrinks both from the touch of restless and sacrilegious hands, and the loud outcries of sensuous and fanatical tempers.

Even the sacred poets of the old Pagan world, who "sang the praises of *αἰδώς*, taught this lesson: they taught that there was something higher than expediency, something higher than mere feeling, a holy monitor to whom all affection was meant to bow, and absolutely commit itself for training and fashioning;" and it is because this lesson has not been duly learned, that rationalism and infidelity are emblazoned

"Upon the forehead of these fearless times."

But I feel assured of one fact which will be questioned by no man, that the outward presentation of divine truth to the world, is left almost entirely to the human and collective wisdom of the Church. With her divinely appointed agents there is lodged a discretionary power which they are bound to exercise. They have exercised it from the beginning. Her rules and institutions; her offices, ceremonials, celebrations, usages, liturgies, songs, had not all one birth. They are the accretion of ages. They are the exponents of change and progress. They are the gathered fragments of advancing time, accepted literally as well as conventionally by the "communis sensus"—the common sense—of the Church. Some of them are obsolete, some have been formally repudiated, and some remain to this day, the sacred expressions of Catholic truth, and holy worship, and honoring these with an ever-deepening affection, we pray God that no change may pass upon them, except such as shall be manifestly "the fruit of a wise delay," and a most reverent consideration. Nevertheless we shall not withhold the declaration, that it argues no

disloyalty to the Church; it neither betokens a radical spirit, or a defective faith, or a revolutionary design, to suppose that the time has come, or may come, when it will be altogether expedient to lift the Church out of the groove in which holy men left her ages ago, and turn her serene and radiant face a little more toward the face of troubled and suffering humanity, and re-adjust her beautiful garments, a little more in harmony with those tastes and habits of life in which her children are so carefully educated, and without sacrificing one particle of her sublimity or her simplicity, give her a little more freedom of action in a world, I say it with sorrow, where there is scarcely any thing else but action.

Counting it no heresy to suppose that such a day may come, we honestly hold the conviction that it will come, and that the principle we have asserted will receive the consent of the Church. There will be no sudden rupture of venerable ties; no violent displacement of time-honored usages. Her order will not be rashly violated. Her rubrics and offices will not be rudely handled. Her heavenly calm will not be invaded by the resounding footsteps and loud voices of iconoclasts and innovators. Nevertheless we confidently anticipate the period, although we may not survive to behold it, when her sanctuaries will bear witness to a happier adaptation of liturgical forms, and a freer spirit of discourse, and a larger sympathy with Christ's humble poor; and when her priesthood will not only work valiantly within her borders; when they will not only go round about her, and mark well her bulwarks, and count her towers, but when they will make far excursions into the surrounding world, and adapt themselves with facility to the revolution of

thought and feeling which is going on there, and make themselves felt in the heart of great communities, and make themselves known in the most obscure and secluded haunts of humble life; pushing the conquests of the Church into the purlieus of shame; carrying her medicines of hope and consolation to the deepest hiding-places of misery, and rendering her what her Divine Master was; what He intended her to be; the daily friend and loving counsellor of the outcast and the forsaken. This is the Conservatism we invoke for the Church in this age. Not that she is without it in a high measure; but there is room for more—a Conservatism discreet, observant, reasonable, conciliatory—holding absolute truth above the reach of all change—high, very high—high as the throne of God; but moulding its circumstances to the wants and necessities of daily life, and common men.

Were it not for trespassing upon your time, it would be easy, nay, it would be interesting to pass within the precincts of other and less sacred institutions, and observe how imperiously the offices of a sound Conservatism are demanded. Not that any earthly institution will be perfect; not that the hindrances and difficulties which beleaguer improvement, will ever be overcome—but incongruities, such as are manifest to every eye, and are sources of universal irritation and impatience, to say nothing of outrage, need not be tolerated. They will not always be tolerated. If no other influence interpose, at some time the currents of strong opinion and common sense will prevail, and sweep them away. In the administration and processes of law, concessions have already been made, I am aware, to the popular judgment. Some of its wrappings have been taken

off. Some of its blind labyrinths have been closed. Some of its wearisome prolixity has been dispensed with.

But justice and equity are yet in bondage to forms as irritating to the temper of this age, as this age is foreign to that of Justinian or King John. It cannot always be, that Law shall maintain her fixed composure, and wind through her endless and tortuous details, while all around her tribunals the waves of discontent and agony are swelling. It cannot always be, that access to her judgment-seat shall be made a disheartening, and perhaps a life-long struggle. The end of all this will come. No age is blind to practical abuses, or silent in regard to them, and there will at length be heard a full-voiced and clamorous demand for reform. It will devolve upon some power to disentangle, to eliminate, to simplify. The prerogatives of that power should be exercised by the masters of the Law. A lofty Conservatism should influence and guide them in a course of reformatory measures, which shall anticipate rash counsels, and preserve the high places of judgment and justice from distempered assault.

Gentlemen, I cannot but deem it matter for devout congratulation this day, that the College whose returning festival brings us together, cheers us also with the bright promise of her importance, both to the Church and the Republic. On every hand we see tokens that she is preparing to do the work proper to this age, and express herself not incoherently upon every question and interest which may be worthy of consideration. The full assurance meets us, that she is not to be cramped in her energies, or defrauded of her efficiency, by alliances with party, or devotion to extremes. Without occupying a neutral ground, she will occupy the true,

the conservative, the Catholic ground. Her sympathies will be large; her range of observation wide; her aims comprehensive. She will not stand in the bosom of this wakeful and tumultuating world, a thing of the past; a monument of impracticability, with no higher destiny than to keep what she has received, and preserve the dignity of a plethoric custodian, and envelope herself in a monastic solemnity, and carefully transmit her store of ancient learning and hoary dogmas, and ecclesiastical legends, to those that shall come after. No! no! A higher work and nobler destiny invite her. She will rather be a pillar of guidance and rebuke in the midst of this stirring century. Truly she will look to the past, and reverence its illustrious names and authorities. She will treasure the precious remains of its wisdom and power, and give a distinct utterance to its truth. But she will do more. The present will not be too narrow for her vision. She will perceive that the past can only be useful as it becomes a teacher of the present; a quickener and revealer of power; a source of thought, an instrument of progressive elevation; fashioning the instincts and impulses of man into the harmony of society, and enabling them to reach a higher ground and gaze upon a grander prospect; and perceiving this, she will offer to the present the fulness of her strength and the purest impulses of her sympathy, as an interpreter and guide. She will observe its wants, and endeavor to supply them. She will mark its errors, and seek to overthrow them. She will realize its dangers, and make no delay to avert them. But she will do still more. Knowing that this familiar though wonderful scene is but an advancing step in the progress of society and being, she will look beyond it; piercing, as far as

may be lawful, the cloud and mist of the future, widening her vision to coming developments, and strengthening her heart by the anticipation of glories yet to be revealed. And thus she will stand—Janus-faced—looking to the past, the present and the future, that she may make them all subservient to the highest good of man and the highest glory of God.

Such are the pledges which meet us here to-day. We see them and rejoice. We see them in a life-long consecration of her chief executive officer to the interests of Trinity College. We see them in an admirable corps of professors; in the accession of eminent and large-hearted men to her seats of theology, and in that new foundation which looks to the economical management of the State and the Nation; aye, and seeing them, we take heart, confident that whatever may be the convulsions of the world, or the disquietudes of the Church, she will maintain a true and stable position, not sitting at a distance from either, or honoring either with a dissembling reverence, but endeavoring to serve both, by preparing her children in their generations for a keen interest, and successful interference in the affairs and conflicts of life, and for an earnest, actuating, courageous attachment to the “faith once delivered to the saints;” so that living or dying, they may be sustained by the answer of a good conscience, and counted worthy of that perfection which lies beyond the toil and disfigurement of earth, in the KINGDOM OF THE FATHER.



Themes for the Poet.

A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 28, 1852.

BY THE

REV. CLEMENT M. BUTLER, D. D.,

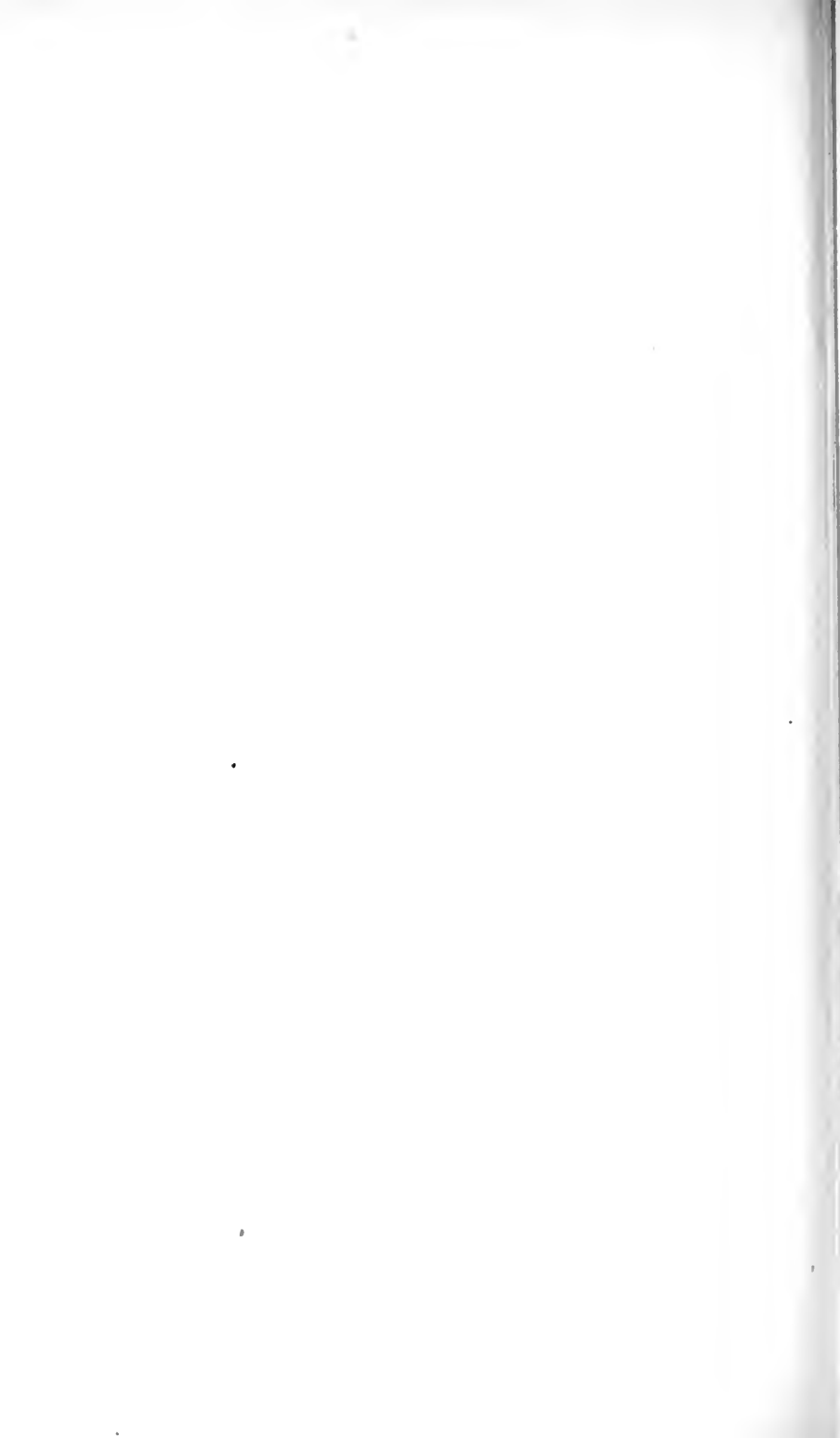
RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, WASHINGTON, AND CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

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TO
THE REV. M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE, D. D.,
THIS POEM
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.



P O E M .

It is no dream! Here once again I stand,
With a poor poem blushing in my hand;
Teachers terrific still are hovering near;
Ascendat Butler! thunders in my ear.
Again, with trembling steps, I mount the stage,
Address the carpet with poetic rage,
Wonder, in horror, and look round to see,
If giggling girls are making fun of me.
In desperate doubt through tender words I storm—
Resume my seat, and say—“*Tis very warm.*”

Ah, can it be so many years have fled.
Since that day's dance of terrors through my head?
Are they not here, that joyful Brother band,
Whose farewell grasp yet tingles on my hand?
But few are here! and now our footsteps tread
On life's dry leaves then green above our head;
On hopes, the timid blossoms of the hour,
That never spread their beauties into flower;
On earlier joys, those gadding vines that clasp

Things dead and living with an equal grasp.
 'Tis well! If 'neath our feet these sere leaves lie,
 They leave, above our heads, an open sky!

Dear *Alma Mater!* At thy feet we kneel;
 Thy hand's soft stroke upon our heads we feel;
 Thy face, all beaming with maternal joys,
 Smiles a glad welcome on thy elder boys;
 And as we gather round the homestead hearth,
 Thou dost not frown on our becoming mirth,
 As oddest pranks and drollest mischiefs pass,
 Grotesquely grinning, over memory's glass:—
 E'en then thy anger was amusement, half,
 And thy grave censure oft a smothered laugh.

Since then, what changes manifold and fast,
 O'er all the land, o'er all the world have passed!
 What vigorous powers, new hopes, and large desires,
 Have glowed and sparkled, like the new-stirr'd fires!
 What busy life keeps all the world astir!
 What new-born wonders daily round us whirr!
 What earnest nonsense, out of hot hearts hurled,
 With screaming zeal perambulates the world!
 What touching cures for all our human ills—
 For Eden lost can be regained by pills!
 What coming marvels "in the good time" near,
 When only poor men shall be scarce and dear,
 When law and physic, no more fees to win,
 Shall weep the loss of suffering and of sin;
 When no pert priest shall still survive to tell

The half-grown gods of Earth there is a hell.
 Oh, "good time coming"—already come *in song*—
 Don't tarry longer! *pray, do come along!*

"But why," say some, "mount that old chariot, *rhyme?*
 The lumbering *State-Coach* of the elder time."
 This is the age, as every school-boy knows,
 When genius *steams along* on thundering prose.
 Get with this trumpery verse from off the track!
 Strive not to call the banished muses back!
 They timid glances on the present cast,
 Then glide within the cloisters of the past.

Nay, 'tis not so! From man the muses come;
 His beating heart their birth-place and their home.
 With man *as man* these genial spirits dwell
 Alike in crowded mart and silent cell.
 Whatever warms and fills and thrills the heart;
 Whatever bids the impassioned pulses start;
 Whatever shakes glad fancies from their nest,
 And sends them, singing, through the brighten'd breast;
 Whatever future, crowned by hope's glad hands,
 Down on the frowning present, smiling, stands;
 Whatever past, by memory saint-like made,
 Breathes benedictions from the sacred shade,
Is poetry. The muse shall sing and soar,
 While Earth shall last—then seek the brighter shore!

What are the themes that move our present age,
 And send the lit eye gleaming o'er the page?
 Not all that once has moved the human soul,
 Holds o'er it still a masterful control.

To sing of Jove and Juno, Pallas, Mars,
 To tell the story of their loves and wars;
 Or e'en of Cupid, with his bow and string,
 Were but a cold cloud to our breast to bring.
 When wafted back with those who sang and saw
 Those shapes of beauty, grandeur, grace and awe,
 Then, beneath genius' mesmerizing spell,
 We too, in cheated dream, with them may dwell;
 But when those shapes we summon on the stage,
 In the broad day-light of our glaring age,
 Not e'en the vivid picture-work of Keats,
 Nor Shelley's wild and wondrous fancy-feats,
 Can make those shadows pause, and live, and speak
 To minds and hearts. They only flit and squeak.

In sweet Arcadian vales and flowery meads,
 Where hapless Corydon with Chloe pleads,
 Where murmuring streams, in pensive concord flow,
 With his pipe's tedious and melodious woe,
 There, where our gentle sires retired to weep,
 There—if we go at all—we go—to *sleep!*

If in such forms our modern muse should come,
 She'd find with us nor welcome nor a home.

But the grand epic that was wont to roll
 Its copious glories through the human soul,
 Gathering around some mighty deed of arms
 All that the spirit elevates and charms—
 All passions, fancies, hatreds, loves, desires,
 All that in life, art, nature, fills and fires—
 Shall *our ears* listen to this mighty song,
 Bearing whole nations on its waves along?
 Not yet, if ever, may that Epic come
 Trailing the past—its glories and its gloom.
 We stand begirt with fearful secret powers;
 Strange marvels hurry on our crowded hours;
 Half-finished wonders glitter at our feet,
 Which the deft future hastens to complete;
 So full, so fast, absorbing and intense,
 The gifts of life our passing years dispense,
 That not for wonders to the past we turn,
 Though time's and fancy's glories round her burn.
 When that great battle of the nations comes—
 (Hark to the rolling of its muster drums!)
 When leagued oppressions, on their final field,
 To liberty's impassioned cohorts yield,
 And victor virtues—freedom, peace, and love—
 Lift loud *Te Deums*, jubilant, above,
 Then may the finished scroll be all unrolled,
 And the full story of our times be told;
 Then Homer's lyre may be again re-strung—
 We *live* the Epic that shall then be *sung*.

But wide the range, and full of wondrous things,
 In which the muse may now disport her wings.

Our daily life, the joys and woes of home,
 The violet virtues in the shade that bloom ;
 The infant, smiling on its mother's breast,
 The girl's soft musing, and the boy's unrest,
 The hopes and loves and soaring aims of youth ;
 Man's brave life-war, and woman's patient truth ;
 Oh sweet these gentle lyrics of the heart,
 Which from the home affections, singing, start ;
 Which greet us, waking, with a cheerful note,
 And o'er day's discords, mildly breathing, float ;
 With tender softness charm the day's calm close,
 And soothe our fevered spirits to repose.

Oh never shall these simple singings cease
 To tell our sorrow, and to swell our peace ;
 Oh never weary shall man's heart become
 Of flowers familiar round his cherished home !
 At each new Spring he hails them all the more,
 Because their beauty gladdened him before.
 Then let the Poet's home-affections flow
 Forth into heart-songs, musical and low,
 And his sweet numbers shall the world rehearse :
 All have his feelings, but they want his verse !

And youthful love's delicious, radiant dreams—
 Of these may the true Poet write by reams !
 Bright, greedy eyes will every word devour,
 And only wish for a—*few acres more !*
 Well, sing it out ! oh Poet ! clear and long,
 For 'tis Earth's sweetest, most enrapturing song ;

And when your graphic strains portray it best,
 How much remains that cannot be expressed !
 Though to the life your vivid verses show
 Young hearts with love's dear raptures all a-glow ;
 Though its sweet pains, and its rich joys' excess,
 Through your warm words, in panting ardor, press ;
 And though each shines, in fancy's colors dressed,
 As "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,"
 Yet will these hearts regard your words as tame,
 Mere Arctic moonshine to their fervent flame.
 Resume the lyre ! To the world's end prolong,
 Oh Poet heart ! that unexhausted song !

Why here are hearts—start not !—no names I tell—
 In which whole unwrit Petrarch volumes dwell.
 I shrewdly guess, within yon classic walls,
 Whence duty's war its well-drilled conscript calls,
 Some agonizing student has essayed
 To rhyme a farewell to an obdurate maid.
 In vain—his collar down and hair uncombed—
 Through mighty, melting adjectives he roamed.
How, in poor words, may ever be expressed
 The woful Iliads struggling in his breast ?
 The half-writ sonnet fainted, died and sunk,
 And now lies buried in the young man's trunk.
 Ah, fair one ! smile on him ! Indeed you should ;
 It had been written—if it only could !
 These things are so, or else 'tis plain to me,
 Things are not there as once they used to be !

Now Nature woos us to her green retreats,
 Breathes in our souls her vivifying sweets ;
 And poet-hearts, with rapture brimming o'er,
 Praise her, and love her, and almost adore.
 Sublime and lovely are the strains they sing ;
 Long their soft echoes in our heart's caves ring.

Still may these pure and purifying songs
 Float, lute-like, breathing, 'mid life's clashing throngs !
 Still to its pale and pining victims bear
 A breath of freshness on the tainted air !
 Still swell our joys, when 'mid green scenes we roam,
 And re-create them when we muse at home !

Oh dear the office which kind nature plies—
 For our soul's life within her, shadow'd, lies.
 By nature's living symbols are expressed
 The living feelings of the human breast.
 Our sense of beauty there is met and filled ;
 Our souls with kindred grandeurs roused and thrilled ;
 Our joy's exulting voice is clearly heard
 In the glad streamlet, and the singing bird ;
 Our dear hopes, folded in the coming hour,
 Are seen to open in the budding flower ;
 Our fresh affections gurgle from the fount ;
 Our lofty aims tow'r upward in the mount ;
 Our deep gloom darkens in the spreading cloud ;
 Our passions burst forth in the tempest loud ;
 Our peace soft nestles in the twilight's calm ;
 And, in cool dews, distils our bosom's balm.

Oh, is not Nature precious to our heart,
 Because in our sad doom she bears a part ?
 Not willingly to vanity she turned ;
 The curse that blighted man within her burned.
 We dragged her from her throne of glory down ;
 We stripped her, weeping, of her robe and crown ;
 And now, her laboring bosom sighs and groans,
 Responsive ever, to man's ceaseless moans.
 We feel a tender tie with this dimmed Earth,
 Which dates its darkness from our fatal birth.
 Our souls, in tumult with sin's ceaseless jar,
 Earth's breast the seat of elemental war,
 Send up to Heaven, in one long, fearful din,
 The blended dissonance of awful *sin*.
 Oh not in vain forever to the skies,
 Shall these wild woes of man and nature rise ;
 Not all unheard the anguished cry of man
 To lift from off the race God's crushing ban ;
 Not aye in vain, her signals of distress
 To the far worlds in the blue boundlessness,
 Shall the wrecked Earth send booming o'er the deep,
 In the loud thunders from her sides that leap.
 God's heart is on them, and his word is passed,
 That their dread woes shall not forever last !
 Fallen with man, with man shall Earth arise,
 And spring in beauty through the shouting skies,
 The symbol once, and likeness of his woe,
 Now the clear mirror where his glories glow !

Then ever dear to human hearts, the strain
 Where Nature lives, and blooms, and speaks again.

Let the rapt lover of her marvels range
 Through various nature, in her every change ;
 Her cunning nooks and wond'rous caves explore,
 And moor his light bark on her wildest shore.
 Then let the pictures to his memory brought,
 By fancy's airy touch again be wrought.
 Let the rich feelings which they waken'd, rest
 Like hived honey, in his happy breast ;
 Then let him—mind, and heart, and fancy full
 Of the bright visions of the beautiful—
 The songs of Nature with glad heart repeat,
 Which he learned, sitting, at her gracious feet,
 And our hearts' beatings all attuned shall be
 To the sweet measures of his minstrelsy.

Let that strain *perish*, though its numbers roll
 Melodious thunders o'er the raptured soul,
 If in its chorusses it fail to bring
Glory to God—great nature's greater King !
 Nor while it marks God's touch in all He gives,
 And sees God's heart in every thing that lives,
 Let it mistake fine luxuries of sense
 For sacred breathings of Omnipotence ;
 Nor dare to worship Nature's life as God,
 And find His spirit in the senseless sod ;
 And call all worlds and souls, one sea
 Of blended life—one only Deity.
 How timid, lonely, orphaned, drear the soul,
 If as one wave of that vast sea it roll !

How warm, and glad, and trustful will it be,
 As the lov'd child of FATHER—DEITY !
 Then Nature speaks to him in every line,
 Of spirit-glories deathless and divine.
 What ! if the vast system of created things,
 Stretching beyond the mind's imaginings,
 Its worlds on worlds, whose dew-drops seem to try
 T' exhaust the treasures of infinity—
 What if it be one symbol-scheme, designed
 To speak the glories of the eternal mind ;
 Where, in each creature, feebly, is expressed
 An answering glory in His wondrous breast ?
 Oh then how loftily does Nature sing
 Perpetual anthems to her Heavenly King ;
 Then know we why Earth's blessed sceneries charm,
 And why they seem with loving Godhead warm ;
 Why, when in Nature's arms we sink to rest,
 We feel as folded to a Father's breast !

Too long we linger. Fain we here would stay ;
 But life, guilt, sorrow, beckon us away.

How does the turbid, restless, fevered time,
 Teem with the tragedies of woe and crime !
 The pure Muse enters where wild passions rave,
 That she may learn to pity and to save ;—
 As 'mid those scenes where maniac woe abides,
 The gentle form of Dix serenely glides.
 Awed, let her pierce into dark caves of sin,
 And see foul vices fight and bleed within—

Conflicting passions, struggling ill and good,
 Old Evil's stern and brutal hardihood ;
 Remorse, with red and horror-gleaming eye,
 Run from the avenging fiends of memory,
 Then spring, in palpitating terror, back
 From retribution's near and bloody rack ;
 Then when her heart with pitying woe shall ache,
 Let her high prophet-strains of warning wake !
 Oh, far too long have song and genius lent
 To crime's career their music's ravishment ;
 Our souls in fascinated horror held ;
 Our rising blame by admiration quelled ;
 From hearts which should their moral thunders pour,
 Won pity's soft and expiating shower.
 Leave not to bandit bards the tales of crime,
 Tawdrily glorious, vulgarly sublime ;
 To fallen genius, which can only see
 The devilish beauty of iniquity ;
 But haste, oh faithful bard and bold ! to show
 In crime—pollution, agony and woe ;
 Haste, youthful hearts, in vivid words to tell,
 How sin's gay Eden slopes down smooth to hell !
 Haste—for the age its stimulating airs
 To the world's brain a maddening influence bears ;
 Kindles wild hopes, awakens vast desires,
 The judgment dazzles, and the fancy fires ;
 Tempts to wild schemes where wisdom, duty, right,
 In the red brilliance fade upon the sight ;—
 Adventure musters all her motley train ;
 The gold-fiend beckons from the western main ;—

Hasten, with startling vividness, to show
 How boundless passions pass from guilt to woe ;
 In winning contrast paint the peace of those
 Whose hearts on conscience pillow their repose,
 Whose well-trained passions duty's rein obey,
 And move, with free step, over virtue's way ;
 Whose home-delights and regulated joys,
 Whose business, garden, books, wife, girls and boys,
 All the mind's powers to healthy action tune,
 And bless the heart's love with its choicest boon ;
 Whose very sorrows far more pleasures win
 Than all the feverish ecstacies of sin—
 For to their woes already are there given
 Foretasted blessings from approaching Heaven.

The muse of satire—how she shouts and laughs !
 For rich the game is for her shining shafts !

How fatally her slender arrow flies,
 Through fashion's big and little butterflies !
 She goes to Newport and impales a few—
 The game is plenty, but 't is worthless too !
 Then at a Fourier's Paradise she stops,
 And sees Professor *Transcend*—emptying slops !
 And Mrs. Sky-fly, whose "poem on the soul,
 Considered as a deep world-holding hole,"
 Lies on the table to be finished, when
 She shall have fed the piggy and the hen.
 Loud laughs the muse, but lets no arrow fly,
The folly has not life enough to die.

Then to the spirit-rappers does she go
 To ask old kings and bards—"How do you do"?
 To hear great Milton wretched rhyme indite,
 And modest Washington poor bombast write.
 Oh, wondrous *Media!* I do not believe
 These summoned spirits rap, as you conceive;
 For as you make them such consummate fools,
 If they could rap, I'm sure *they'd rap your skulls!*
 Then peeps the muse within the palace high
 Where pills are ground, to purge humanity
 Of all disease and sin. No need for her
 The shafts of satire from their rest to stir:
 Their puffs *are* satires, subtle and refined,
 Grinning in glee at credulous mankind!
 Then in the halls of art she glides to see
 If to her lofty call art faithful be.
 There, amid scenes of purity and love,
 Which fill the heart, the moral purpose move,
 She sees base panderings to sin and sense;
 Vice veiled in beauty's seeming innocence;
 Lo! parsons singing transcendental hymns,
 To the Greek Slave's shrinking, sentimental limbs;
 Insisting loud that soul, heart, genius shows,
 Just in proportion as we wear few clothes;
 That God made coverings for the fallen pair,
 Only because of dampness in the air.
 Angry the look which on the group she bends,
 And to them all a *mantua-maker* sends.

Then to the Church she takes her saddened way,
 To see men's follies as they praise and pray.
 She looks to find them in the sects and Rome,
 But not within our sober, holy home.
 Awearied now she turns from them away,
 And enters Church, to hear, and praise, and pray.
 Scarce has she passed within the outward porch,
 Before she asks—"Is this a Romish Church?"
 "Oh, no!" Doubtful, uneasy still she sits,
 And thinks she surely must have lost her wits :
 Enter Sir Rector—surplice covering o'er
 A coat like Grimes's, all buttoned down before ;
 A fossil priest just vitalized, and come
 From out a mediæval catacomb.

The solemn service, by his mummings, made
 A very poor and pitiful parade ;
 He gives a little homily to show
 How little good incessant preachings do ;
 Tells them the Church *by symbols* best can teach ;
 That HAWKS and CLARK* cannot, like stained glass, preach ;
 Bids them look round them, and, in awe, espy
 What splendid preachings now address the eye.
 (But he forgets, in the meantime, to say
 If arch and glass can *preach*, why can't they *pray* ?)
 Oh, Reverend Fossil ! it is strictly true—
 The glass and chancel preach as well as you !

* The Rev. F. L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D., of New York
 " " T. M. CLARK, D. D., of Hartford.

New themes upon our modern poet wait ;
 Fresh, stirring, noble, wondrous, wild and great ;
 The wrongs of nations and the rights of men ;
 The glorious triumphs of the tongue and pen ;
 The spread of truth, the progress of the world ;
 Freedom's bold banner on the age unfurled ;
 The people's strivings, and the patriot's toils,
 Art's noble triumphs, labor's mighty spoils ;
 The marvels science crowds upon the time,
 Rivalling Nature in her works sublime ;
 Man's inner being, like his outward state,
 Stirring and hopeful, ardent and elate—
 These are the themes which may, to modern song,
 Give tones of life and grandeur, clear and strong.

Too much, by far, do flippant tongue and pen
 Scatter dishonor on our public men ;
 Too oft our youth must be compelled to ask
 If patriot words are always sham and mask ;
 Too oft our nation's council is portrayed
 As if to peddling demagogues betrayed—
 (So speak not you ; for TOUCEY fills his place
 With mildly-blended dignity and grace.)
 This should not be ! Good men should sternly frown
 This vulgar, false, dishonoring scandal down ;
 It comes from baseness, and it makes men base ;
 It covers many with the few's disgrace.
 Men true and noble as the world e'er saw,
 Guard there your rights, and fashion there your law.
There have been given to recording time

Events and men surpassingly sublime ;
 There will the muses of the future hie
 To sing the praise of patriot liberty.
 Let it not be ! Remember God's commands
 That they be honored at the people's hands ;
 And that the Church, obedient to her Lord,
 Puts on your lip the supplicating word
 That through their counsels, we may never cease
 To enjoy truth, justice, righteousness and peace.

One mighty patriot soul has passed away—
 The land leans weeping o'er the tomb of CLAY !
 One of the few rare, high, heroic hearts,
 At whose mere name a world's pulse quicker starts.
 A hero born—for all his being's plan
 Was cast upon the highest scale of man.
 His impulse, passion, fancy, heart and mind,
 Each singly great, were splendidly combined ;
 His mind, in scanning things and questions, saw
 Their ends and uses more than their hid law—
 A giant, working amid mighty things,
 Not, sprite-like, searching to their secret springs.
 He *thought* to *act*, and asked if things were true,
 Not to *know* only, but to *know to do* ;
 Hence, void of baseness, loving place and fame
 Only as clear-eyed honor with them came,
 He stands recorded on his country's page,
 The foremost patriot Statesman of his age !
 Oh, 't was a sight to see him in his hour
 Of kindled interest and of conscious power,

When burnt, and burnished in his fervent zeal,
 His spirit glittered—a Damascus steel !
 Out gleamed his quick and ever-moving eyes,
 Keen to detect and skillful to disguise ;
 With honest logic, brilliant wit, vast sense,
 And sudden, vivid, rousing, daring eloquence ;
 With look, voice, gesture, plastic to the life
 With which his words and sentiments were rife,
 He looked as leading, in that triumph-hour,
 A bannered army terrible with power !
 Now a NAPOLEON planning conquests large ;
 And now a MURAT in his dashing charge ;
 “Prince of the Senate” crowned ; with kingly grace,
 Living and dying, he maintained the place.

But purer glories signalized the hour
 Of dying greatness than of living power.
 I've seen sweet children, gentle women, go—
 God's dear peace resting on their patient brow ;
 But never saw I yet a being die
 With a more simple, grand humility ;
 Ne'er have I seen around a dying bed
 So much majestic peace and beauty shed.
 Gentle, patient, thoughtful, calm and kind,
 With manners softened—holily refined—
 He for whose pains a nation's eyes were dim,
 Seemed grieved that *one* should watch and wait on *him*.
 Loud in his ear the booming guns proclaimed
 The nation's rival candidates were named ;
 The swelling praises to his mighty fame

With deepening pathos to his chamber came.
 The sounds with scarce a meaning reach his ears ;
 'Tis sweeter music that his soul now hears !
 While round its base the weeping millions lie,
 He mounts the Pisgah of his fame, to die ;
 Across his glories, which grow dim and pale,
 His spirit flies to childhood's happy vale ;
 There folds its weary, broken wings in rest,
 And murmurs softly in its early nest ;
 There does his child-heart to his mother lie—
 There does his child-heart to his Saviour fly ;
 So sweet those feelings, human and divine,
 His fame's forgot—his glories cease to shine—
 How grand is *death*—how glorious is the lot,
 In which a fame like this is all forgot !

My pleasant task is ended ! Ho ! again,
 Life and its duties summon us amain.
 One day of greeting and of joy remains ;
 One day to scour green memory's pleasant plains ;
 Then, with loins girded, and a kind farewell,
 Each to his work must turn. *Oh, do it well !*



Public Opinion, directed and impelled by Conflicting Influences

AN ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CONNECTICUT BETA

OF THE

Phi Beta Kappa Society,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 23th, 1852.

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE, D. D.

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O R A T I O N .

It is observable in nature, that its most beneficent agents are the result of opposing forces. Indeed, the supremacy and wisdom of the Creator is in nothing more conspicuous than in the coupling of hostile powers, and employing their very antagonism to achieve purposes beautiful for harmony, and affluent of good. Our planetary system, consisting of myriad bodies, vast in their dimensions, and fearful in the rapidity of their movements, is kept (as we all know,) in its exact propriety of revolution by the combination of forces, either of which, acting alone, —free from the resistance of the other,—would involve the universe in confusion and chaos. This vital air, so nicely attempered to our use, is a compound of elements extremely opposite in their nature, —the one of which would extinguish life in a moment, the other render it too intense to endure. Interfused in due proportion, these adverse agents become the breath of Heaven, wherewith it fans earth into verdure, and its inhabitants into activity and gladness. It would not be difficult to multiply illustrations of this wise and beneficent employment of counteracting powers, in the physical world.

Perhaps it were presumptuous to assert, but certainly there is ground to surmise, that, in the less obvious economy of morals, the Almighty has made sin—the azote of spiritual being—so to concert with grace as to secure for man the highest state of blessedness which he is capable of enjoying. In the constitution of man's nature, what a strange compound there is, of the sensual and the refined,—the abject and the grand,—the perishable and the immortal;—and yet, of these repugnant elements supreme wisdom has fashioned the lord of creation;—and since God has done it, we may safely conclude that man could not have been so well fitted for his supremacy, were he not, (as some have reproachfully called him) “a bundle of contradictions.”

These observations have occurred to me while speculating on the processes of common opinion, and the countervailing elements which conspire to shape and impel it. Let me direct your thoughts for a brief space to this plain and practical proposition,—that the opposite extremes of opinion are necessary, each in their measure, to give right direction and safe impulse to the general mind,—the great mean of sentiment and action, which distinguishes the passing age! The analogy of things in other departments of our world, would dispose us to look for some antagonistic forces, when, contemplating public opinion, that mighty agent in the advancement and happiness of mankind, we are led to ask how is it fashioned, and by what complication of powers is it kept so steadily and benignly efficient?

There is no people on the earth, whose tenor of opinion has so immediate an influence upon public

condition and destiny, as the American people.—Every prominent act here, is the utterance of the common mind; every advance in literature or the arts, is significant of general progress. The breath of a pervasive sentiment lifts or reduces the level of social action, as quickly as the changeful air affects the mercurial column!—Inventions in the arts pass directly into practical use, before being tested in the alembic of the schools.—Theories of political economy, approved of the people, become experiments of State, without waiting the reluctant imprimatur of a King.—And doctrines and usages of worship obtain, and get plenary authority of public observance, despite the decretals of Pope or Council. Scarcely can any subject then more nearly concern the literary and professional men of this land, than inquiry into the constituents of popular opinion, for *they* have much to do with its formation. They must learn to be tolerant of ingredients which they do not furnish. Education fails of its true end and aim, if it do not make scholars large-minded—liberal enough to appreciate the necessity, and to know the proper proportions of influence and sentiment, unlike their own, which must mingle in the great melange of society, and improve by combination what they could not supplant without utter ruin. It matters not how vast a man's attainments may be—they have not enlarged and ennobled him, if they have left him to assume that he is the true type of manhood, and that the simplicity of even his mental antipode has nothing to bring to the common stock of thought, which can make it richer than his own!

In this age and country, the two most strongly

marked tendencies, which by their opposition, serve to keep the general mind in equipoise, are, on the one hand, to the restoration of what is old, and, on the other, to the bold experiment of what is new. For the last three hundred years, liberty of thought has been throughout Christendom distinctly asserted and progressively enjoyed. But, on this new Continent alone, has it been completely unshackled—free alike from established authority, and from the sanctity of venerable forms—elsewhere hallowed by too long a practice to be promptly, and unfalteringly transgressed. It is no matter for surprise that a people endowed with such singular license, and in possession of a field for experiment wider than the ancients knew, and open as when the world was young, should be strongly pre-disposed to hold in light regard the settled convictions of mankind; to attempt the regeneration of the whole social system, by which old things might pass away, and all things become new. And indeed there has been some sanction for this presumptuous boldness in the utter failure of the institutions of past ages to develop fully the powers and secure the happiness of man. Moreover, the comparative success of the American enterprise thus far, which was wisely projected by men who, free to fashion their social institutions according to their own pleasure, yet thought and acted under the wholesome restraint of life-long associations with stern conservatism,—the honorable success of this grand attempt is attributed by many, solely to the *new* elements which have been here introduced, and in no measure to the modifying influence of the old and time-honored mementos of other ages and climes.

Indeed, there are not wanting minds which fancy that our immediate progress to social perfection is hindered by nothing else but the lumbering relics of antiquity, which, with fond veneration, we are attempting to carry with us in our onward march. Under the stimulating influence of a liberal age, mind has become wondrously inventive; and the developments of the present century have been so startling and so rapid,—so subversive of past experience,—so alterative of the intercourse of the world, that forecast is baffled—the sequences of political wisdom have become obsolete, and even prudent men are slow to question any prophecy, however extravagant, of impending change. Under such a fervid mental atmosphere, it would be strange if some brains were not overheated, some quick spirits inflamed to fanaticism. The age, the country, the institutions of the land—the course of events, all favor the conceit, and the hopeful pursuit of whatever vagary. It will be well if we do not become a nation of adventurers, rash to forego the certainties of treasure in possession, for the excitement of new enterprise and the chance of possible gain! In New England especially—the birth-place and home of the most thorough mental enfranchisement, and therefore most intense individuality—the most extravagant visions, and schemes of social progress, have been originated. Minds delirious through excess of the inventive faculty, have been developing year by year, for the last half-century, novel theories of life in all its higher departments of interest, until now, the advance guard of this progressive phalanx are ready to assail every thing which is old, simply because it is old. The

History of all the past, these invaders account of no value but to denote in every item what the future shall avoid. The monuments of the ages are fit only to be cast down, that passers by may witness in the ruin what follies have been. However good this or that institution may have proved for its period, yet, the world is maturing—the clock of time strikes an higher hour, man must keep pace with the ages, and, if he be not a dotard, ancient wisdom must in his esteem have declined into folly! “Excelsior” is the watchword. Grave experience forewarns of danger. Sober religion counsels to moderation. Domestic love pleads its restraining claims—but into the solitudes of rash experiment the strong adventurer will climb!

All ultraists do not attempt the same paths of progression; all do not go or even *see*, the full circle of reform, but the subversive spirit, wherever directed, the spirit of blind advance, in whatever quarter, marks their kindred, and proclaims them ‘legion.’ We are unaware to what extent this live devil possesses the community,—yea, that in some processes of thought or feeling, it probably infests ourselves, while we bemoan its prevalence over others. It is the master spirit of the times; and bids every mind in its own sphere of action, aspire *to create*. Its tokens, therefore, meet us at every turn in life.

New schemes of political organization are rife. Government has become an anachronism. Representative power even is not to be trusted. Clamorous men are demanding that our democracy be purified. Judges must doff their furs oftener than the living ermine! *Power* is a word inappropriate to the

functions of office; *service to the people* is the only term which befits the conduct of a public man! Ruler, Governor, and Judge are names of convenience with this school, until others may be affixed, but the ideas which they represent are obsolete; the species they describe, extinct and—forgotten, but for some fossils of the old world. Now, whither does all this look, but to the reduction of society to its lowest terms?—the dissolution of what *is*, without forecast of what *may* be?—a venture into the dark of futurity, without even a blazing brand from the ruins of the past?

Another detachment of this liberating army applies itself to the *spécialité* of social reform. All the bonds of community are wrongly adjusted. It is time for society to adjourn and re-organize. “Commonwealth,” hitherto an illusion and a mockery, it is now proposed to substantiate. Individual tenure of property is pronounced an outrage upon the joint rights of the many to the broad domain of the earth; partition into families an odious monopoly, a pretext for aristocratic ranks and orders, for special, personal attachments, prejudicial to common charity; a practical denial of the great brotherhood of man. And so, the poor lone vestige of the patriarchal state, which has survived all changes through more than five thousand years—the association of kindred in one household: and, appropriation of wealth to him whose toil and care have developed and preserved it, sacred in every age, (since Abel the shepherd owned a lamb to offer in sacrifice, and Cain brought fruits from the ground, of his own culture,) the genius of reform has now discovered to be transcendent wrongs

of which the world in its gray maturity ought to be ashamed. Pity is it, that time has labored so long in birth of wisdom which might have blest its earlier cycles ; or, since that has been, that schemes so novel, cannot compass also the making of a new sphere for trial, but must be given to experiment, if at all, in a trite and every day world, thick-sown with rank conventionalisms, and sturdy, deep-rooted social forms ! Vagaries so extravagant and lunatic, are propounded with the most unblushing impudence, and commended to public favor by vigorous talent, and engaging enthusiasm. And, if there were not countervailing influences at work to keep the general mind in its staid temper of conservatism, society might be hurried, like the herd of Gadara, down the steep place that leads to its perdition.

The time would fail us to recount all the departments of social interest which are visited and endangered by the furor of this progressive spirit. But, in this place and presence, it would be justly esteemed a strange omission if no allusion were made to the lust for novelties in religion, which kindles some ardent bosoms, and employs some teeming brains. The history of religion in this country, (I speak not now of ecclesiastical forms, but of opinion, sentiment and practice,) is the most curious and versatile chapter in the annals of the world. It can never be written on earth, for no mind of mortal can comprehend all its phases. The pen of the recording angel only is adequate to the task. Liberty of conscience has been here given and exercised as never before under the sun. Invention is actually spent in devising new "isms" upon the pretended

basis of revealed truth. Until now, revelation itself is declared stale and unprofitable. Once, adventure trembled to take the Bible in hand, and turning the back upon venerable systems of faith to speculate freely upon its awfully sacred contents. Now, men of assumed devotion hold ancient scriptures and œcumenical decrees, and established creeds in equal disrespect, and accept, or long for new revelations ; or, esteem man his own illuminator, capable to attain by progressive development of his reason, visions of truth more elevated and expansive than were ever shown to Law-giver, Prophet, or Messiah. Indeed, there is a presumptuous infidelity, more progressive and less refined than this, which numbers among its advocates, men who make large professions of philanthropy ; however they repudiate the school of morals at which it has been learned. This type of aggression abjures all speculative religious truth, spurns old systems and craves no new ones. Its religion has to do only with the mutual, social relations of man. It does homage to no being on earth or in Heaven. It is without a creed, save in its own sufficiency. It owns no Sabbath, for all its days are hallowed by its rites of proscriptive, relentless benevolence. It is non-resistant to everything but Law. It loves all sorts and conditions of men, except Christians. It sanctions the most abhorrent and revolting associations, —averse to no fellowship, but the communion of the Church. If the common mind were surrendered to the influence of opinions like these, philanthropy demented would soon lift the blood-red standard, and open the new era, by consigning to death the living piety and benevolence of this !

These are some of the more obvious manifestations of the so-called progressive spirit of the age. They are alarming; and if they were unparalleled, by some opposite tendencies, might be regarded as the prelude of social ruin.

But, while the great mass of the community contemplates these movements with indifference, and even derision, some minds, disgusted at the licentiousness of modern freedom, are looking back wistfully to the dull stagnation of the middle ages. They could be content perhaps, with progress, if it were not so impatient. Present advancement were not so distasteful, if it were not abused as a stand-point for further and indefinite aspirations. And so they who long for quiet, who esteem permanency a greater blessing than restless improvement, sigh for the recovery of old monarchies,—old feudal tenures of property, and rank,—old social usages, employments, and sports,—old hierarchies, churches, religious orders, processions, pomps, and accidents of worship. And, since the matter-of-fact business world, elated with the profit of its reform, is too practical to speculate, and too hurried to wait the recital of quaint reminiscences—it befalls religion—the contemplative department of our social system, the theme of sentiment and imagination, the agent which neither makes, nor mars, any temporal interest,—to be dealt with most freely by minds of re-actionary leanings. We smile at the fidelity with which the past is reproduced, wherever such can carve their fancies in stone, or depict them in grotesque interceptions of the simple light of Heaven. The nomenclature of early times in the mouths of living men, flings a mist of perplexity over the period of our being. We ques-

tion whether we or they have lost our proper date. They talk of worship, and sacred places and holy vessels in such antiquated terms, and with such profound solemnity, that we are fain to tremble, lest Christianity itself has been compromised by the disuse of these holy circumstantials. Alas, that men should spend devotion on symbols, fervent enough to be rendered to God; that the truth of the Church should be deemed safe only in a petrification, duly arched, and tiled, begirt with open timber, and emblazoned with gold and crimson; that architecture should be named "sacred," and mediæval become (in any use) the synonym of Christian.

But there is a regard in which we may view these antiquarian extravagances with something more than patience. Public opinion is to be directed and impelled by the joint action of opposing forces. These notions are the appointed, and necessary antidote to the rash chimeras of our progressive times! They would demand the most decided reprehension, if there were any danger of their prevalence. But the world is not to be rolled backward by a few dreamers. The rampant spirit of activity cannot be lulled into slumber by the monotonous reading of legendary tales. Liberated mind will not bow its neck and ask to have the iron collar restored. The world has grown too utilitarian to renounce its discoveries in the arts, and return every clan to its valley, every shepherd to his hill-side. Rustic gossip cannot serve for transmission of intelligence to an age which has seized the lightning for a vehicle of thought. A palmer's staff and sandals do not promise the speed of travel which they of this generation require, who have reticulated the globe in a net-work

of steel,—and compass its circuit, swift and facile as the spider tracks the circumference of its web!—The horn book does not comprise knowledge enough for this period of the world, when every hamlet has its author, every village its printing press,—and all the inhabitants are readers! Return to the institutions of primitive times is impossible. Slavish mimickry of rude and ungainly antiquities is foolish affectation. To perpetuate the good, and make it better, is true wisdom.

But these retrogressive efforts will never do more than retard the imprudent haste of the general mind for coming development. They will counteract a little, the revolutionary influences of hot, and forward spirits. They will interest the public just enough to induce the conservation of some precious relics—while it proceeds, despite their resistance, to evolve and enjoy the good wherewith futurity is teeming!—They are, in their application to common sentiment, the centripetal force. They give no impulse,—they do but moderate advancement, and inflect it into an orbit of safety. The spirit of reversion to the lifelessness of olden times, is the nitrogen of our intellectual atmosphere,—unmingled, it would extinguish all vitality of thought,—invention, enterprise, and hope. But, combined with that exhilarating medium of progression, that fiery element of reform, it subduces and moderates it; so that, together, they constitute an air which free men can breathe, invigorated alike for the enjoyments of what is attained, and for the pursuit of what is yet in reserve.

If the thoughts which I have offered be just, it is not worthy of observing, considerate men to attach themselves either to the antiquarian, or to the vision-

ary school of public counsellors. Each system is false,—each scheme would prove disastrous in execution!—Nor yet does it become us to wish that *either* were extinct or even that *both* were superceded. In the present condition of the world, it may be that some fanaticism is needful to infuse vitality; to picture truth in all its aspects, and with depth of coloring conspicuous, and impressive! Moreover, who knoweth whether under this constitution of things evil be not a necessary means of good;—yea, whether the evolution of good by the counter-action of opposing evils be not the elected demonstration of the Creator's wisdom, and of his complete supremacy over all the powers of the adversary?

It is the office of educated and thoughtful men to watch these contending influences,—to note their effects upon the public mind,—to resist either when excessive,—to catch suggestions of practical wisdom from both, compound them, and press them upon the attention of mankind. Conservatism is the result and token of true and ample mental culture. He who lives to stimulate social progress when it is lagging, and to restrain it when it is over-wrought, is the true philanthropist,—though notoriety be no part of his reward! The planet shines with a mild and constant light,—it never startles men by a sudden gleam. It is scarce distinguishable among the hosts of Heaven; yet it is intrinsically great,—essential to the equipoise of the system, perhaps of the Universe! It is determinate in its orbit. When adventurers upon the stormy sea are perplexed by the vacillations of their own compass—they search for it in its sphere and correct or assure themselves by its position. That is the meteor, which glares upon the nightly sky,

with sudden brightness—arresting and disappointing the wanderer's regard ; without magnitude,—without direction,—without significance !

I have great faith in the future progress of mankind, and especially in the part which the men of this new world are to perform in the last Act of the great drama of Time. I repose with no faltering reliance upon the true tendencies of common sentiment, under the forces which watchful Heaven allows from one and another quarter, to impel and direct it. It may vibrate a little beneath the shock of sudden and violent influences, as a strong ship trembles at the concussion of the sea,—but wind and wave—pressure and resistance, bear both onward in their destined course. Contemplating the intense activity and wild enthusiasm of infatuated zealots, urging the world backward or forward on the track of change, we may confess ourselves appalled at the prospect ;—but, if we will regard them as servants of a supreme will, counteracted in mischief now, or presently, by some equally threatening antagonist ; and constrained to do some rational good, in the stead of intended monstrous evil ;—if we will remember that public opinion is the sentiment of millions, and not the passion of a few,—that it is too vast to be carried away with every wind of doctrine ;—and that decades and not days betray its changes—we can learn to be calm amid whatever tumults, and cheerfully to meet occasions of duty, assured that the right will prevail, man accomplish his destined progress, and the Supreme illustrate his own wisdom !

He is as false in his philosophy, as he is faithless in his religion, who does not read in the History of the past, the promise of advancement in the future. No

fact in the annals of mankind, has shown the *limit* of human capacity. The tide of social progress has indeed, time and again, moved back, after bearing up the destinies of the world, high and hopeful, on its buoyant waves. But each successive decline has been less extreme, each influx has submerged a wider line on the mangent of ignorance, and barbarism!—What pretext has the craven thought, that progression has reached its acme?—Are all the appliances of nature employed and exhausted?—Is society as elevated and as happy as may be?—Does it look as if the Creator had accomplished his purposes—used up the resources of the earth, and developed by his creature—man, all that may benefit a waiting universe, and redound to the glory of its Maker? Oh no! Human advancement has quite as much fore-shadowed in the future, as realized in the past. It is to proceed, we may trust, as heretofore, with constantly accelerated force! The flood-tide on which we are bounding, may be the destined one which is to cover, and lustrate the earth! Brothers! it is the contest of the elements which causes, and directs its flow! All progression is modified, and in some sense caused by resistance.

“ From the fire and the water we drive out y’ steam,
 “ With a rush and a roar, and the speed of a dream,
 “ And the car without horses, the car without wings,
 “ Roars onward and flies—
 “ On its pale, iron edge.
 “ Neath the heat of a thought siting still in our eyes.”

Archimedes could not move the world, for the lack of a fulcrum against which to ply his lever. And the Aeronaut cannot justify his name and navigate the air, for want of a sufficiently resisting medium. He can

move, but he cannot progress!—Conflicts of mind are the concerted impulse of society; one class may furnish the power; but to make it happily efficient, another must create the friction. Let us not be disheartened by the diversities of influence, which bear on common opinion. Be it ours to adjust, combine, and apply them; to reduce or shut off what is excessive or noxious,—to enforce what is deficient; to infuse what is wanting!

It cannot be amiss for *your speaker*, addressing sons of the Church, at one of her sacred seats of learning, to enjoin, in fine, remembrance, that the religion which she teaches, is an element of manifold potency, by which all the other influences that affect society may be resolved, and made salutary,—and without which, conservatism can but dignify decay,—and reform create new methods for sickening with “hope deferred,” the expectant hearts of men!—In the darkest hours, weary with watching for the dawn and spent with fruitless toil, we may still have hope in the Redeemer’s presence. Jesus of Nazareth can walk upon the billows,—never too turbulent to yield him a footing. He will embark with those that trust in Him, command the winds and waves to do them service, and waft the vessel which they guide through the midnight, and the storm, triumphantly to the Haven of peace!

Ten Years out of College.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered in the Free Episcopal Chapel,

JULY 28, 1852,

BEFORE THE CLASS OF TRINITY COLLEGE OF '42.

BY THE REV. W. H. CORNING, M. A.



HARTFORD:

PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY AND COMPANY.

1852.



HARTFORD, July 28th, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR CLASSMATE :

The undersigned were appointed a committee by the members of the Class of '42, to wait upon you and request for publication a copy of the very able, eloquent and interesting address which you delivered to us this evening, being anxious that those of us who were unavoidably absent, should share, in some degree, the pleasure and benefit so largely received by those who listened to you.

Hoping that you may accede to this earnest request,

We are truly yours,

CHARLES R. FISHER.

AUG. N. LE'ROY.

Rev. WM. H. CORNING.

HARTFORD, July 29, 1852.

CLASSMATES :

As the address, a copy of which you solicit for publication, may serve as a memorial of fellowship and a bond of union to the class, in separation, I yield it with reluctance to you for publication.

Yours truly,

W. H. CORNING.

Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER.

AUG. N. LE'ROY, Esq.



ADDRESS.

FELLOW CLASSMATES,

WHEN we look back to the days of our college life; those green days in more senses than one of our freshman, sophomore, junior and senior dignities; when the sound of the too faithful bell called us with terrible punctuality to our daily duties, and the nature and struggles of active life were not at all apprehended; can it be possible that for ten long years we have been separated, mingling each for ourselves, in the stern realities of this earnest world? Yet so it is. And we are now met together, to return each other's greetings, with all the ardor which pertains to the peculiar and delightful relation of classmate; to review our college days together; to recount to each other our experiences of life, our work, our joys, our failures, our successes; and to gain from mutual counsel fresh animation and encouragement for a nobler life, in the years before us. Varied and chequered have been the lives which we have lived. It will be more than a pleasure, to listen to each others autobiographies; there cannot but be mingled in them some golden grains of wisdom.

“Hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.”

All of our class are not with us. Some could not be present, for they are far distant; others could not leave their duties. We will send them now our greetings upon the spiritual telegraph of the heart. As they remember the day, they too may touch the same keys. But alas! three of our little circle are not upon earth. We can only shed the tear of sympathy upon the graves of the simple hearted scholarly Rossiter; the rough-hewn but heroic missionary Peake; the many sided, substantial, singular Wales.

In turning about for a subject of thought, suitable for this occasion, I can find no other than the nature and value of that period of life, through which we have just passed, our ten years out of college.

Life is divided into several definite and widely different periods, or stages. The development of one stage, has so little in common with that of another, that in passing from one to the other there seems to be no preparation whatever, for the new life. In each period or division of life, we are obliged to begin at the alphabet of that division, and gradually acquiring its rudiments, at length to fit ourselves to its peculiar form of existence. The transformation of the worm into the butterfly is hardly greater, than that of the infant into the child. And so the emergence of the boy into youth; whether he betakes himself to the mechanic's shop, the merchant's store, or the student's college, is an entirely new, and diverse state of being; old experiences, and joys, and sorrows being left in the dry cocoons of childhood. Precisely so is it with the graduation of the student, or the young man of twenty-one, when he enters upon the active world, as an independent, or rather self dependent man. College life is a very different thing from professional life; almost wholly diverse. There is a new, a rough and a disciplinary education to learn. Those things, which once were the end and object of our hopes, have become dull and insipid. Society exhibitions and junior exhibitions and commencements, are no longer the great and wonderful eras of the world. We laugh at ourselves, when we recall how we peeped over the stage, from the little back room in the church, to see whether the house was full, when we were to astonish the natives with our ten minutes oration. Yet still there are hearts which bound as enthusiastically in view of such things, as ours once did, and who would esteem it a dangerous heresy, if any one should deny the immense importance to the universe of brief harangues upon the college platform.

It is strange with how little sympathy or fond remembrance we bury our past lives. We may sometimes talk in poetic strains, of our wishing to be children or students again, but it is all talk. We do not wish to be. We really despise, as

a mere nursery life, the former divisions of our being. We like at times indeed, as upon such an occasion as this, to fish up old scenes, and live over in reverie old times, but it is always with the delightful understanding, that we are not actually in the midst of them as formerly, and do not wish to be. We even enjoy laughing at our past selves, our childhood and college life together, when it is well understood in the company. We may perhaps, sometimes, wish that we had opportunity to go through college again, but it is because we would go through as professional men, with a different bent and purpose, and as we say, to some end, not as formerly. No! the soul has little attachment to the preceding periods of its progress, but is ever casting its thoughts forward, remembering the past as inferior and undesirable states, and so it will doubtless be forever. "*Quidquid enim est, quanvis amplum sit, id certe parum est tum, cum est aliquid amplius.*"

The great and distinguishing characteristic of life out of college, which meets us upon the very first step from our college life, and extends its rough hand for our acceptance, is its thoroughly practical and earnest nature. The hue of every thing around and within us is changed. We are no longer to busy ourselves with dead tongues and abstract sciences, as mere matters of preparatory discipline, but we are to make for ourselves, in some sphere of usefulness, an experiment of life. If we choose the profession of teacher, and thus pass our years in our college studies, it is still a very different work from that of the recitation room, for it has in it a practical aim. The atmosphere in which we move is far different in its constituent elements, exhilarating us with a sense of a deep earnest problem to be solved, a work before us and a destiny. To sit down to lessons in Greek or Latin becomes at once very stupid business, and the period of college life, so absolutely essential to a thorough discipline, seems at times utterly wasted. And thus it is, that in "the Universal Yankee Nation," so full of stir and utility, nearly all its graduated scholars, throw entirely away their classical studies when they take their diplomas, and in a few years

can hardly translate their diplomas themselves; a very great mistake indeed, for the polish and the power of a true life-long scholar, mingling in the earnest pursuits of practical life, exert an influence, far beyond the reach of scholarship alone, which would be entirely unfit for the soil of America, an exotic too delicate for this western clime, a folly and a sin every where; or of practical energetic talent alone, which needs the conservative, guiding and chastening influence of classical study. If a more life-like spirit, if the genius of America could be introduced into our colleges, modeled now so universally after the pattern of the dark ages, this deplorable separation of scholarship and useful exertion, might be avoided. But now, the young student with a life before him of success or defeat, entirely unused to the idea of such a life, and finding himself with astonishment in the midst of it, abandons with disgust, and often forever, the studies which appear so very useless to him.

There are two departments into which life out of college, during its first ten years, is divided, both of them equally peculiar, the choice and study of a profession, and the entering upon it. Some there are whose early taste and predilections entirely exclude every thing like study in the choice of a profession. It has already been settled and foreordained, so that when they graduate they have only to enter upon the necessary preparation for their desired work. Others, however, are not by any means so fortunate. They know not what study to pursue. The four learned professions, since the progress of public sentiment has deservedly added a fourth to the three which have always existed, the honorable and useful profession of teacher, are all turned over in the mind again and again, and as Frank Hazeldean attempted to do in his affair with the Countess Peschiera, "reasoned about," and often with as little success or ability to form a conclusion, till at last, in the same manner as the heir of the Hazeldeans broke away from his logic in a fit of desperation, rushing into the presence of the amazed countess; so the poor graduate with resolved energy, dashes at a venture into some professional school.

The study of a profession after it has once been chosen is full of the exhilaration and living interest of a practical work. It stands strongly contrasted with college life; an entirely new sphere of thought and action. Here it is that the young student first begins to realize into what a new sphere he has transmigrated. He has not indeed been launched into the very midst of this living world, but only upon its borders. He little dreams of the work and trials and exertions yet remaining. Rather, he doubts not that when he puts up his sign, "attorney at law," his office will be crowded with clients, eager to engage his marvelous abilities, or when he announces to his friends that he is about to preach his maiden sermon, he shall be received with open hearts, and encouraging words, instead of the half sneering compliment "pretty well for a boy, smells of the seminary." This is all concealed from him, and he works on eagerly and joyously in the hope of ultimate success, for he knows, though he is somewhat green in some matters, that success is the reward of labor.

At last he is sent forth to his work. And now all the difficulties and trials of a beginning crowd around him. Life opens in its serious reality before him. Instead of thinking of a crowd of clients, as when he argued so gloriously in his moot court in the case of *Simpkins vs. Wilkins*, he begins to wonder if the shadow of any will ever rest upon his book shelves. His ideas of practice suddenly become homeopathic, in the minutest sense of Hahneman himself. Even Henry Clay, in the height of his greatness, forgot not the trembling joy with which he received his first fee of fifteen shillings.

If a physician, he purchases his lancets and 'pil. hyd.' or his little bottles of nux, and belledonna, with the serious question in his mind, whether the investment is a safe one. I remember a distinguished physician in the height of a successful practice, who once told me that he waited nearly a year for a patient, and more than two for a scanty maintenance. But he was determined to succeed, and stood faithfully at his post.

But of all the trying things in this trying world, I verily

believe the young minister's first sermon must bear the palm. His heart beats like a trip hammer in full play; he looks down upon his congregation of faces in perfect bewilderment; he screws up his courage to the sticking point, and if he has energy of will sufficient, finally gets through with a very flat sermon without breaking utterly down!

The minister's first sermon—the physician's first recipe—the lawyer's first case—what a brotherhood of wonders! how full of trembling anxiety—of earnest hope—of serious mirth. Human language cannot do them justice.

Now then, in the progress of the scholar's life, he has entered upon the period of probation. For years he must struggle on to work out for himself a character and a position. Sometimes indeed circumstances are so favorable, that he emerges at once into success, but it is so seldom, as hardly to need mention. The very greatest names on the roll of fame, endured a terrible apprenticeship in their first years of setting up in life. William Wirt, from disappointments, contracted a terrible habit, which had nearly buried his high talents in a drunkard's grave, and was only rescued from it by the devoted attachment of an heroic woman, who became the companion of his days of greatness. The very fact of being a young man is an obstacle to success. You remember the answer of Jeremy Taylor to one of the bishops of England, when he presented himself before him, upon occasion of being nominated by a friend to a preferment. Having passed an examination with great honor, he was informed by the bishop that he saw no objection to him except his age; with a humble bow, Taylor replied, "I will do my best to overcome that defect, if you will give me time."

Then too there is often a series of absolute failures, in the first experiences of men, afterward successful in a high degree. The first attempts of the young aspirant are more likely, if he have any real ability and fire, to be crude and half digested, than to come up in any manner to the measure of his powers. Your men of shallow capacity, go off best at the first fire. The greatest minds more generally, in their first efforts, "flash in the pan." The reason is evident;

for the superficial mind does not originate, but simply recasts the ideas of others, whereas the mind of true power, at once throws itself upon its own independence, and thinks out its own thoughts. Of course the first efforts of the one, will partake of the maturity of the superior minds, from which they borrow; while those of the other will be characterized by the friction and creaking and abortive efforts, which always accompany the first trial movements of a newly invented machine. The apparatus of thought has not been properly oiled, nor has it come into harmony with itself, so that it can play gracefully and with unconscious power. Instances of decided failure in the early efforts of distinguished men are not few. Indeed failures would seem to be the rule, and success the exception in all such cases. It would appear that it was necessary thus to discipline the awakening faculties.

Demosthenes, when he appeared first in public, even after his long discipline by the sea shore, could hardly be heard, stammered under the greatest embarrassment, and with difficulty escaped breaking down entirely. The celebrated Irish orator Curran, whose words seem to flow without the least effort, sat down overpowered in his first attempt, after many useless efforts at utterance, receiving for a long time the title of "orator mum." With great effort, Henry Clay acquired his power, making many a failure before the plows and harrows and carts and cattle in his father's barn, before he appeared in public, and even then we are told in his biography, of a ludicrous attempt at public speaking in addressing a debating club, when he could not for a long time rid himself of the idea that he was addressing a jury, and with difficulty recovered from the embarrassment of his position. So too the early public efforts of Webster, did not by any means come up to the promise of his talents, but served as failures to nerve him to higher energy.

The great Sir Humphrey Davy, seemed in his early years about to make a failure of life, giving no promise of scholarship, and satisfied with acquiring only the rudiments of a classical education; then making a trial of a new calling under the direction of a surgeon and apothecary, he gained no other honor than that of being called "idle and incorrig-

able," until finally an early taste for chemical science received encouragement, and through a series of failures and successes, common in the experience of chemists, he finally obtained an immortal name. The celebrated discoverer of the method of neutralizing pain in surgical operations, the late Dr. Horace Wells, persevered in a series of ingenious experiments for various ends, with many failures, till the final triumph of his genius, which has so greatly blessed the world. The greatest inventor now living in this country, to whose skill and power we owe the Brussels carpet loom, which placed America at the Great Exhibition, first in this department, and the ingrain carpet loom, and the counterpane and coach lace, and gingham looms, to mention no other of lesser note, persevered in poverty and discouragements through a series of failures and moves in false directions, till finally he emerged into his present well merited eminence as the great benefactor of mankind, in contributing to the industrial forces of the world.*

Byron's first work, "The hours of Idleness," merited the severe castigation it received from the pen of Brougham, and the utter failure which it proved, united with the criticism it provoked, roused the slumbering energies of his genius. Cowper's first poems lay unread, till the reputation of the author of the Task, brought them into notice, and their dull rhyme was submitted to, on account of the genius of the poem written at lady Austen's request. So do we every day wade through the very dryest of all dry productions, if they come from a pen immortalized by a single work of power.

* We may be excused for alluding to a valued friend, whose genius has not as yet come as it should to public notice, and whose private virtues are equal to his genius; E. B. Bigelow M. A. of Clinton, Mass. An account of his early life and inventions may be found in Appleton's Encyclopedia of the Meehanic Arts, recently published. The town of Clinton, containing some 3,500 inhabitants, is the result of the industrial forces set in motion by his inventive power. This town, laid out and fashioned by the taste and energy of his brother, H. N. Bigelow Esq, is a model of what a manufacturing town should be, though we are sorry to say the corporations grumbled not a little at the liberality displayed, and have contributed hardly any thing to institutions for the intellectual and moral progress of the people.

And we lay earnest claim to every thing, even to the very scraps and rubbish which can in any way be connected with a great name. Our English literature, would be much improved, if half of the writings of our standard authors were blotted out of existence. Thus we felt when we perused the Poems of Tennyson, brilliant here and there with the glow of genius, but filled up intermittently with the platitudes of his early and slumbering efforts. Keats died because he could not bear the discipline of his first experience, and recoiled with an unwise sensibility from the truthful criticism, that he was a genius yet in the green. Beattie's first works lay unread. The catalogue might be indefinitely extended from the ranks of literary men. Turning from these to the clergy, the beaten track of the ages to the composition of good sermons has been through poor ones, or through those which can hardly be called sermons at all. Thus one of our first living preachers does not hesitate to say, that he can turn out twenty as poor sermons as the world ever saw. Occasionally a Spencer or a Summerfield may break upon the world in a glow, but it is with appeals to the emotions and feelings of the hour, not in discourses which carry within them the power of the pulpit for all ages.

But besides the early failures, there is still a more serious difficulty in the study of professional life—the matter of a livelihood—and this is a difficulty often life-long, to the shame of our churches, with the clergy. Good father Burton in his famous Anatomy, has a ludicrous account of the trials of ministers, which, albeit there is much reference to the patronage system of England in it, has so much truth, applicable to all times (for there is much of a patronage system every where) that I shall quote it entire.

“Last of all” says he “to come to our divines, the most noble profession and worthy of double honor, but of all others the most distressed and miserable. If you will not believe me, hear a brief of it, as it was not many years since, publicly preached at Paul's Cross, by a grave minister then and now a reverend bishop of this land; ‘We that are bred up in learning, and destinated by our parents to this end, we suffer our

childhood in the grammar school, which Austin calls, *magnam tyrannidem et grave malum*, and compares it to the torments of martyrdom; when we come to the university, if we live of the college allowance, as Phalaris objected to the Leontines, ‘*παν τῶν ἐνδέειν πλην λιμοῦ καὶ φόβου,*’ needy of all things but hunger and fear, or if we be maintained but partly by our parent’s cost, do expend in unnecessary maintenance, books and degrees, before we come to any perfection, five hundred pounds or a thousand marks. If by this price of the expense of time, our bodies and spirits, our substance and patrimonies, we can not purchase those small rewards, which are ours by law, and the right of inheritance, a poor parsonage, or a vicarage of £50 per annum, but we must pay to the patron for the lease of a life, (a spent and outworn life) either in annual pension, or above the rate of a copyhold, and that with the hazard and loss of our souls, by simony and perjury, and the forfeiture of all our spiritual preferments, in esse and posse, both present and to come, what father after a while will be so improvident, to bring up his son to his great charge to this necessary beggary? What christian will be so irreligious, to bring up his son in that course of life, which by all probability and necessity, enforcing to sin, will entangle him in simony and perjury, when as the poet said, ‘*Invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit;*’ a beggar’s brat taken from the bridge, where he sits a begging, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it. This being thus, have not we fished fair all this while, that are initiate divines, to find no better fruits of our labors? Is it for this we rise so early all the year long, ‘leaping as he saith out of our beds, when we hear the bell ring, as if we had heard a thunder clap. If this be all the respect reward and honor we shall have, *Frange lēves calamos;* let’s turn soldiers, sell our books and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosophers’ gowns, as Cleanthes once did, into millers’ coats, leave all and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life than to continue longer in such misery.”

In this graphic account of the trials of the clergy, from inadequate salaries, there is a strange oversight of the rewards and honors in reserve for the faithful servant of the Most

High, and the continual joy of a consciousness of Divine approbation. No true minister of Christ, would be tempted to leave his work, for any worldly advantage. He loves his work as the highest committed to the trust of mortal man. Yet for all this, there is no reason, no right, no christianity, in the meagre stipends paid to the minister at the altar, by which, they are often so loaded with worldly cares, as to be unfitted for the spiritual duties of their ministry.

Such are some of the trials, through which the professional man has to pass, in his way to the place of influence, which he is to fill. By some they are earlier passed than by others. When passed, life assumes a new phase. Responsibility and a consciousness of power, develop new characteristics and energies. The work of life is now fairly reached. The discipline of preparation is over. When a class of scholars meet together on the tenth anniversary of their graduation they have reached this point. If their preparatory education is not then finished, so that they are ready now to work, from their new and advanced position, it is to be feared that it never will be. The great worth and value of these ten years consist in the education they give, not in any real achievements in life. Something indeed has all along been done, but nothing in comparison to what *is* to be done. Power has been developing, and now it devolves upon the scholar to wield it. Henceforth his work is greater and nobler.

His habits of mind are now formed and fixed. Whatever they are, it is generally too late to disturb them, after ten years have given them root. And even if some of them are bad, it is too much to expect that he shall spend his whole life in attention to method, when there is so much to be done, just as if a soldier should spend his days in changing the color and fashion of his regimentals. No! there is something to be achieved, and he is to achieve it. He has spent time enough in the preparation. Now let him, with earnest heart, to the work. A thorough, business-like life in duty, will do more to rid him of defects, than any thing else, just as a thrifty living tree, simply by living, casts off its decaying members.

But besides the formation of his habits of mind, he has

learned the essential requisite of self reliance. He feels the noble dignity of truth and that in the presentation of it he needs no apology. Regard for the opinion of others, which was once so powerful, has given place in the progress of his experience, to a regard for truth, and the candor and reliability of his own mental processes in searching for truth. Then too, an experience of ten years has not failed to give him the consciousness of an internal right of self reliance. He has therefore come into the possession of an essential element of power, for self distrust is the spirit of weakness. Self reliance, if it has anything like a respectable foundation, and if it be not inordinate, is absolutely essential to a commanding influence.

Moreover, the scholar has learned in his ten years discipline his true work and end. Personal advancement must sink very low in the estimate of a true christian scholar, after ten years of living activity in the world around him. All the little objects and emulations of college life must slide far away into the back ground of thought. A nobler end and a higher purpose now appears to view, as the only rational and satisfying end, the advancement of the welfare and happiness of the world. This is a worthy and a glorious object of pursuit. In the words of the great philosopher and orator of Rome; *"quae est, igitur, melior in hominum genere natura, quam eorum qui, se natos ad homines iuvandos, tutandos, conservandos, arbitrantur? Quid propagatio nominis, quid ipsa sepulcrorum monumenta, quid elogia significant?"*

Fellow Classmates, we stand in an advanced position in life. Deeper responsibilities rest upon us. Behind us are our days of preparation. Before us are our days of achievement. We all know the influence, which, in all the professions, and even in the walks of unprofessional life, is the dignity and the glory of the true christian scholar. Let us to the utmost employ the power committed to us for the good of man. Let not the ministers at the altar be satisfied with fulfilling their Sabbath tasks, with dealing out from commentaries and theologies their weekly allowance to their people, but with earnestness and love let them study the Holy Word for themselves, that by the blessing of God, they may cast a clearer

light upon its sacred pages and extend their influence beyond the bounds of their own field of labor. Let them not grudge their visits to the poor and the suffering, but superabounding in such labors of mercy, let them imitate the Lord Jesus their Master.

Let not the physicians engage in their duties as the mere drudgery of gain, or as the eternal routine of an unprogressive profession, but with a noble end to relieve human suffering, let them dignify their vocations with the spirit of philanthropy; and with the constant study of all new means of arresting disease, let them ennoble their calling with the truthfulness of progress. And as scholars in the midst of the community, wielding from the very nature of their position power, let them assist to the utmost every good and holy cause.

Let the lawyers not be of that class, which merits the woe, becoming the mean instruments of the quarrelsome and the litigious, but with a manly purpose, let them seek the right and the true in the deliberations of justice, and the continued advancement and purification of the laws; while in their position of influence they are ever found the advocates and earnest supporters of every thing which tends to the advancement of human welfare.

Let not the members of the teacher's profession, sit down satisfied with the recitations of the day, but seeking ever new avenues of instruction and studying earnestly the best means of education, let them be found struggling actively and successfully, shoulder to shoulder, with those who are now endeavoring to raise to a higher point, and even to the highest point, our system of schools.

Let not those scholars, who have entered no profession, having before them a life of literary pursuits, fold their hands in useless idleness, as though they had no mission of good to man. Well did the younger Pliny write to his friend Minutius; "*Satius est enim, ut Attilius noster eruditissime simul et facetissime dicit, otiosum esse, quam nihil agere.*" Let "*otiosum esse,*" be cultivated and "*nihil agere*" rejected.

Let your leisure not be idleness. For there is and must be in a true scholar ever the element of power.

Classmates, there is work for all. We have reached a point, from which our labors should tell more than ever before, upon the destinies of those around us. Let us go forth to our duties from this anniversary, resolved in the strength of a higher power, to do service for God and humanity. Little doth it matter what may become of us, or what be said of us, if we do our work and receive the approbation of our JUDGE.

PROCEEDINGS.

HARTFORD, July 28, 1852.

The Class met pursuant to adjournment upon their graduation in '42, on the day preceding the annual commencement, in the Free Episcopal Chapel.

The Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER was appointed chairman.

After the reading of prayers, the preceding address was delivered before the Class and a number of invited friends.

On motion of the Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET, it was voted that the Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER and A. N. LE'ROY, Esq. be a committee to request a copy of the address for publication.

Voted, to adjourn to meet at the house of the Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER on commencement day at 3 o'clock P. M.

July 29th.

The class met pursuant to adjournment.

Letters were read from several members of the class unable to be present. Those present gave an account of their fortunes since they were graduated. The memories of those departed were recalled with sadness.

The committee on the address reported that Mr. CORNING consented to yield it to the wishes of the Class, and, on motion, they were requested to superintend the printing of the same.

On motion of the Rev. G. JARVIS GEER, it was voted, that the names of the members of the Class, with their present residence, so far as ascertained, be published with the address.

On motion of A. N. LE'ROY Esq., it was voted, that the Class will erect a suitable monument to the memory of their late classmate GEO. H. WALES, and that the Rev. HENRY OLNSTEAD and the Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER be a committee to prepare a plan for, and procure the erection of the same.

On motion of E. W. BRAINARD, Esq., it was voted that another meeting of the Class be held on the commencement of 1857.

On motion of the Rev. HENRY OLNSTEAD, voted, that the members of the Class resident in Hartford in 1857 be appointed a committee to issue the call and make arrangements for the proposed meeting.

Voted, that the Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER be appointed to receive any communications which may be made to the Class in the interim, and that members be requested to communicate to him all matters of interest connected with the Class.

On motion of H. C. PRESTON, M. D., voted, that the thanks of the Class be given to their classmate the Rev. CHARLES R. FISHER, for his energetic and successful efforts, in issuing the call and making arrangements for our delightful gathering.

Trinity College,

CLASS OF MDCCCXLII.

HENRY NICHOLS BEERS, - - -	<i>Newtown, Conn.</i>
EDWIN WHITTLESEY BRAINARD, -	<i>Lynchburg, Va.</i>
JAMES STEWART BRANDER.	
REV. JAMES W. BRADIN, - - -	<i>Holland Patent, N. Y.</i>
REV. WILLIAM HENRY CORNING, -	<i>Hartford, Conn.</i>
FREDERICK CORNWALL.	
WILLIAM ADRIEL ELY, - - -	<i>Brownville, Jefferson Co. N. Y.</i>
REV. CHARLES RICHMOND FISHER, -	<i>Hartford, Conn.</i>
REV. ISRAEL FOOTE, - - -	<i>Bainbridge, N. Y.</i>
EDWARD CARROLL FRANKLIN, M. D.	<i>New York City.</i>
REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, - - -	<i>New York City.</i>
REV. GEORGE JARVIS GEER, - - -	<i>Ballston Spa, N. Y.</i>
REV. ELIJAH GUION, - - -	<i>Carrolton, Ia.</i>
GEORGE ROGERS HALL, M. D., - -	<i>Shanghai, China.</i>
GEORGE HALL HAZLEHURST.	
AUGUSTUS NEWBOLD LE'ROY, - - -	<i>Hartford, Conn.</i>
THOMAS OTIS LE'ROY, - - -	<i>New York City.</i>
JOHN MARSHALL, - - -	<i>Salem, Fauquier County, Va.</i>
REV. JAMES MULCHAHEY, - - -	<i>Middlebury, Vt.</i>
REV. ABEL OGDEN, - - -	<i>Canton, St. Lawrence Co. N. Y.</i>
REV. HENRY OLMSTEAD, - - -	<i>Branford, Conn.</i>
*REV. CHARLES FOOTE PEAKE.	
REV. CHARLES EDWARD PHELPS, -	<i>Whitchall, N. Y.</i>
HENRY CANFIELD PRESTON, M. D., -	<i>Providence, R. I.</i>
*GEORGE ROSSITER.	
LANDAFF STRONG.	
REV. BAYLIES PHILIPS TALBOT, -	<i>Woonsocket, R. I.</i>
WINSLOW DECATUR TRACY, - - -	<i>Chicago, Ill.</i>
COERTLAND VAN BUREN, - - -	<i>Brooklyn, N. Y.</i>
*GEORGE HENRY WALES.	
REV. ABRAHAM JOSEPH WARNER, -	<i>Grand De Tour, Ill.</i>
CHARLES WESLEY WOOSTER, - - -	<i>Bristol, R. I.</i>

* Dead.

Term Sermon.

THE

STUDENT'S PREPARATION FOR LIFE:

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Students of Trinity College, Hartford,

ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1852,

AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D.,
RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD.



HARTFORD:

PUBLISHED BY F. A. BROWN.

1852.

PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY AND COMPANY.

THE REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :

We the undersigned, graduate and under-graduate members of Trinity College, having listened with much pleasure, and we trust profit, to your Term Sermon delivered in Christ Church last evening, and desiring that greater publicity should be given to it in order that those who had not an opportunity of hearing, may enjoy the perusal of the same; request a copy for publication.

We are truly yours,

JOHN BRAINARD, B. A.,
CHARLES J. HOADLY, B. A.,
JOHN N. MARVIN, B. A.,
GEORGE D. SARGEANT, B. A.,
WILLIAM H. MUNROE, B. A.,
WILLIAM K. DOUGLAS, B. A.,
JOHN C. DUBOIS,
F. T. RUSSELL,
HIRAM STONE,
A. F. GOULD, M. A.,
JOHN H. MINTOSH,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
E. WINSLOW WILLIAMS,
HENRY A. PERRY,
A. HAMILTON POLK,
D. B. KNICKERBOCKER,
ALFRED L. BREWER,
ROBERT ANDREWS,
ISAAC S. WHEATON,
WALTER WEIR,
LOUIS FRENCH,
JAMES P. BOWMAN,
J. McCORMACK,
WILLIAM G. SPENSER,
WILLIAM F. STAUNTON,
JAMES R. BIRD,
J. M. DICK,
GILES A. EASTON,
RUFUS EMERY,
DAVID GREGG,

SAMUEL HALL,
JAMES M. HICKS,
HORACE B. HITCHINGS,
JAMES D. HEWITT,
WILLIAM A. HITCHCOCK,
JOHN H. HODGES,
GEORGE D. JOHNSON,
JOHN H. JONES, Jr.,
DE WITT CLINTON JONES,
C. S. LEFFINGWELL,
JOHN M. PECK,
J. ATTICUS ROBERTSON,
CORNELIUS B. SMITH,
JAMES H. WILLIAMS,
JOHN R. WILLIAMS,
JOHN GARDNER WHITE,
WILLIAM S. YERGER,
FREDERICK CLAPP,
JAMES E. COLEY,
JOHN NEWBOLD COXE,
ROBERT M. CRANE,
GEO. ALBERT DE FOREST,
GEO. SMITH DEVENDORF,
SAMUEL EDSON,
EDWARD B. HUGHES,
GEO. C. JARVIS,
ARTHUR C. KNOBLOCK,
LUKE A. LOCKWOOD,
JOHN L. OVERFIELD,
ELISHA TRACY,

GEORGE A. WOODWARD,
 CHARLES F. GREEN,
 HENRY PHELPS,
 W. B. KRUMBHAAR,
 A. H. WILDMAN, JR.,
 P. P. WIGGINS,
 EDWARD C. MITCHELL,
 EDWIN P. BOLLES,
 ARTHUR W. ANDREWS,
 J. F. BISBEE,
 CHARLES E. BULKLEY,
 W. C. CLEMENT,

D. K. CADY, JR.,
 CHARLES H. DENNISON,
 S. J. DEUEL,
 RHOADS FISHER,
 EDWIN R. GARDINER,
 ROBERT GARDINER,
 D. E. HOLCOMB,
 CORNELIUS W. LAURENCE, JR.,
 HUGH MCGEGORY,
 A. T. POST,
 CHARLES A. SUMNER,
 E. R. TOMLINSON.



Messrs. JOHN BRAINARD, B. A.,
 JOHN C. DUBOIS,
 JOHN H. M'INTOSH,
 A. HAMILTON POLK,
 E. W. WILLIAMS, and others.

GENTLEMEN :

The sermon which was preached before you last evening, was written in great haste and with no thought of its publication ; and still I do not feel at liberty to decline your polite request.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS M. CLARK.

HARTFORD, Sept. 27, 1852.

SERMON.

I. ST. JOHN, 2: 14.—I HAVE WRITTEN UNTO YOU, YOUNG MEN, BECAUSE YE
ARE STRONG.

IT was a saying of the great sacred poet of England, "To be weak is the true misery." A vacillating mind, an infirm will, inability to resist temptation, is indeed "the true misery." It depends mainly upon our early discipline, whether or not this shall be the character of our life. The young man is strong, not in his acquirements, but his capacities: his powers are latent, and they may be indefinitely expanded, or by neglect, they may shrivel and go to decay.

Those of you, who are now passing from childhood to maturity, will enter the arena of active life at a most interesting and influential period of the world's history. Faithfully to discharge your part in the approaching era will tax the mightiest energies of your being, and demands of you now the sternest and most thorough preparation.

The next fifty years will be one of the most momentous epochs in the annals of our race. It is possible that practical science may not continue to

multiply inventions and improvements as rapidly as it has done during the last half-century; for it would seem as though mechanical art had already accomplished, in a great measure, all that the exigencies of our social state require.

But what has been done, by the generation which is soon to pass away, has been only preparatory to the practical solution of certain great political, social, and ethical problems, upon which the destiny of man, for weal or for woe, is intimately suspended. There will be great contests of opinion and thought—before you, whom I address to-night, have closed your mortal career—which will put your intellectual and your moral powers to the severest test. This trial will not be for mere abstractions, but for solemn realities, such as take right hold of man's temporal and eternal destiny.

That young man, who now fits himself by careful study and holy religious discipline, to act well his part in this grand crisis, will find around him the noblest opportunities for action, and will raise for himself the proudest trophies; while he, who allows his youthful energies to become enervated by indolence and unwholesome pleasure, will find himself an incumbrance on the battle-field, and be hustled off into obscurity.

The character of the world is to be impressed for good or for evil, more decisively during your lifetime, than it ever has been before, in one generation, since the Christian era. All the parts of the globe are fast coming into intimate contact, and the strongest influence will impart its hue to the

whole. There will soon be no such thing as distance; no place on the face of the earth in which a nation can insulate itself. The westward tide of empire, which has flowed continuously from the creation of man down to the present hour, has now reached its terminus, and the reflex current has begun to run. China is sending her emigrants eastward; Japan will soon be unsealed; Australasia is becoming another Britain; a line of light is gradually kindling along the shores of Africa; Christianity and civilization are in the ascendant, as they never were before. And in Christendom herself, great movements have commenced, bearing upon the interests of humanity, which will require the noblest powers of the noblest minds, to carry to a successful issue. Their aim is the practical application of the blessings of Christ's gospel to all classes of society; and to reproduce that style of religion which Jesus taught, and which Jesus lived. Surely, in such a prospect as this, there is stimulus enough to incite you to diligent improvement of the advantages with which you are favored.

Those of you, who stand to-night on the threshold of your collegiate life, have your future in your own hands: if you so will, every day may bring with it its own peculiar blessing; you may go on, gaining new strength, new knowledge, and new grace, continually. But, in a few, short years, which will have gone like a flash, this future will be past, and its errors and follies, it will be too late to remedy. And, if you could read the secret ex-

perience of those who, in their maturity, are forced to look back upon a college life unimproved and wasted; if you could see the struggles which they constantly endure, for want of that early culture, which would have made all after-study a pleasure, and deep thought natural and grateful; if you could see the agonies which they suffer, in striving to throw off the dominion of evil habits, acquired and fostered by youthful indulgence; if you could read the bitter memories which rob the past of all its sweetness, and make retrospection a torment; I tell you, my young friends, there is not one of you that would not resolve this night, praying on your knees for God to help you, to overcome your native indolence, to crush every evil habit in the germ, to shun all vice without and all unholy fancies within, as you would the pestilence, and consecrate every power and faculty to the service of Christ, of humanity, and of truth.

There are three sorts of strength, which you need to cultivate by discipline, physical, intellectual and spiritual. Allow me to offer a few suggestions upon each of these points.

I. It is indispensable, in order to the best development of your powers, that you should carefully guard against every indulgence and every habit, which tends to unnerve your physical system, and incapacitate the body to be the ready servitor of the mind. The machine should be kept in good, working order. Physical inertia will induce mental torpor. A tainted body will impart its taint to the soul. Firmness of nerve must exist, in order

to the firm action of the will, Our educated men are sadly deficient in that healthy robustness, which is so important to their energy of thought and action. And this is owing, in a great measure, to their ignorance or neglect of physiological law. The intimate and vital connection between the physical, the mental, and the moral, is a point which has been strangely neglected in our education. It is only when this outraged law begins to avenge its neglect and make us suffer, that we learn to recognize its existence. A morbid body must induce a morbid mind. There are many developments of unhealthy character, which have their seat in an unhealthy body. Ill-temper, fretfulness, selfish lassitude, suspiciousness, and numberless other qualities which serve to make men disagreeable, originate there. Now, whatever affects the clearness of our perceptions or the purity of our thoughts, is surely worth regarding; and let me solemnly assure you, that you can have neither wholesomeness of mind or of heart, unless you do regard these conditions. Sound principles are of little practical avail, without good habits; and most men are more controlled by their habits than their principles. How often do we hear men say, "I know that I ought to do this or that, but I can not: my will is too feeble to obey my conscience." This is a deplorable condition, when the law of the members wars successfully against the law of the mind; it is the most horrible form of slavery; and there is a point in experience, when it seems to be a hopeless slavery. Many a man is held in the bonds of a

licentiousness which he loathes, and drinks of a cup which he would be glad to dash to the earth if he could—despising himself for doing what his lower nature compels him to do.

My friends, if you would avoid this loathsome self-servitude, begin now to exercise stern self-restraint in every thing which your conscience forbids; check the beginnings of evil; stop the starting ball before it rolls itself up into an avalanche; extinguish the fire, before it envelops you in its flame. Now is the day of your salvation. These college years may be the crisis of your existence. They will inevitably stamp an indelible impress upon that existence. If you should do evil now, and afterward through God's grace recover, you would rise up weakened, soiled, and degraded in your own eyes. It is a thousand-fold better not to sin, than to sin and then repent. God may forgive us, but we can not forgive ourselves. Heaven may be opened to us, but there can be no heaven for us here on earth. Life loses its bloom, when the hand of corruption has brushed across it. And then, remember, you may not repent. In the evil path, which you now choose, you may travel on to the end; down, down to those gloomy regions of moral darkness, where no sunbeam ever shines. If you have entered that path, stop where you are, take not another step; but cry unto God to rescue you. One more step may seal your doom!

II. In order that you may be prepared for the serious responsibilities of your future life, it is also indispensable that you should now improve, to the

best possible advantage, all the facilities which you have for *intellectual* culture and discipline.

If time allowed, I would be glad to enlarge upon the beneficial moral effect, which results from the habit of careful study and earnest thought. It is the vacant soil that is taken possession of by venomous reptiles and noxious weeds. The surest way to keep bad thoughts out of the mind is to keep it full of good, wholesome, invigorating thoughts; such as tax its energies, absorb its interest, and make it glow with ruddy life. A great part of all our sin and suffering comes of a flaccid will, from mental and moral inertness; and it is the effect of real study and thought to brace the will, and to give that activity to the nobler powers, by which we instinctively resist the insidious attacks of temptation.

I might also enlarge, if it were not through fear of wearying your patience, upon the fact that all the *pleasure* of study depends upon the degree of thoroughness with which you study. Our interest in any subject is proportioned to the accuracy and minuteness of our knowledge of that subject. It is therefore of great importance that you master most carefully the fundamental principles of every branch of knowledge, which you attempt to study. To find one's self, sailing about at random beyond sight of land, having left the shore in a fog, is never very agreeable or serviceable. If you would make your college life pleasant and profitable; if you would have your studies animate, instead of depressing you, you must *start right*. You must see

to it, that the foundations are not out of joint. That building will be rickety and insecure, which is erected upon an insecure foundation; and it is not very easy to repair the foundation, after the house is built.

But the point to which I desire to call your special attention, is the necessity of acquiring a true and profound mental discipline, habits of real, actual thought, in order to your being prepared for the exigences which lie before you; as the future guides of public opinion and conduct. Now it is possible to crowd the mind with facts, without any vital, mental culture. There must be an exercise of the mind upon each fact, as it is received; or the intellect becomes a mere receptacle—a reservoir, and not a running stream. Education consists very much in gorging the mind with knowledge, and there is not always that care taken, which a sound psychology would dictate, to see that this food is properly digested, and taken up into the vital circulation, to be converted into serviceable bone and sinew. But the time is fast coming, when this plethoric feeding will not suffice. There is a power of thought developing itself outside of our colleges, and beyond the circle of what are called the educated classes, which you will be forced to meet and to recognize; your dictum, as a man of liberal education will not suffice, unless you can show that your opinion has a good basis. There is sometimes as much real thought in the workshop, as in the study. The liberal professions as they are termed, are losing their relative ascendancy, in the region of

influence and opinion. There is as much intelligence, and perhaps more of real, robust thought outside of their charmed circle, as within it. The press, for instance, is fast encroaching upon the pulpit, so that it has been well said, we are now "press-ridden, instead of priest-ridden." Men are falling into the way of submitting their disputes to arbitration, instead of encountering the glorious uncertainty of the law. There are few, who do not feel themselves competent to criticise the diagnosis of their family physician, and who have not some favorite system, which they consider superior to the regular practice. Now, in this emergency, what are we to do? Shall we look with contempt upon all these popular tendencies, and go scornfully on our way, regardless of all the great phenomena of our times? The result will be that we shall be despised in turn, and allowed to go on our way, quietly and alone.

No, my young friends: if you would be of real service in your generation, and take that high rank among your fellows, which your present advantages should qualify you to take, you must understand the nature of the times in which you are to live, and prepare yourselves, by the most diligent study, by liberal and comprehensive thought, and by earnestness, simplicity and purity of purpose, to encounter the tremendous responsibilities that will devolve upon you. It is perhaps a greater privilege to live in these days, than ever before; but then there has never been a period, in which true nobility of soul, elevation of purpose, self-sacrificing in-

tegrity, have been subjected to a severer ordeal. If you are content just to float with the popular current, you may float peacefully down to quick oblivion; but, if you wish to live in the memory and the hearts of those who will come after you, if you wish that future generations should call you blessed, you must be prepared to breast the current, you must be ready to sacrifice the pleasure of the moment at the call of conscience and of God; you must seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and leave all which concerns yourself in His hands.

III. And this leads me to remark, in the last place, that you can not be properly trained for the serious duties which lie before you, as men of influence and education, unless you are early strengthened with might *by God's Spirit* in the inner man.

I know precisely the feeling with which some of you will listen, when I come upon the ground of positive religion. Now, you will say, we shall have something technical and professional; something appropriate to candidates for the ministry; something, which it may be, will be of interest to us, when old age or some dangerous illness comes, and the things of the world have ceased to interest us. What has been uttered thus far is all well enough; but now the discourse will take a turn, not very appropriate or interesting to free-hearted and spirited young men. Dissipation is a bad thing, and it is all right to preach up good morals; but if you are about to call upon us to be *religious*, that is another matter. You feel then that there is some-

thing degrading in religion ; that it is rather incongruous to your position as young men ; and, that it involves a degree of constraint and unhappiness, to which you do not wish to be subjected any sooner than it can be helped. What is religion ? It is the solemn consecration of all the powers of our being to the God who gave us that being. What is religion ? It is the reduction of the soul to that order and harmony, which is the restoration of the image of God, in which man was originally made. What is religion ? It is the subjection of the lower to the higher functions of our nature ; of passion to principle, desire to conscience, the beast to the angel. What is religion ? It is to live for the grand and eternal object for which God gave us an immortal existence ; and to subordinate this world to the next. What is religion ? It is to take the Lord Jesus as the guide and pattern of our lives ; to receive him in faith as our Saviour ; to assume the badge of Christian discipleship, and follow Christ through evil and good report, unto the end. This is religion : is there any thing degrading in it ? any thing unmanly in it ? Is there any element of wretchedness in it ? any thing, which makes it exclusively appropriate to old age, and sickness, and death ? The religion which I would exhort you to attain, and attain now, is a glorious reality, and is as appropriate to the pursuits and duties of this world as of any other, and is more appropriate to the season of youth than to any subsequent period, because it is then more needed. You are not safe for a day without it. You do not know how weak

you are, till you are tried; and you can not tell what trial a day may bring forth. And O, my friends, to lose the soul, to have your personal existence become a failure, to crawl through the world leaving only the slime of corruption behind, can you endure such a prospect as this?

Some of you have just left the home around which all the past associations of your life are gathered, and you have come up to this seat of learning, to fit yourselves for the stern battle of life. You can have no adequate conception of the solemn interest with which those, who once watched over your infancy and childhood, now trace your perilous progress to maturity. The father looks upon his son, as though in him he was to live over another life. It is possible that you may bring down that father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. The true mother would gladly die to save her child from death; and still she would rather come here to lay your youthful form under the sod, than see you go astray from the paths of truth and virtue. It is hard to lose a son by the ordinance of God, it is hard to bury him out of our sight, and see his familiar face no more on earth; but O! a thousand-fold harder must it be, to see him live and make shipwreck of his soul.

My young friends, it is not a morbid or an unmanly religion which I exhort you to cultivate in this precious season of youth: I merely beg you to follow the voice of conscience and of God. You probably will soon establish the character, which you will sustain through life, and carry over with

you into eternity. What shall that character be? This great question, each one of you must settle for himself. Will you settle it to-night? Will you to-night turn your face heavenward; resolving in the strength of the living God, to consecrate the powers which God has given you, to his blessed service? If you really do this and then live according to this resolve, what joyful memories will hereafter cluster around this holy evening! You know, in your souls, that you ought to do this. Why then will you not follow the dictate of your conscience? Are you ashamed to heed the voice of God? What! so "brave toward God, and such cowards toward men?"

The only thing of which a man, old or young, need ever be ashamed, is sin. The only true nobility is found in the service of truth and of God.



The Standard of Appeal on doubtful points, where the Bible
fails to produce unity.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

OF

Trinity College,

IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HARTFORD, CONN.,

At Evening Service, Nov. 14, 1852.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. COIT, D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Contra Rationem, nemo sobrius ;
contra Scripturas, nemo Christianus ;
contra Ecclesiam, nemo pacificus senserit.
Augustine de Trinitate, L. iv. ch. 6.

HARTFORD:

S. HANMER & CO.—CALENDAR PRESS.
1852.

THE consideration of the unhappy condition of the Christian world and the infinite distractions of men's minds, not knowing, in so great variety of opinions, what to think, or to whom to join themselves, (every faction boasting of the pure and sincere profession of heavenly truth, challenging to itself alone the name of the Church, and fastening upon all that dissent, or are otherwise minded, the hateful note of schism or heresy,) hath made me ever think, that there is no part of heavenly knowledge more necessary, than that which concerneth the Church.—*Field's treatise on the Church. Epistle Dedicatory.*

In the mean time, every (not ungracious) son of this Spiritual Mother will learn to kiss the footsteps of the Universal Church of Christ; as knowing the dear and infallible respect betwixt him and this blessed spouse of his, as to whom he hath engaged his everlasting presence and assistance; *Behold I am with you always to the end of the world*: and will resolve to spit in the face of those seducers, who go about to alienate his affections from her, and to draw him into causeless suspicions of her chaste fidelity to her Lord and Saviour.—*Bp. Hall's Works, X. 176.*

TRINITY COLLEGE, November 17, 1852.

TO THE REV. T. W. COIT, D. D.,

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, members of the Theological Department of Trinity College, gratefully appreciating your kindness in delivering to us your impressive and convincing Sermon, on the appeal to the Primitive Church, and desiring that the principles set forth in it should be more widely disseminated, solicit a copy for the press.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours, most respectfully,

A. F. Gould,
Francis T. Russell,
A. B. Goodrich,
F. H. Bushnell,
Wm. H. Douglass,
Johnston McCormac,
Wm. L. Bostwick,
James W. Robins,
John C. Du Bois,
J. B. Lynn,

John Brainard,
Hiram Stone,
John N. Marvin,
Nicholas J. Seeley,
Rufus Adams,
S. Farmer Jarvis,
Wm. H. Williams,
E. Seymour,
Wm. H. Munroe.

TRINITY COLLEGE, November 29, 1852.

TO MESSRS. GOULD, RUSSELL, GOODRICH, AND OTHERS,

GENTLEMEN,—A pressure of duty constrained me to deliver a Sermon before you, composed long since, and never intended for the press. Its subject, however, seems to have awakened an interest in others than yourselves, and I therefore comply with your request.

I have added some notes, necessary to fortify its positions; and which may render it more serviceable to you as a tract for reference.

With the kindest regard,

Your friend and servant,

T. W. COIT.



S E R M O N .

JOHN, ix. 22.—For the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the Synagogue.

II KINGS, v. 11.—Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me.

ACTS, xxvi. 9.—I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the Name of Jesus of Nazareth.

ACTS, ix. 6. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?

THIS putting together of passages from different parts of the Bible, in order to form *one* text, may seem singular and unauthorized ; but ought hardly to do so, in view of the fact that the author and subject of the Bible are one also. And still less should it seem improper, in the present case ; since all four of the passages selected bear directly upon my subject, which is to show, how differently we judge of Divine requirements, when influenced by our own spirits, and when influenced by the Spirit of God. And I cannot but think such a subject eminently deserving our soberest meditations at the present day. For never, brethren, as it appears to me, has there been a time since man was made, when he was more disposed to put his own "I thought" before any testimony to the contrary, presented by earth or heaven, or by both together. This is indeed an age, not of reason, but of individual reasons ; in which every man's own mind is his highest source of information and guidance, and when, in all matters of opinion, man's highest delight has grown to be, the doing of that, and that only, which is right in his own eyes. Talk to the world now of *authority* in matters of religion, and you are suspected at once of talking Popery ; of a disposition to steal from the unwary

the blessed right of private judgment, and to entrap them in the toils of a second Inquisition.

And is it, then, that there is no such thing as authority in matters of religion? That there are no laws of reverence and submission, which we are obligated to respect and obey? that nothing is to be taken upon trust, but demonstration must be had for every thing; and that, too, a demonstration which suits exactly our own "I thought?" If this be the ground, which, in our protestation against Romish and inquisitorial tyranny, we are called upon and expected to take, it behoves us well to know it understandingly. That some, that many Protestants do suppose this to be the ground, which all Protestants are bound to take, I am constrained to fear is but too true; for some, for many, appear to think, that Protestantism is, in all respects, the direct opposite of Popery; and that the only way in which we can be true Christians, is to believe and to do, in all particulars, the absolute contrary of what is believed and done by Papists.

Now if this be right, in reference to authority in matters of religion, because the Church of Rome asserts and maintains that there is such a thing as such authority, then I have simply to observe, that the Deists are, in this article at least, the most correct of all opponents of Popery; for no writers of modern times avow so stiffly, as they do, the unlimited rights of reason and of private judgment, or have advocated those rights so vehemently. If to disbelieve all authority in matters of religion, to argue against it strenuously, and even to sneer at it as a dogma of Romanism—if this be to become a true and deserving Protestant, then, of all others, do the Deists most merit that high and honored name.

Do we shrink from such a conclusion, which I have purposely followed out, to show you where they must end, who account the opposite of Popery the only truth? then what remains, but that we take our stand somewhere

between the extreme of Romanism, which enslaves the judgment, and latitudinarianism, heresy and Deism, which set it free from every thing but the counsel of its own will? But this is precisely the stand taken by our own Church; of which you could not have a more thorough proof, than the fact, that, from the days of the Reformation, Papists have called us schismatics and heretics, while schismatics and heretics have called us Papists. Of course, we are exactly between the two—as far removed from the one extreme, as from the other. And, as a general rule, if you wish to know what the true doctrine of your church in any given instance is, you cannot have a better than this:—Strike the middle ground between Papists, who have abandoned the Catholic Faith on one side, and schismatics, and heretics who have abandoned it on the other; and *there* you will find the object of your search.*

But to come now to our more immediate topic, the subject of authority in matters of religion,—What is the stand taken upon this subject by the Church of Rome, and by those at the farthest remove from her; and how is the stand taken by our own Church, between the two, to be illustrated by the passages of Scripture arranged to form a text?

The Church of Rome teaches, that what the Pope, who is its representative and head, shall *now* declare *ex cathedra* to be a matter of faith, must be believed on peril of the soul's salvation. There is no appeal from such decree, no refuge from its obligation—none whatever. So that one of the ablest of Romish writers, to put this subject in the strongest light possible, does not hesitate to say, that if the supreme authority of the Church of Rome were to decree virtues to be vices, and vices to be virtues, there is no help for us; we must submit implicitly.†

Those who, to avoid this manifest and inexorable despo-

* See Note A.

† See Note B.

tism, fly to the opposite extreme, tell us that in interpreting Scripture every man is a law unto himself; that what every man believes to be Scripture, *is* Scripture to his mind; and that consequently all we can do is, to put the Bible in his hands, and exhort him to read it for himself, responsible to God alone for the sense which he attaches to it.*

Is there, then, no medium between unlimited spiritual tyranny, and the unlimited roving of private judgment? Our Church, brethren, and her soundest Divines, have always taught that there is. We find, in the Prayer Book, "ancient authors" as well as Holy Scripture appealed to, for the settlement of doubtful and disputed points. In the Articles, we are referred to "the custom of the Primitive Church," as a means of throwing light on matters, which Scripture, according to modern disputants, determines very different ways. And in the Homilies, we are again and again reminded, that the Primitive Church was "most uncorrupt and pure"; that, in the times of that Church, "Christian religion was most pure, and indeed golden"; † and that, therefore, to follow the example of the Primitive Church, is the surest possible way to bring *our* religion to the pattern of actually apostolic times.

And, unquestionably, on all points of prominence and general interest, this is the surest way of proceeding, and would sooner bring mankind to a substantial unity of faith and practice, than any other which human ingenuity has devised. I doubt, indeed, whether the testimony of pure Christian Antiquity covers as much ground, as some have fondly imagined. That Antiquity will not tell us how every disputed text of the Bible is to be translated. ‡ But it will tell us, very plainly and very explicitly, *facts* in respect to cardinal doctrines and rites; which is all that we want to establish substantial unity. Diversities, in respect

*See Note C.

†See particularly the Homily against Peril of Idolatry.

‡See Note D.

to lesser subjects, prevailed even in apostolic times; and will prevail, while human nature is as imperfect as it must ever be in a fallen state. Take, however, any prominent point, in doctrine, discipline, or worship—any such point as can be settled by the testimony of widely accepted facts—and pure Christian Antiquity is prompt and decisive in its answer.

Would you know, for example, whether the Primitive Church believed in the doctrine of the Trinity? The Nicene Creed, which was the testimony* of all Christendom, as to what had ever been believed respecting the Godhead, is an answer which heretics cannot quibble away, as they do texts of Scripture. The very ringleader of ancient Unitarians tried, in every possible manner, to evade that Creed's expressions, and was forced to abandon the enterprise as desperate.†—Would you know whether the Primitive Church had such an officer, as we now call bishop? Lists of such officers, traced up to the Apostles' days, can be produced with ease.‡—Would you know whether Primitive Christians worshipped with a form? Their actual liturgies can be laid before you. You have a perennial specimen, in that most comprehensive and appropriate collect, at the close of morning and evening prayer, called "A prayer of St. Chrysostom."—Would you know whether they had an order of men called clergy; and employed sacraments, as outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace? You cannot stir one step, in the history of the Primitive Church, without encountering such things.

Thus easily could great principles, now daily and sharply disputed, by different Christian sects, each and all appealing, with the same confidence to the Bible, and appealing,

* The *testimony*, not the *decree*. Hence its amazing value, as an attestation of the Catholic faith "through the ages all along."

† This was in A. D. 325. So in A. D. 383, the Macedonians who denied the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, gave way before "the common suffrage of the ancients."—*Waterland's Wks.* iii. 659.

‡ See Note E.

as fact shows, entirely in vain, (since they differ still as much as ever,)—thus easily, I say, could great principles be settled, which would produce substantial unity, among all who profess and call themselves Christians.

But even the Papist, fond, as many suppose him, of relying for the maintenance of his cause upon the old Fathers, rejects their testimony, when it pleases him not. They talk of bishops, but not of a pope; and therefore in his view, the present church is both truer and wiser. The advocate of ministerial parity rejects them, because, silent if they be respecting a pope, they speak too familiarly and frequently of bishops, to be accounted any thing but Episcopalians. The Socinian rejects them for their Nicene Creed; the Anabaptist for their infant baptisms; the Quaker for their outward sacraments and standing ministry; and Protestants, of many names and classes, because of their habitual employment of forms of prayer.

And, yet, *all* of them, from the Papist down to the Socinian, appeal to this same Antiquity, to settle one of the most fundamental of all possible positions, the Canon of Christian Scripture itself. The New Testament was not *all* written, for more than sixty years after the Ascension of Christ. There was a multitude of writings, scattered over Christendom, claiming to be Epistles and Gospels; for St. Paul warns the Thessalonians against forged Epistles, written to inculcate the opinion that the end of the world was nigh;* and St. Luke, in the preface to his Gospel, alludes to “many” who had taken in hand the subject of our Saviour’s life, and executed their task like bunglers; because they had not written “in order,” nor had “perfect understanding of all things from the very first.”

But amid this mass of Epistles and Gospels, (many of which were famous enough to be preserved and to come down to our own times,) who should determine what was truly inspired and apostolic, and therefore genuine Scrip-

*II Thess. ii. 1, 2

ture? Who should settle the delicate and perplexing question, whether the Epistle of Barnabas, an actual apostle, should be thrown out of the Sacred Canon while productions of Mark and Luke, neither of them of apostolic rank, should be inserted into it? The Primitive Church decided these first and foremost of theological questions; and has given us our present New Testament.*

Now, knowing this, our own Church has, not unwisely or strangely as some think, but most judiciously determined, that the Primitive Church, which settled the great fundamental question, 'What is the New Testament,' is equally competent to testify to the next great fundamental question, 'What was the New Testament, in apostolic times, believed to teach?' Therefore, as in her Homily, on the peril of idolatry, she commends the Primitive Church as a standard, "which is specially to be followed as most incorrupt and pure"; and is willing to take its testimony at large, on all chief points of doctrine, discipline, and worship. And she is the only Christian communion which treats Christian Antiquity consistently. For, while she is ready to go to such Antiquity for *any* thing, which the Bible (as sects and disputes show) cannot settle clearly, all others, from the Romanist down to the Socinian, reject the Fathers for one reason or for another; and yet, without those Fathers, they cannot determine which is the true Scripture and which is false!

Such, brethren, is our Church's view of the necessity of something besides private judgment, or a stern anathema, to settle disputed questions in religion, and such is the standard to which she cheerfully and confidently appeals. And this mode of reference was any thing but new and strange, in those trying times, when our ecclesiastical fore-

* In respect to this question, says the Presbyterian, Dr. Spring, "Our appeal is to the earliest ecclesiastical historians; and we find a perfect agreement among them" — *Rule of Faith*. 1844. p. 28 — They agree as perfectly about Episcopacy. Will the learned doctor listen to them on that point?

fathers, attacked on all sides, had to defend themselves against their thronging foes, "by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." Then, it was well known to the Laity, as well as to the Clergy; as an extract from even a poem will show. Says Dryden, in his *Religio Laici, or Layman's Faith*,

In doubtful questions, 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the Church before;
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.

Not, however, "as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say"—not that our Church puts the testimony of Christian Antiquity *above* Scripture, or on a *par* with Scripture. That Romanism or Rationalism alike may do; but *we* say, 'God forbid it.' With us, Christian Antiquity is "a witness, not at all competing with Scripture, never to be balanced against it; but competing with our less able, and less pure, apprehension of Scripture."^{*} But unless we submit to the Pope, and take what he says as infallible; or erect every man's judgment into a pope, and make it infallible for *him*; there must be some umpire in disputed cases. Well, if so, what shall that umpire be? It is useless to say that the Bible shall be such an umpire, *for the meaning of the Bible is the very matter in dispute?* and with the Bible only for an arbiter, sects would and could come no nearer unity than they do now. If I may again quote Dryden, (of whom it was said, that he reasoned better and more closely in poetry than in prose,)

We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute,

^{*}Taylor's *Primitive worship*, p. 4.

We must give up these *opinions* about the Bible, and come to *facts of history*, for its just interpretation. We must ask, How did those believe, and those act, who were nearest the Apostles' days; who received at their hands the Church, the Ministry, and the Catholic Faith, and were most likely to *have* and to exemplify the Bible's true construction? The facts which rise up to answer such a question, you have seen, (a specimen at least of them;) and you have further seen, how easily, and quickly they can determine questions, now most vehemently disputed. Be it that such an appeal would fail in some cases; since there ever were, and ever will be, those who "though vanquished can argue still." It would not fail in multitudes; and it would save us from many of those lawless speculations of ignorance, self-conceit, and heresy, which are every whit as arbitrary and magisterial as decrees from the Roman Vatican. Be it that such an appeal is not perfection, or inspiration. Where I ask, with all assurance, since the Bible will not harmonize us—where can common sense or "science" *not* "falsely so called," or enlightened piety, point out to us a better? It is but the principle of settling doubtful constructions by the most authoritative, and least suspicious precedents. But that is a principle, of confessed and universal obligation, in all courts of Law and Justice;* and in such courts, if any where on earth, is pure reason supposed to hold sovereign and undisputed sway.

It is time, however, some of you will doubtless think, to draw a little nearer to my compound text, and show how it illustrates the topic on which I have been insisting, the necessity of some standard of appeal in disputed matters of religion, and the manner in which our own Church has

* *Contemporanea expositio est optima et fortissima in lege*, in a very maxim among jurists.—Broom's Legal Maxims. 2d ed. p. 532.

recognized such necessity, and provided for its exigencies.

That text, in its various portions, bears chiefly upon the mischiefs attending an *arbitrary* method of settling disputed or doubtful points, (whether by the decrees of the Church,* or the decrees of our own minds ;) and commends to us, in the example of one who was beginning the life of a disciple, the profound and practical submissiveness of humble and earnest piety.

The passage depicting the conduct of the Jews, when one of their number acknowledged Jesus for the Messiah, shows how mischievous ecclesiastical decrees may become, when founded upon nothing but present and dominant impressions. In the decree of the Synagogue, which was a decree of excommunication, you have an exact counterpart of the policy and conduct of the Church of Rome. That policy is to admit no standard of appeal, but the Church of Rome's decrees, and to denounce as heretics, all who dissent from such a violent and selfish determination ; or dare even *to doubt* its righteousness.† Sometimes all which can thus be done is simply to denounce ; but where the Inquisition can prevail, the process can be pursued to shapes of torture and death, which fiends might gloat upon.

But the direful arm of the Inquisition was wielded, long before the name arose, and the thing was founded in form in modern Spain. The decree, the excommunication, and the anathema, of the Synagogue of Jerusalem, were as truly inquisitorial, as any thing ever sanctioned by the bulls of the Papal See, or the fiats of papal thrones. They are the natural mischiefs attending the erection of a church, into a tribunal, presuming to speak the voice of God, with the majesty and with the force of law. Persecution will ever be the issue. The blood of the oppressed, will sooner or

*I mean *decrees* in the proper sense. Not creeds ; for I beg again to say, the point is so constantly misunderstood, the old creeds are not decrees they are *testimony*.

†See Note F.

later, cry unto Him, who has most solemnly and most sovereignly declared, that vengeance is his sole prerogative—that He, and He only, may repay.*

We may think, however, that it is perfectly safe to take from the Church the power to decree, and to enforce decrees by temporal punishments, and refer the whole subject to private judgment. But, as another part of my text teaches, we do no better. Endow private judgment with arbitrary power—let it make its own decisions the rule of right—and private judgment is just as persecuting as the Pope, with his crook and sword. Look at Saul of Tarsus, determining by his private judgment, whether all Christianity were not treason, or an old wives' fable. "I verily thought with myself, I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." And what was the direct consequence of this arbitrary thinking with himself? To seek authority for persecuting; which, once obtained, many of the saints did he shut up in prison; many did he punish in every synagogue; many did he compel to blaspheme; many did he drive before the goads of cruelty, to strange and distant cities; while those who perished, were, by his voice, sentenced to the horrors of a malefactor's death.

So, then, private judgment can persecute, as well as Popery, and with as unrelenting vehemence; as instances in modern times, but hardly to be named with prudence, might abundantly demonstrate.† And if private judgment do not, from the nature of civil institutions, or the tendencies of an age, (things which are clogs on Popery, too,) have as much swing as it could desire for a bloody hand, it will none the less indulge a furious temper. Paul said, that he persecuted some from home; probably because he could not persecute them unto death; and against these, he says, he was "exceeding mad." And where, brethren, pain-

*We may reject a man for heresy; but we cannot go on, and heap retribution on him, after a Jewish or Romish fashion. Titus. iii. 10.

†See Note G.

ful as the reference is, where will you find more of this excuseless wrath, than among sects, whose fundamental rule is, that each man's decision is infallible for his own self, and that to talk of any standard of appeal in doubtful matters, but the light within, is to talk like the servile adherents of the popedom?

From all which, it is clear, that let the Church decree, or let the individual mind decree, the issue is substantially the same; and the best cure we know of for this serious and ominous predicament, we believe to be, an appeal to a mass of facts, which are alike removed from the present Church, and from present minds—facts far away in the past, where prejudice and misconstruction cannot so easily reach and mould them. But alas! when we lisp of deference to the old Councils, Creeds, and Fathers, we are sneered or scoffed at, as depreciating the Bible upon the one hand, and offering fellowship to Rome upon the other.

Thus, we see, how to reject such a standard of appeal for authority to settle doubtful cases, as our Church commends to us, results in the indulgence of a persecuting temper. And this illustrates one class of the mischiefs, attending such rejection. There is another class, also, upon which portions of our text bear; to this would I now direct you.

Suppose the restored blind man to have been intimidated by the anathema and excommunication of the Synagogue, and to have disavowed his faith in the Restorer of his body and the Saviour of his soul. The unity of the Synagogue would not have been broken. But what sort of unity would have prevailed there? a unity of appearance solely: the same which existed in the person of Galileo, when he was denounced as a heretic for affirming the revolution of the earth around the sun.* Galileo, through fear of imprisonment and death, admitted his constructive error; and then

* See Note H.

observed in an undertone to a bystander, that notwithstanding all he had said or done, the earth still pursued her legitimate course in the solar system. Force cannot produce genuine unity, and it never will; and under the so much boasted unity of the Church of Rome, He, who sees the heart, may perceive far more sad and numerous diversities, than disfigure the whole Protestant world. Force may make cowards and hypocrites; it can never make true believers. And he who succumbs to all the dogmas of Rome, because of her threats or thunders, would lose heaven twice over; though it were as true, as Rome dictatorially assures us it is, that upon the belief of her dogmas depends our everlasting salvation.

And now, on the other hand, suppose the blind man to have indulged the querulous disposition of Naaman, who, when told to wash in Jordan for the cure of his leprosy, drew himself up in the full grandeur of self-sufficiency, and resolved to follow the dictates of his private judgment, rather than the mandate of the prophet. "Behold," said the haughty captain-general of Syria, "I thought he will surely come out to me." But he did not; and that self-willed "I thought" had nearly left His Mightiness a leper still. If the blind man had listened to the promptings of the same deceiver, he might have gone down to his gloomy grave, and never been greeted by "holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born."

And this sort of private judgment it is, which inflicts upon us all the wildness and extravagance of the almost countless sects, which presume to appropriate the name of Christian. Long since did Lord Bolingbroke say, that one "cause of the multiplication of extravagant opinions and sects in Christianity, has been the arbitrary practice, of giving different senses to the same passages of the Bible."* And, yet, as an infidel, he cared not which way his remark might cut; and was as indifferent to its

*Wks. iii. 464. Philad. 1841.

bearing upon one sect as upon another. And ~~we~~^{we} do not see for ourselves, that he has not missed the mark, in his statement, be the motive which brought it out whatsoever it might? Can we fail to perceive, that sects are inevitable, so long as the Bible is the sole standard of appeal, and the same passage is interpreted twenty different ways; while private judgment is the only guide, and its decisions are infallible for every mind? Is not one man's "I thought," as good as any other man's? and if so, is not one man's "I thought" about the Bible, as good as that of any of his fellows; and again if so, is not the wildest sectarian under Heaven in the right?

But what, then, the captious will exclaim, must we sell the birthright of our soul's freedom, and go and bow down to the image of unity, which ecclesiastical pride and usurpation has set up in the Vatican at Rome? We ask no such unqualified surrender of your reason, and power of judging aright, and for yourselves. There is a medium; (oh that it were not such an invisible and inconceivable paradox to thousands!) there is a medium, and a most blessed one, between the extravagancies of Rome upon the one hand, and the extravagancies of schism and heresy upon the other. We ask you not to surrender your reason, to be bound with links of iron; and we beg you not to let it run rampant, like the untamed wild ass, which will not be held by bit or bridle. Exercise it no longer upon conjectures, but upon facts; no longer upon opinions, but upon history. Go to the Church, as she was in the days of her virgin purity, before she was wedded to the state, and began to do, as the married do, the will of an imperious husband. There is a period of three centuries for you to inquire into; and what the Church then was, baptised in the blood of martyrdom, and refined by the fires of persecution, you may safely, most safely, be. Cast in your lot with her, as she then was; for then, most assuredly, her Lord was with her; then she was the brightness of everlasting light, the

unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.* The ignorant will try to frighten you, by telling you that this will lead you into the mazes of Popery, and that you will lose your independence, if not your soul. But it is a grand mistake to suppose that Popery existed, during the first three centuries, when the Church stood alone, untrammelled, and uncorrupted; when, as one of her oldest historians informs us, there was an inseparable communion between the Western and Eastern Churches; i. e. throughout Christendom.† Popery was the growth of the middle ages; of periods when this communion began to be broken, or sundered. It attained its fullest development, in periods when this communion was most effectually interrupted. It grew fastest under the shadow of monarchical patronage;‡ and is one part of the tribute, which the Church has had to pay, for the misnamed privilege of allowing the State to call her after its own name, and receive her *nominally* under its protection, but *really* under its domination. If the Church were set free, to-morrow, from all civil control and interference, the doom of Popery would speedily be written. “The holy text of pike and gun” now furnishes its strongest arguments; and “infallible artillery” is its surest peacemaker.

Take then, my brethren, such a standard to settle disputes about the Bible’s meaning, as that commended to you in the Prayer Book, Articles, and Homilies, the Primitive Church “most incorrupt and pure;” and let that be your rock, while the surges of sectarian controversy are beating about you, and against you. And, with all his ease, and all his comfort, will you do this, if the temper which prevailed in Paul’s bosom, when he had ceased to listen to the dictates of private judgment, and sought wiser counsel, prevail in yours. “Lord,” said the new convert, when he gave up thinking within himself as a guide, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” True piety

*Wisdom. vii. 26. †Socrates. Book. ii. ch. 18. ‡Homilies. edit. 1817. London. p. 192

is not a boisterous and self-willed assertion of our own rights, the certainty of our own judgments, and a reckless discardance of all authority in spiritual matters. Ecclesiastical despotism, and Pharisaism, and heresy, and Deism, can stand by themselves, and be satisfied with their own selves, perpetually. But genuine piety is humble, diffident, clinging, relying, reverential, anxious not for distinction or self-gratification, but for obedience. Where, it says, are the old paths, in which they whom the world knew not, nay whom it hated, the paths in which they walked, where I may find refuge for my longing soul? Carry me back to the days of the earliest followers of Christ, let me see how *they* thought, and felt, and acted, and I may obtain light and peace. I am weary with the din of sects; this perpetual arrogance of infallibility, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ. The Bible, in modern hands, means every thing or nothing. Let me have its meaning, as the Primitive Church possessed it, and I will content myself and be at rest.*

Thus may God help you to discover your Master's will, and to do it perpetually for your everlasting joy. And setting out with such a scheme; discarding Popery on the one hand, and sectarianism on the other, as the manufactures of men; relying on the Church, as she was in her earliest and best days, for your model and guide, my faith is all-confiding, that if, under God, the truth as it is in Jesus without mixture is any where to be found, it will greet your eyes—nay bless and gladden them, to your latest days. And, then, when the light of the Church below shall cease to shine on you, the light of the Church above shall be exchanged for it. No more shall your sun go down, or your moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be your everlasting light, and the days of your mourning shall be ended.

*"To understand the Holy Scriptures aright," says the eminently devout Bp. Wilson, "is to understand them as the Primitive Church did."—*Wilson's Wks.* ii. 227.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A. for p. 7.—The middle character of the Ch. of Eng. has been acknowledged by those *outside* of her.

“We never doubted that the Ch. of Eng. was widely different from the Ch. of Rome; we own she is freed from innumerable Romish superstitions, and we bless God for it.”—*Peirce's Vindication of Dissenters*, p. 299

Peirce then goes on to say, (as we might expect,) that too much of the old leaven is left. But, for all that, here is a clear admission of INNUMERABLE reformatations.

Says Mosheim, the Lutheran, “Thus was that form of religion established in Britain, which separated the English, equally from the Ch. of Rome on the one hand, and from the other churches which had renounced Popery on the other.”—*Institutes, Cent. xvi. Sect. iii. Part ii. §17; or vol. iv. p. 378, Maclaine's Translation.*

The following is the testimony of the celebrated Isaac Casaubon, (a layman too,) who visited England in the reign of James I.—“Mr. Casaubon, in his epistles, admires and recommends the temper of our church, to his brethren beyond seas, as the *σύνθεσμος* of purity and antiquity, which was not else to be found, any where.”—*Todd's Life of Bp. Walton.* 1. 259.

Not dissimilar was the testimony of the great Duke of Sully, when he visited England also.—*Quart. Rev.* x. 94.

NOTE B. p. 7.—*Nam fides catholica docet omnem virtutem esse bonam, omnem vitium esse malum: si autem Papa erraret praecipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur ecclesia credere vitia esse bona, et virtutes malas, nisi vellet contra conscientiam peccare.*—*Bellarmino de Rom. Pont.*—*Op. Lut. Par. tom. i. col. 804.* To say, as is sometimes said, that Bellarmine qualified this afterwards, by applying it to *doubtful* cases only, does not mend the

matter. Who is to say what the doubtful cases are? Why, of course, the Pope; so that he has the whole game in his own hands still.

NOTE C. p. 8. — The declaration of Rome about the obligation of a *present faith* alone of the Church, is precisely the ground which John Robinson took, in his farewell address to the Plymouth Pilgrims at Leyden; and which was taken also by the Independents, when they broke off from the Westminster Assembly, in 1643. So that here the Romish theory and the private judgment theory, when acted out, come to the same conclusion, i. e. present faith, and that only. Robinson, in his "Parting Advice" to his followers, thus blames both Lutherans and Calvinists, for abiding by a present creed, as obligatory for the future. "As, for example, the Lutherans, they could not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will he had further imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And so also, saith he, you see the Calvinists stick where he left them; a misery much to be lamented." Robinson's own creed was that of the Development men of our day, (whether in, or out of, the Ch. of Rome;) for "he was very confident, the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of his holy Word."—*Robinson's Wks. Vol. i. p. xliv. edit. 1851.*

True to this Platform, the Independents, when they issued their "Apoligetical Narration" in 1643, carefully avowed their *present* notions, as the only truth to them. "A second principle we carried along with us, in all our resolutions, was, not to make our present judgment and practice, a binding law unto ourselves for the future."—*Edwards's Antapologia; or reply to the Narration. Lond. 1644. p. 85* Edwards was an old fashioned Presbyterian; the same who wrote the celebrated *Gangraena*.

Thus we see, that Popery and Independency meet in the same conclusion, a *present church*; in other words, both embrace the fashionable theory of Development. If Pope Pius IX, adopt the Immaculate Conception into his creed, he will be right, according to the principles of the "Apologetical Narration," which is the Magna Charta of Independency.

NOTE D. p. 8.—This exception is no more than Waterland allows, in his invaluable Chapter on the "Use and Value of Ecclesiastical Antiquity." He says, "the stress is not laid upon any critical acumen of the Fathers in interpreting every particular text; but upon their faithfulness in relating what was the *doctrine of the church*, as to the *prime* things, in their times, or before; and upon their interpretation of some remarkable and leading texts, (such as John, i. 1,) upon which, chiefly, the fundamental doctrines were conceived to rest."—*Waterland's Wks. 2d ed. iii. 650.*

NOTE E p. 9. It seems unaccountably strange, that it should be the impression of many, that the Primitive Church was not careful to maintain a record of Episcopal successions. Why, Eusebius tells us he devoted *seven* books of his Ecclesiastical History to that very subject. See the preface to his *eighth* book, the opening of his *first* book, and the close of the *seventh*. Surely, an apostolic succession was not lightly esteemed in primitive times, how much soever of a novelty and monstrosity some pronounce it now.

NOTE F. p. 14.—Nulli ergo omnino hominum liceat hanc paginam nostrae, damnationis, reprobationis, definitionis, inhibitionis, decreti, ordinationis, statuti, et mandati infringere, vel ei ausu, temerario contraire —*Conc. Lateran V. sub. Leon. X. Sess. xvi.*

This is strong enough, probably, as a threat against all *acts* contrary to Rome. Now for an authority to extinguish the bare *doubter* of Rome's infallibility. It is from Azorius, a celebrated Spanish Jesuit of the 16th century, who wrote folios upon morals. "Si quem in foro exteriori legitime allegata et probata probaverint in rebus Fidei, scienter et voluntarie dubitasse, arbitror eum, ut vere et proprie, haereticum puniendum."—*Tom. I. Moral. Lib. viii. ch. 9.* Quoted in Hacket's Abp. Williams. Pt. i. p. 303, No. 2; as p. 303 is repeated twice

NOTE G p. 15. I alluded to such a denunciatory exercise of private judgment, as was once attempted by a British House of Commons; when it erected itself into a tribunal to establish Calvinism.

"We, the Commons in Parliament assembled, do claim, and protest, and avow for truth, the sense of the Articles of Religion, which were established by Parliament, in the 13th year of our late Queen Elizabeth, which, by the public act of the Ch. of England, and by the general and current exposition of the writers of our church, have been delivered unto us. And we reject the sense of the Jesuits, and Arminians, and ALL OTHERS, wherein they differ from us."—*Rushworth's Collections. i. 649, 50.*

So they rejected all Christendom, and the world beside, if they presumed to differ from themselves. They set themselves up for the only "standing order;" as the old phrase was in the colonial days of New England. I leave it to my readers to say, whether they had after them 'a regular succession.'

NOTE H. p. 16. I add a few words respecting Galileo; for many are not aware that he is no longer a heretic in the view of Rome. Very few, probably, of the Christian public in this country, are aware how he ceased from being a heretic. The story is told by Mr. Mendham in his work on the Index of Gregory XVI., and it

admirably illustrates Rome's way of doing business. She puts every body else in the wrong; but when confessedly in the wrong herself, never acknowledges an error, but gets out of a false position by stealth. But here is Mr. Mendham to speak for himself. "In the Roman Index of 1704, we read the general condemnation:—*Libri omnes decentes mobilitatem Terræ et immobilitatem Solis*. Not a vestige of any of these decisive proscriptions is now to be found in any Roman Index. The name of the persecuted and condemned reviver of a doctrine now universally received, with that of his *Dialogo*, kept their place to the last, and were only silently and furtively withdrawn, in the year 1835. In all the preceding Indexes, the condemnation, not of the man, but of the DOCTRINE, stands an imperishable monument of the ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance of the Roman Church." p. 18. The question is often asked whether Copernicanism is still heresy at Rome; and whether she still presumes to dictate about *philosophy*, as well as theology, to the world at large. To such a question the above is a curious and instructive answer. Rome is fallible, at last, by her own concession; yet the acknowledgment is made with not a particle of manliness, but after the manner of a sneak!



